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ENDING
JULY 19, 1930

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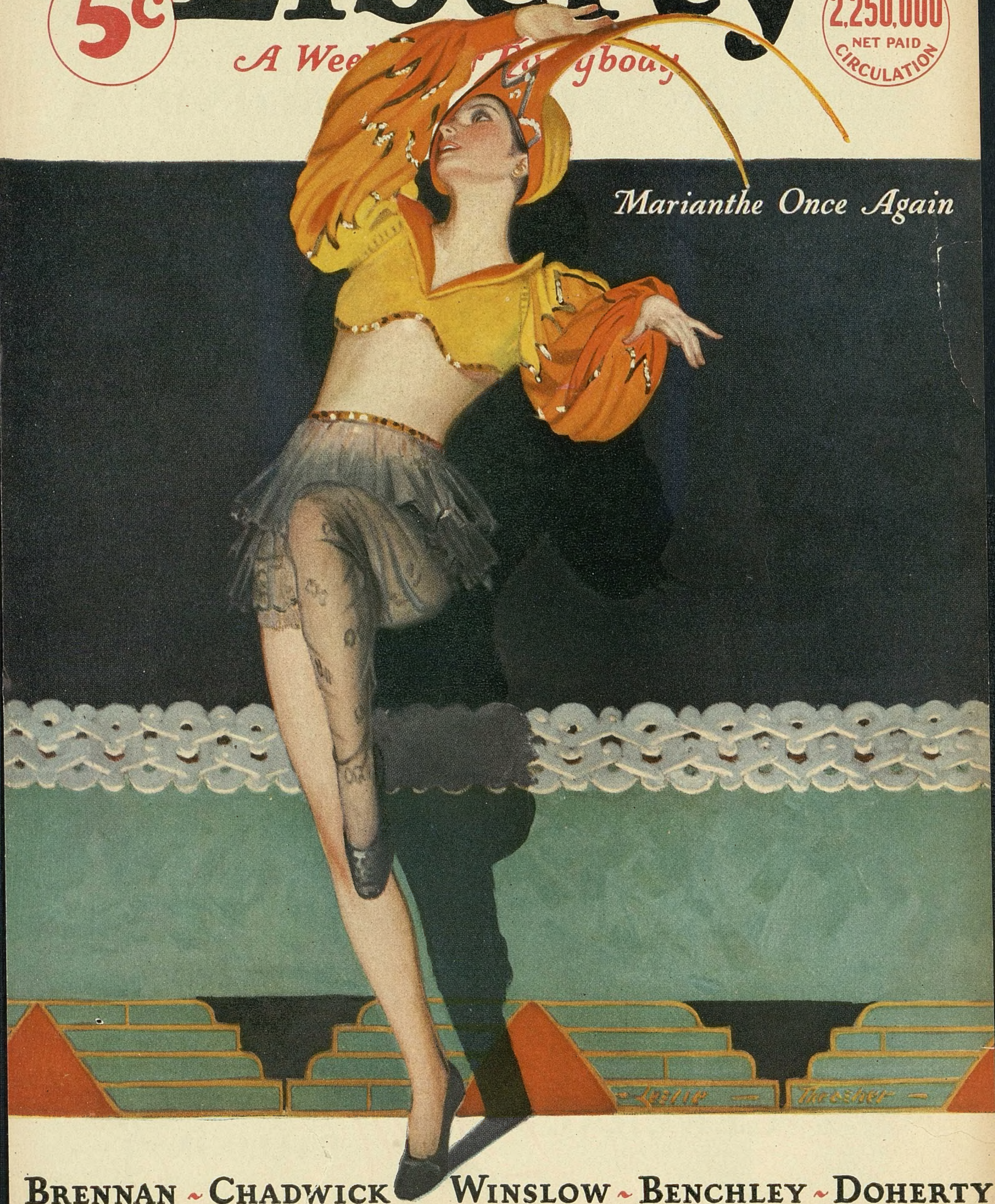
Leslie Thrasher

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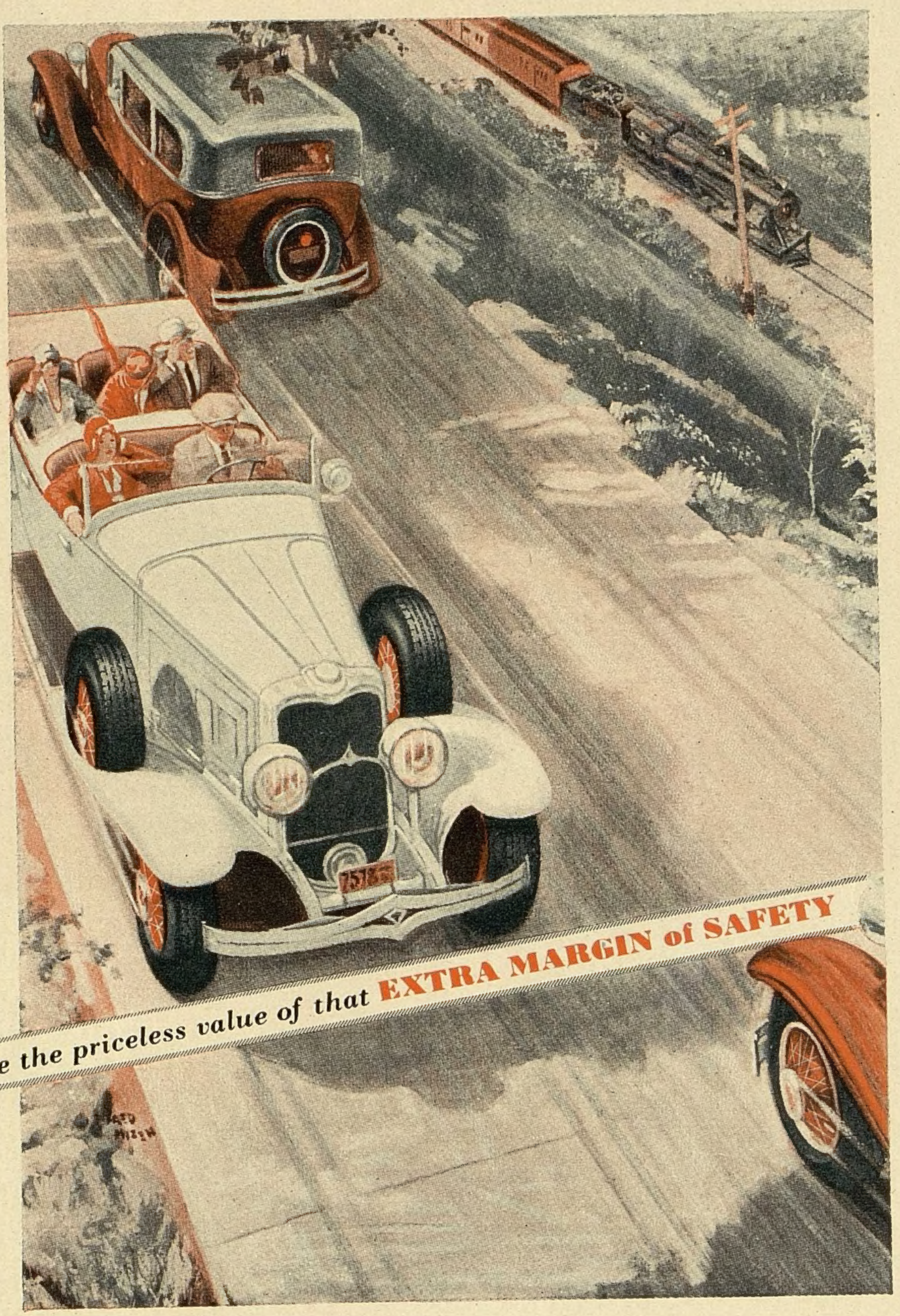
With the *Dual*-Balloon, lower pressure gives you greater riding comfort. Lower pressure plus extra plys of soft cushion rubber mean an extra 'give' inside and throughout the tire. These built-in shock absorbers cause softer riding—a closer clinging grip of wide-spread tread—double traction.



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JULY 19, 1930
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE 'ARDER THEY FALL

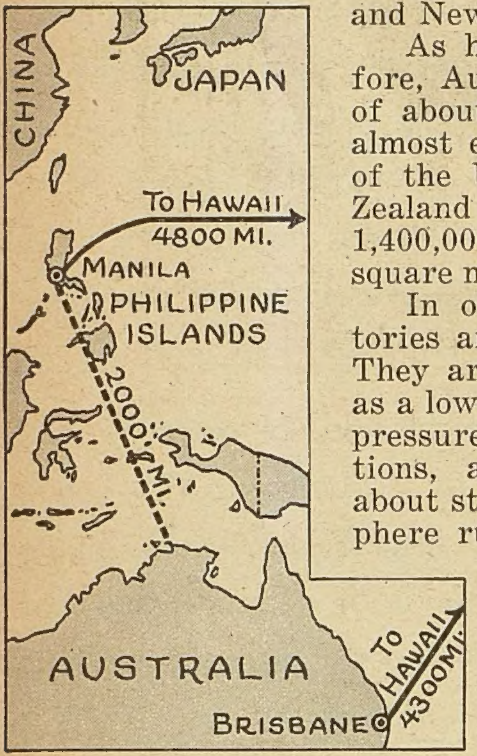
In some recent editorials concerning the Philippine problem we have assumed that the interests solely of the American people were to be considered by Americans.

In this editorial, though we are far from believing in internationalism, we do admit that it might be proper to consider the interests of another people than our own—that is to say, the Australians and New Zealanders.

As has been pointed out before, Australia has a population of about six million in an area almost exactly the same as that of the United States, and New Zealand has a population of 1,400,000 in an area of 103,800 square miles.

In other words, these territories are very thinly inhabited. They are what might be known as a low-pressure area—and low-pressure areas, in weather conditions, are what always bring about storms, because the atmosphere rushes in to equalize and distribute air-pressure.

Now, just as Australia is the continent with the lowest population-pressure, the one nearest to it—Asia—is the continent with the highest population-pressure. Within a week's steaming time from Australia are a thousand million Asiatics who resent the supremacy of the white race and whose greatest need is more territory.



The United States and Canada have shut them out. White South Africa barred them some time ago, and then Australia followed suit. If they could break down white supremacy anywhere, they would certainly crush the white population and swarm into the white territory.

It would be a tragedy akin to those of historical times when the Hun swept over Europe, destroying whatever he found, or when the Aztecs completely obliterated the Maya civilization which stood in their way. Or, to be more recent, the yellow race would do to the whites what we did to the reds.

Now, in such a case, of course we would be governed by natural affinity. We would be under no obligation to go to the assistance of the Australians, nor would such a move be of any particular economic benefit to us. But just because they are white and speak our language, we would feel that we ought not to stand by while they were smashed.

They think, talk, feel, and act much as we do. (No doubt the Australians believe we flatter ourselves when we say this.) However, it would be an awful shock to our emotions to have white Australia obliterated by yellow Asia.

Could we then defend ourselves or Australia any better by being in the Philippines? No. On the contrary, we could fight on better terms off Australia than off Manila. We have agreed not to fortify the islands, so we couldn't hold them long, anyway. And the place to defend Australia is at its borders and on the adjacent seas.

What the white race needs is a great base in Australia. It is a more sensible way to face the yellow peril, and a more sensible thing for us, than for the United States to keep its forces in the Philippines.

Take a globe and a piece of string and do some measuring. You will find that from Manila to Australia is approximately two thousand miles. In other words, if Japan were fighting us for supremacy she would be at least two thousand miles farther from her home base if we fought in Australian waters than if we fought by Manila Bay.

On the other hand, we, defending Brisbane, for example, would be actually five hundred miles nearer to our base in Hawaii than we would be at Manila.

Of course all this sounds as if we were jingoes, but we're not. We simply recall that there have been wars before.

We have never hesitated to pick on any country when we felt like it, from the size of Haiti to that of the British Empire.

But Japan, which in its modern guise has borrowed the best from all other nations, is said to have adopted her national motto from the sayings of a celebrated Antipodean. Phonetically, it might be reproduced thus: Suri aoki kura. Which, being translated into Australian idiom, means "the bigger they are the 'arder they fall."

So it is not impossible that these diverse theories of statecraft—ours, that we are willing to fight anybody; theirs, that they prefer big 'uns—might some day come into conflict.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Prize awards for solutions of The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein, in Sidney Sutherland's recent mystery series, will be announced next week.

Family away?...you can Telephone them Quickly and Inexpensively

No matter how widely scattered your family may be, the telephone "keeps it together"

Your telephone is your pathway to the world . . . whether you are home or away

Telephone calls at regular intervals add much to vacation pleasures

MANY people find the telephone an ideal means for "keeping the family together" during the summer. No matter how widely scattered the different members may be . . . mountains, seashore, forest camp, lake resort . . . a telephone call reaches them quickly and easily.

It is a convenient way to exchange news, make plans, order supplies, etc. And it means a lot to hear the voices of loved ones regularly . . . learn what they are doing . . . know that they are well and happy.

If your vacation plans call for traveling, the telephone will add much to your enjoyment. It will keep you in close touch with friends and relatives. By telephoning ahead you can be sure of hotel or camp accommodations . . . make arrangements of many sorts.

Busy executives leave their offices free from worry, knowing that if necessary they can be reached immediately by telephone. The vice-president of a large corporation was vacationing at a seashore resort when a question came up requiring instant decision. An associate prepared to travel to him, but before starting he telephoned. In five minutes the matter was settled, saving vital time and making the trip unnecessary. Telephoning between cities is *Quick . . . Easy . . . Inexpensive.*

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. . . to give your teeth the kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

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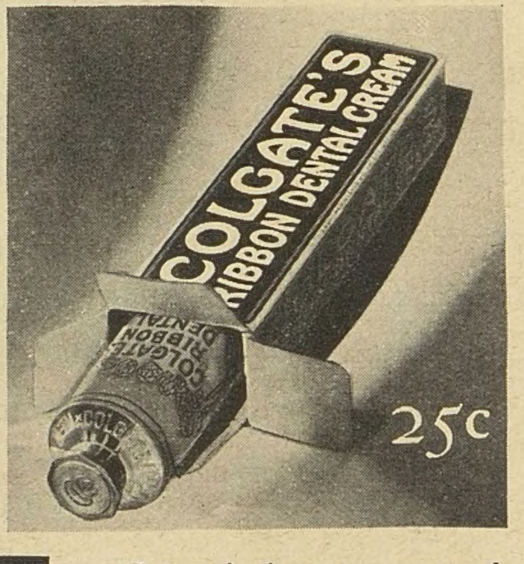


Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

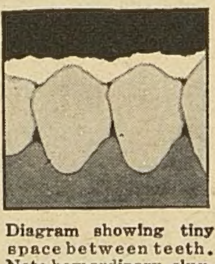
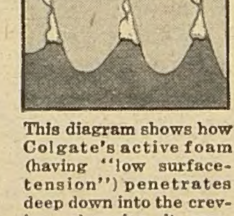


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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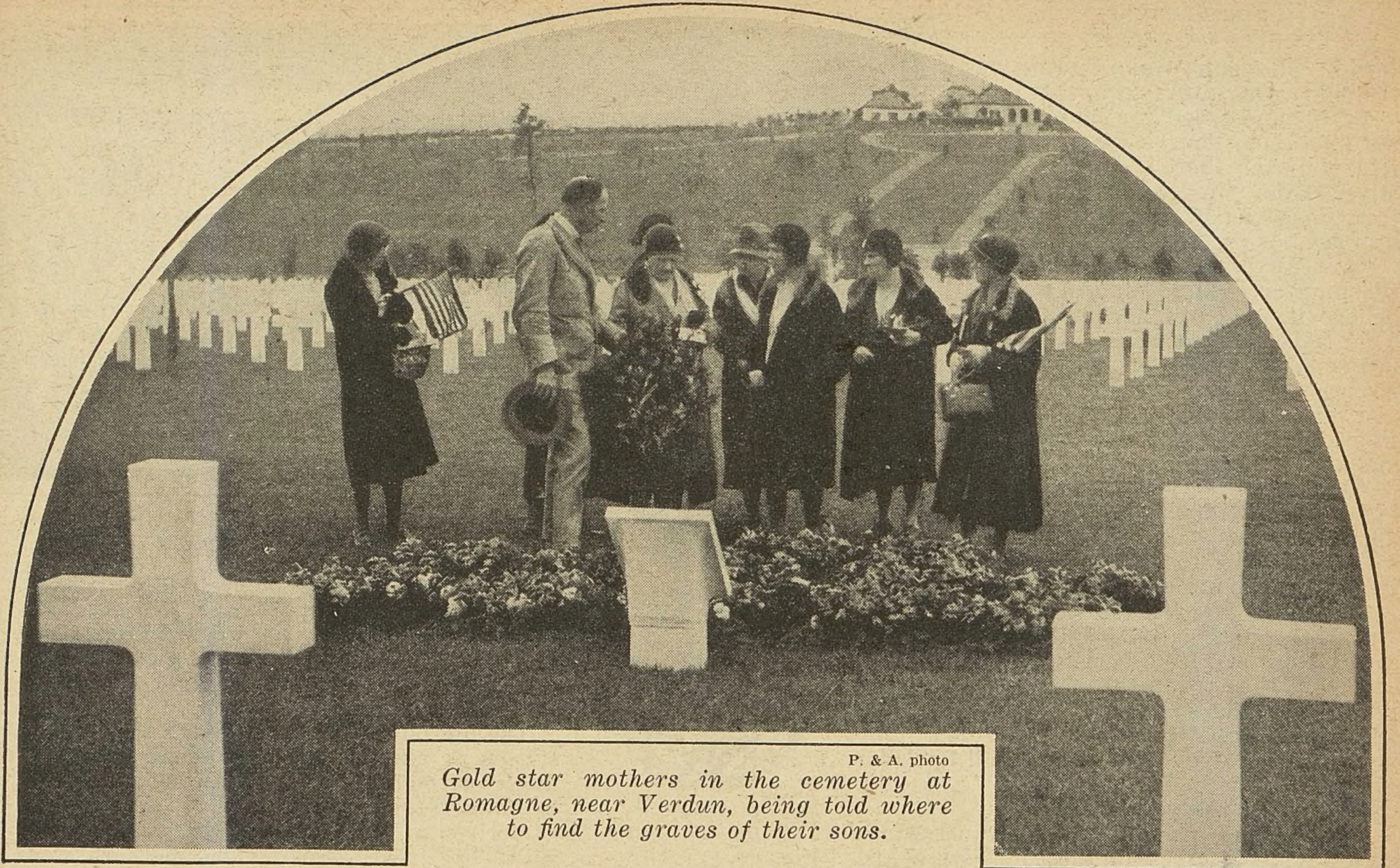


P. & A. photo

Gold star mothers in the cemetery at Romagne, near Verdun, being told where to find the graves of their sons.

Mothers Remember

An Account of the Gold Star Pilgrimage to American Cemeteries in France

By

P. & A. portrait

GRACE ROBINSON

who is a Nebraska product, a graduate of its state university, and has done newspaper work in Omaha and New York. She is well known to Liberty readers through her frequent contributions in the last three years.

A DOZEN years ago, in a war that was advertised as "a war to end war," 126,000 young Americans gave their lives on foreign battlefields.

They died heroes, like young crusaders. They left mothers, wives, and pink-cheeked sweethearts and hurried across a mine-infested ocean to lie with barren Death. Thousands of them are in France. Their names are carved on chill regiments of marble crosses, while wives and sweethearts kiss new loves and Europe plans new wars.

Only their mothers really remember.

Only to their mothers are they still alive and young, as the dead always wish to be. For that reason our government is sending 4,500 mothers on a pilgrimage of love across the ocean for a last farewell at their graves.

I went to France on the United States liner America with the first contingent of gold star pilgrims. I helped them up the smooth, green slopes of the cemeteries when rheumatism enfeebled their joints. I held umbrellas over thinly clad women when it rained. I saw them kneel at the white marble crosses that are so beautiful and so cold, and splash helpless tears over the wreaths they laid there.

It was the saddest sight I ever saw.

Oh, yes, there were a few widows, too. Only a handful. Under the law, a soldier's widow became ineligible for the pilgrimage if she had remarried. Nearly all had remarried.

Only the mothers *really* remember.

Some mothers had never fully grasped the idea that their boys were dead. It is hard to nurse your dear one through an illness, to watch life ebb from the loved body. There is at least the relief of expression in the poor show of the funeral and the consolations of friends. But it is harder and more cruel to receive a telegram from the War Department and a studied, kindly letter from your boy's commanding officer—and then to hear and see no more.

I was not surprised, then, when Mrs. Esther Spaf-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MOTHERS REMEMBER
Continued from page seven

ford of Cleveland, Ohio, told me on the ship going over:

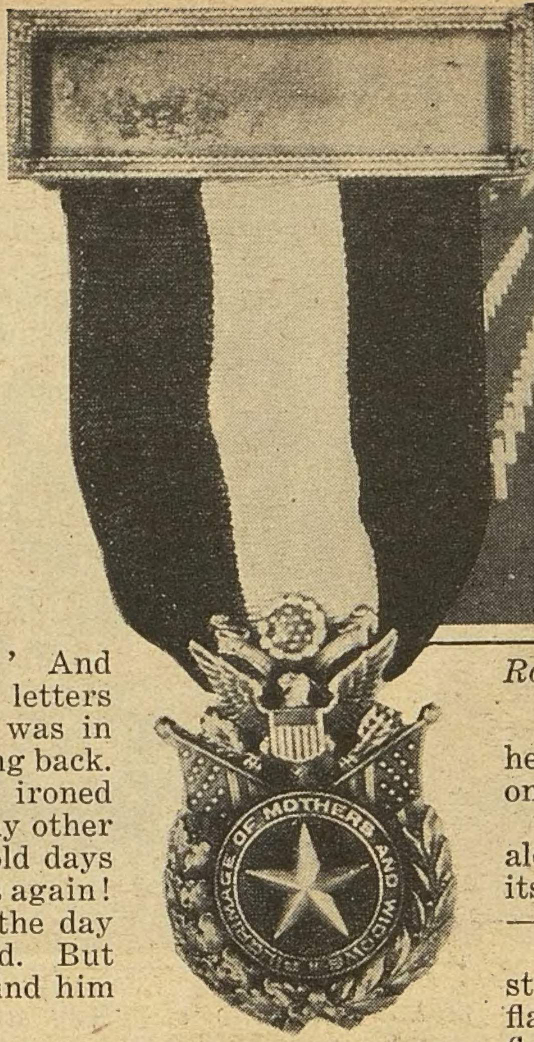
"Just now, when you knocked on my stateroom door, I was praying if I got over there I'd find Willie alive. Even now I've a feeling he'll turn up somehow. I can't believe he's dead.

"When we got the word from Washington I couldn't make myself believe it. I advertised in a New York paper for someone that knew my son. A buddy of his, still in France, saw it and wrote me that he and Willie were sitting on a big gun when a shell came over, exploded, and killed my boy.

"He used to write and say, 'Mamma, why don't you write to me?' And all the time I was writing, but my letters weren't getting to him, wherever he was in France. Then my letters started coming back.

"I was a widow. I washed and ironed and scrubbed to bring up Willie and my other seven children. How I wish for the old days back, with the hard work and my babies again! Willie was twenty-six and it was on the day of the Armistice that I'm told he died. But is he dead—do you think maybe I'll find him over there?"

This, after twelve years!



Underwood & Underwood photo

The official badge.

Romagne Cemetery, which was visited by the first contingent of mothers and widows.

Later I saw her again. She had just examined a marble cross in the Meuse-Argonne cemetery at Romagne, near the shell-torn city of Verdun. The simple marker was inscribed with the name of Frank W. Spafford (she always called him by his middle name) and the designation of his outfit.

"I feel a little more like he's dead," she said, "now that I've seen the grave. Still—do you suppose there could've been some mistake? Maybe Willie's not really there."

Romagne is the largest of the American cemeteries. Fourteen thousand one hundred and eighty-five young Americans lie there in the faint, uncertain shadows of young trees planted by the American government. For in this blood-drenched region there are no old trees left. A million men died fighting to save the hoary city, and fields, trees, houses, and hills were churned into diabolical chaos by the shellfire of four dreadful years.

Under a cloudy sky one morning in May, 107 mothers left Verdun in busses to visit Romagne Cemetery, together with two automobiles full of newspaper correspondents. We drove beside miles of a beautiful tree-lined canal with a barge pursuing its serene way.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. L. J. Carey of Ohio looking for the grave of her son.

THERE were pock-marked fields, grass-covered but still unplowed, with spotted cows grazing in what had lately been an inferno of war. There were great shell craters, to level which will be a tremendous labor of grading and shoveling, before which a plow is helpless. There were blood-red poppies laughing in shell holes and the remains of trenches zig-zagging over gentle hills. In some places dugouts had been leveled and used to make new shoulders for the highway. Occasionally we passed a German cemetery, starkly naked of grass, with its rows on rows of black wooden crosses, the men buried head to head, a painted name, half obliterated, on either side of the marker.

Now and again a large wooden cross stood alone on some steep meadow—a cross all by itself, with no friendly shelter of vegetation —and on it a German name.

The big busses wound through the crooked streets of villages, with the small American flag, worn on the leading bus in the procession, flapping in the breeze.

Arrived at the cemetery, the sun came out as if by great effort. The mothers were sorted into groups, according to the block in which their sons lay. Nearly all carried small American flags, or some memento from home—a faded flower from their lad's childhood play-spot, far away in the States, or a little soil from the middle-western farm he loved, or a photograph lovingly inscribed.

IT appeared that every mother wanted to bind her lad to her. She was trying to bridge the distance of miles and years, and bring back his childhood to the boy warrior that lay mute under the green blanket.

She wanted to recapture the days when she was young and lovely, a mother laughing with the laughter of her children, and shut out the mournful present of decrepitude staring through tears at a chill cross.

Finally all the pilgrim mothers found their group, and each woman was given flowers for her grave. They were pathetic standing there in the sunshine holding their wreaths. And now, as they were about to perform their last little devotion for their dead sons, they were a bit nervous, and many were in tears. They were appalled, too, by the rows and rows of crosses, stretching in straight rows ahead, and in oblique rows, and in rows straight across, like geometrically precise corn.

Arrived at her grave block, each mother looks for her own grave. There is one mother who is lame. She cannot keep up with her group. I go to aid her and she smiles gratefully. She is Mrs. John Burke from Cincinnati. We find her row. But the number of the grave? It is number thirty-four, way up on the hill. I carry her heavy wreath and we start up the slope. She counts as we go along. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten— All over the vast cemetery mothers are

P. & A. photos

The mother of Joseph Lorenz, a Wisconsin boy, at his grave in Suresnes Cemetery.

counting aloud. Counting marble crosses. Counting graves. Counting hero sons, gallant boys who died fighting desperately, their rifles in their hands, facing enemy fire like supermen. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen fifteen—sixteen—seventeen— God, is there no end? Mothers' voices are rising in a dirge as they plod up, up, up the unbelievable rows, each seeking her loved one.

A cry! A little hysterical sob. A mother has found her grave. She has reached the objective of her long, long pilgrimage. Her journey by land, by water, and by land again has brought her at last to her boy. And all she sees is a cold marble cross graven with his name.

MORE cries! More sobs! The mothers are falling out of the groups now, each to kneel at the simple shrine where her heart is buried. Each woman is like a doomed prisoner who sees the electric chair for the first time. He has been told, he has understood, he has seen others leave the company of those under death sentence, and never return. But only when he takes that last dread walk and suddenly comes face to face with the seat of punishment does the complete and awful conviction of death sweep over him.

It is that way with these mothers. They see the serried ranks of crosses carved with the names of other mothers' sons. But the sight of *his* name stabs the heart like a pointed knife.

Up—up—up the green hill Mrs. Burke goes, leaning heavily on my arm. Now and again she asks anxiously, "Is this it?" Poor, dear mother! She is a little near-sighted, and besides her eyes are blinded by tears. At last, there it is: "John Burke, Pvt., 128 Inf., 32 div., Nov. 9, 1918." If the war had ended two days sooner, Mrs. Burke would not be leaning on the arm of a stranger, and she would not have to kneel at a grave.

NOW arose in Romagne Cemetery the saddest sound known to human ear. From every quarter of the vast burying ground came moans and lamentations. Mothers weeping for their children.

"My baby!"

"Oh, Johnny, my boy!"

"My son, can you hear me?"

"God—why did You do this—to me?"

Some cried in Italian, "*Addio, addio, figlio mio!*" And a few in German, "*Ach, mein liebes Kind!*"

It tore one's heart out to hear them.

Some threw themselves on the grave, flat with twelve years of rain and dew. Some tenderly caressed the cold marble cross and with shaking fingers traced the grooved letters that spelled out the dear name. Many, after the first paroxysm, tried to focus small cameras they had brought from the States, to make a picture of the precious spot to show fathers, brothers, and sisters back home. For the most part, due to hysteria and lack of familiarity with the mechanism, they were unable to operate their cameras, now that the moment for picture-taking had come. Newspaper photographers, who had been doing their own work at a great distance so as not to intrude on grief, came to the rescue and operated scores of cameras for mothers who could not do it for themselves.

Mrs. Sarah Thompson of New York, with a group of war mothers, places a wreath on the tomb of the French unknown soldier.

Several mothers had difficulty finding their boys' graves. Due to their misinterpretation of directions they found themselves, in some instances, facing the grave of an unknown soldier, with no name or regimental marking but only the inscription: "Here lies an honored American soldier, known but to God."

This confused and frightened the women, already dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MOTHERS REMEMBER
Continued from page nine

turbed by the general lament. Some cried, " Perhaps I haven't a grave to go to—is that why they sent me here? " In due time these horrible conjectures were allayed, and every woman found her own boy's resting place.

Occasionally one saw a mother who wept, not at a cross, but at a marble six-pointed star. These were the Jewish parents.

In the midst of these touching scenes, the fitful sun disappeared and rain fell. In a moment it was a heavy downpour, as though the heavens had dissolved in the general hysteria of sorrow. Many mothers appeared oblivious of the wet and remained grieving at the graves until anxious army nurses and army officers, scouting about with umbrellas, gently induced them to go to the hostess house.

Arrived at that cheerful building, the solicitous nurses removed their drenched coats and set them before a blazing fire to dry. These splendid women had deftly and gently nursed sick and dying American soldiers, some of whom lay outside under those very crosses.

Now they delighted to minister with equal tenderness and saneness to those boys' mothers.

The doctor in charge as well as the nurses was fearful of the consequences of a wetting on these elderly women. Brandies were poured down the throats of the wetter mothers, regardless of political scruples at home. Hot tea, chocolate, nourishing sandwiches, and hard-boiled eggs were served them, and the nurses engaged them in cheerful conversation where possible, so as to buck up their morale. The busses did not start back to Verdun until every gold star pilgrim was comfortable again.

Despite these conscientious attentions, one mother, Mrs. Florence Williams of Portsmouth, Ohio, contracted a severe case of pneumonia. Due to her advanced age, seventy-two, it was considered inadvisable even to move her to Paris. She was left at a hotel at Verdun, attended by Major Richard Eames and a special nurse, and for days the pilgrimage officials feared she would pay with her life for her last little attention to the memory of a loved son. When her contingent started back to America this brave pilgrim was unable to sail with them.

P. & A. photo

A French gold star mother greets Mrs. Blanche C. Hill of Kentucky.

Grief, of course, affects different persons in different ways. There was Mrs. Burke, the woman whom I assisted up the hill. Arrived at her cross, she wept quietly for a moment and tenderly laid her wreath of fresh flowers. I had retreated so as not to foist myself on her communion with her son. In a moment she started down the hill.

She made a gesture of sorrow. " There's nothing more I can do here," she murmured. In her eyes I saw the despair that comes with the realization of futility.

THERE was Mrs. Lucy Lawrence, from the mountains of Kentucky, a quaint little person who, on the ship going over, smoked a pipe. It is the custom around her town of Owensboro. Mrs. Lawrence exercised amazing self-control.

" I feel so sorry for some of these mothers, especially the older ones," she said as she tramped to the hostess house in the rain. (Mrs. Lawrence is seventy-two.) " The last time I saw my boy, the last time he came home on furlough, he said, ' If I'm killed, please don't take on, ma. It will make me feel turrible if you do.'

" So I try not to cry. Of course I've took on at home a lot. But not when I can help it. I believe we live after death. I believe my boy would know now if I took on, and it would make him feel bad."

As tragic a figure as any mother at Romagne Cemetery was the gold star father, L. J. Saylor, postmaster at Rising City, Nebraska. At his own expense he accompanied his wife, Mary, on the long journey, that he might care for her as he does at home. Mrs. Saylor suffers from diabetes and, while able to go about, needs assistance in ministering to her ailment.

Ordinarily a merry man, this white-haired postmaster from the western prairies was a symbolic figure of grief as he started up the green slope to his boy John's grave. In one hand he held tightly a small American flag; the other clutched a small camera.

Mrs. Saylor, carrying their floral tribute, lilies of the valley, leaned heavily on his arm.

TOGETHER they wept for their brave boy, and together, their tired feet hesitating slightly, they returned to the hostess house in the rain.

William Oestreich of Elmore, Ohio, retired farmer and a commissioner of Ottawa County, is another father who made the trip with his wife. When he viewed the cross of marble that marked his boy's grave, tears fell on the little enameled pin with its one service star, which he wore on the lapel of his coat. But there was relief and contentment in his bronzed face later when he said: " We have a family mausoleum at home and I had always regretted our boy was not there. But now that I've seen the beautiful care the government gives these resting places in France, I'm satisfied to have him remain where he is."

The hallowed ground at Romagne, now watered by tears that waited twelve years to be shed, was the scene of some of the most desperate American fighting during the war. The boys buried there are those who fell in the famous Meuse-Argonne offensive. The Fifth and Thirty-second divisions fought on the very site of the cemetery. Today they lie virtually where they fell. On October 14, 1918, the Thirty-second captured Romagne. On the same day the Fifth took Cunel. Their losses were terrific. That is the reason there are so many marble crosses at Romagne.

There were other great American battles—and there are other American cemeteries.

In St. Mihiel Cemetery at Thiaucourt lie buried 4,151 Americans —the bulk of the price of the brilliant American victory which cut off the St. Mihiel salient and brought United States troops within striking distance of the then German fortress of Metz. A small price to pay, from a military standpoint, for the Teuton armies had held St. Mihiel since the start of the war. But it is an unbelievably heavy price to the hearts of the mothers who went to St. Mihiel to mourn their sons.

Generals and mothers deal in different rates of exchange.

Facing east, from the beautiful pansy-bordered walks of this cemetery we could all but see Metz and the great iron fields of Briey, priceless possessions of Germany during the war. An automobile could have driven us there in half an hour. Indeed, so close by Germany, or what was Germany a dozen years ago, that quite casually the bus-ful of mothers encountered a delegation of German officers who were making an inspection tour of German cemeteries in France.

No wonder there were groans of disappointment from the gallant survivors at St. Mihiel when they were ordered to forgo their advance into Germany and hasten away to other battlefields—the Argonne and the Meuse.

But there was no enthusiasm in the tear-worn eyes of Mrs. Jennie B. Forbes of Fairmont, Nebraska, when she gazed eastward and was told that there Germany had lain.

The coal and iron mines of Alsace-Lorraine, so long coveted by France, meant nothing to this gentle little woman from a Nebraska farm. She was gazing at a marble cross that marked the grave of a gallant aviator son. For her the hopes and tragedies of the Great War lay buried with the slim, charred body of Lieutenant Earl Forbes.

When Mrs. Forbes looks into the eastern horizon, toward which France has gazed enviously for centuries, she sees only a desperate battle in the air, 14,000 feet over the German lines. She sees eight American planes in flaming combat with sixteen German planes. Her boy is there, in a heavy bombing ship, not built for lightning-quick skirmishes in the sky.

P. & A. photo

Bound for France to visit the graves of their sons.

The American planes fire and draw into close battle formation. Of a sudden, for no apparent reason, one plane ceases to fire. Three German planes dive under its tail. The observer's guns have jammed—they are a perfect target for the enemy. Desperately the observer throws magazines, goggles, gloves, helmet, everything loose that he can lay hands on. He tosses them into the enemy's propellers. The Germans are flying so close! Perhaps he can send them down without fire.

R-r-r-r-r! A plane is hit in the gas tank. In that plane are Richard Matthews and Everett Taylor. A little streak of fire is running around the frame. Another plane dives to its side, turns back from its chance of safety over the Allied lines, and tries to defend the beleaguered men in the Matthews-Taylor ship. In the rescue plane is Mrs. Forbes' son, Earl.

No use! The fire has reached the gas tank. There is a terrific explosion, and down goes the burning plane, with its brave crew wrapped in searing sheets of flame.

In another instant—r-r-r-r! Earl Forbes' plane, which strove so gallantly to assist, is also shot by German bullets. There is the roar of explosion as the gas ignites, and down go two more aviators. One is Dave Harris, Earl's pilot, and *one is Lieutenant Earl Forbes!*

A frightful nightmare! A thing that couldn't have happened. Why, Earl wasn't a military man. Only a little while before he'd been a student at the University of Nebraska. He'd been a mystic, quiet kind of boy. Interested in the religious life of the university. Planning a career of that sort, perhaps as a missionary.

When war came he wanted to be a pilot. But he became an observer instead because the government needed observers—so many had been lost. And he'd made only two trips into Germany, twenty days in action, when he went down like a meteor. It couldn't have happened!

Mrs. Forbes turns tired eyes to the green grass of St. Mihiel Cemetery. Yes, it did happen. For there is a marble cross, marked "Earl Forbes, 2nd Lieut., 20 Aero Squadron, Nebraska, Sept. 26, 1918." And beside that cross are others, marking the graves of Harris, Matthews, and Taylor. Same squadron. Same date.

IN the illustrious list of air heroes at Washington, Lieutenant Earl Forbes is credited with bringing down one German plane. So disastrous were the results of that battle, however, that never again were bombing planes sent out without a protective escort of fast fighting planes, Mrs. Forbes was told. The deaths of these boys and others that died with them was a lesson in air fighting and doubtless helped improve American technique.

You cannot expect Mrs. Forbes to be intimately, vitally interested in that, as she sits of a winter's evening in the bleak whiteness of a Nebraska farm. The record that sticks most firmly in her memory is the brief account sent her by a comrade aviator—one who survived: "When I last saw Earl he was standing at his guns, firing at the enemy, which was attacking in superior numbers."

At St. Mihiel Cemetery she sprinkled some rich brown earth on his grave. "It is soil from our farm in Nebraska," she explained. "Earl thought so much of the farm. I like to think that after he'd gotten a real start in life, he might have come home and gone to farming."

Most disconsolate of all the mothers I saw was Mrs. Veronica De Capito of Cleveland. She brought to St. Mihiel an exquisite gift. It was the photograph of her boy, Silvio, carefully laid in a hinged copper case as a precaution against weather. On the opposite side, facing the picture, she had embroidered on velvet the Italian and American flags, intertwined and done in colored silks. Below the picture in black, durable ink she had written: "Mother's remembrance to a dear son, Silvio De Capito, Private U. S. A."

SHE passed much time at his grave, weeping and praying, sometimes aloud and hysterically. On arriving for her second vigil she looked at the lilies of the valley, already wilted, that she had laid there the day before. She sighed heavily and with a strong Italian accent exclaimed mournfully, "They die so soon!"

One mother at St. Mihiel, a small, bent woman, seemed transported to the days of her son's babyhood. Memory had done a merciful thing for her. The horrid war phantoms had been exorcised it seemed, and she recalled only what was happy. She walked about the cemetery holding her arms as though a child were cradled in them, rocking her arms as though she held her infant son, telling other mothers what a sweet, sweet baby he had been.

When Mrs. Frieda West of Cleveland visited the grave of her son, Corporal William W. West, she suffered the pangs not only of personal loss but of torn family relations. She came from Germany to the United States thirty-eight years ago. Her boy died fighting in the American army. Arraigned against him, in the German forces, were the sons of her three sisters in Germany.

In order that American cemeteries may preserve a neat, uniform appearance, no flowers or shrubs are planted on the graves. Hundreds of mothers take back home the only memento the precious resting places offered, a few blades of the green grass growing there.

Just before concluding their two weeks' sojourn in France, most of the first gold star contingent was taken to see the Armistice Car at Compiègne, where Marshal Foch and the German delegates signed the terms that silenced all guns on all fronts. The mothers had taken their last farewell of the graves they crossed an ocean to visit, and were discussing their boys.

"Well, my boy died for the right," sighed one. "He died in a war to end war."

"Yes, our sons died to make the world safe for democracy," replied another. . . . "By the way, what's this monument?"

The bus had stopped.

There, a stone's throw from the Peace Car, was a new and imposing memorial to the troops of America's ally, France.

"To the heroic soldiers of France, defenders of their country and the right, glorious liberators of Alsace and Lorraine," ran the inscription.

The women read it off, haltingly.

"What is Alsace and Lorraine?" asked one.

"I don't know," replied her companion. "I guess it's nothing to do with *our* boys, or *our* war. Probably left over from some old, old war, fought long, long ago."

THE END

God's GIFT to Women

The Story of a Counterfeit Lover

By

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

born in a Missouri parsonage, trained as a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Since his début in Liberty two and a half years ago he has become a notable fiction and scenario writer, abetted by his wife.

Pictures by E. F. Ward

He and Thelma traveled

THAT poor-little-shopgirl stuff didn't go with Miss Thelma Kamp. She wasn't poor. Not by a dyed rabbit-fur coat; not by seven pairs of silk hose; not by three chic hats and half a trunkful of lingerie. She wasn't even little and she wasn't a shopgirl. She could turn on you, five feet six inches of icy hauteur, and the frigid stare of her Dutch-blue eyes would say: "I'm a saleslady, see?" Of course, that could be interpreted as a pathetic gesture covering days of hopeless drab slavery. There were, now and then, gentlemen who sought to sympathize, but Thelma sent them on their way with a "Listen, fella! When I'm hungry I always got enough for a square meal. See?"

Hopeless drab slavery? Let's do some arithmetic. Thelma made $22.50 a week at the women's hosiery counter. She paid $2.50 weekly for one half of a pleasant double room at the Y. W. C. A. Her friend Georgine, who was in the cosmetics section, paid the other half. Thelma's meals cost her $8.25 a week, not counting what she saved on dates. But with Bill and Morley and Joe—"nice fellas, see?"—on the string, she averaged two free meals a week. They reduced the food allotment to around $7. That's $9.50, isn't it?

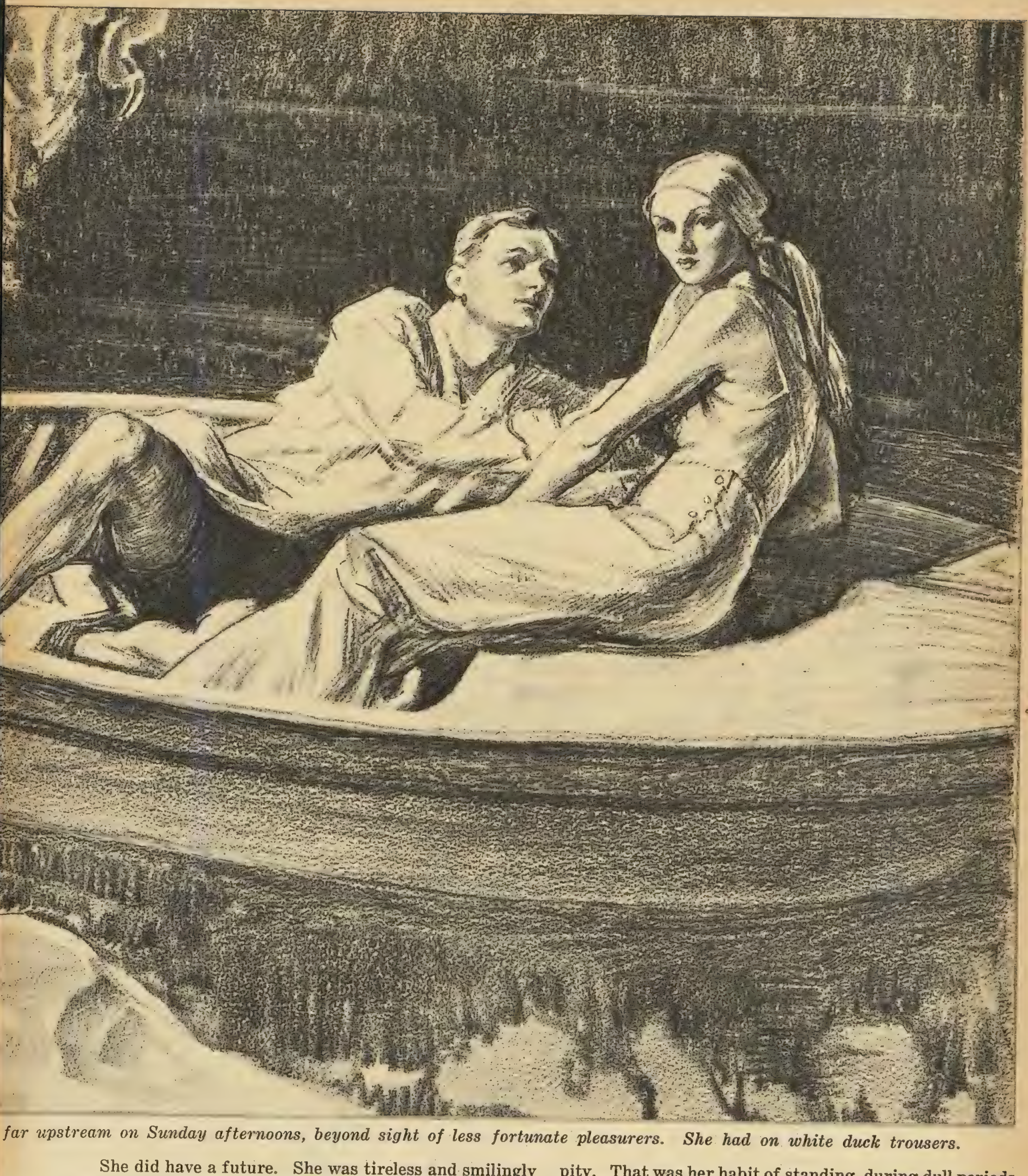
Of the remaining $13 Thelma spent exactly nothing for carfare, because she walked the five and a half blocks from the Y. W. to Willis, Haas & Company. She paid $1.50 a week to the Employees Relief Association and $1 to the Christmas Savings Club. Which leaves $10.50 for clothes and recreation. Thelma disbursed this balance on the principle that the girl who pays all she can for clothes won't need to allow for recreation in the budget. Young men will attend to that. Some weeks the whole $10.50 went for clothes; in which event the food item in the budget shrank. Thelma was the sort who can look well nourished on a diet of rolls and coffee; malted milk and a sandwich; soup, beans, and an eclair. By one economy or another Thelma always managed to save two or three dollars of the $22.50.

She had been with Willis, Haas & Company four years, starting as a cashgirl when she was fifteen at a salary of $14. Miss Dunlap, the personnel director, rated her "superior," and Mr. Jevne, the department manager, had promised that she should be the next promotion to ladies' ready-to-wear. After that she would sell on a real commission basis and might hope to be a buyer some day.

Only the most determinedly sentimental would find tears to shed for Thelma. She worked from nine in the morning until five forty-five in the evening, with half an hour for lunch and ten-minute rest periods in morning and afternoon unless there was a sale. Mr. Herman Haas, cofounder and only surviving partner in the firm, had absorbed all the new-fangled notions of employee welfare.

Thelma tidied herself in rest rooms fitted like hotel lounges; she breathed iced air in summer and scientifically warmed air in winter. If she got sick the employees' fund cared for her; she was eligible to a pension after thirty years. She got lunches at cost in the store cafeteria, and profit-sharing coupons which netted a neat discount on everything else she bought at the store. She was allowed a week's vacation in the summer, which she might spend at the store's river camp, and in July and August Saturday afternoons off.

The beneficiary of all these humanitarian measures, Thelma was not without gratitude and even a certain pride in them. She would acknowledge during chatter with girl friends who worked elsewhere: "I'd ruther work for Willis-Haas than any place else. They know how to treat you, 'n', besides, I got a future, see?"



far upstream on Sunday afternoons, beyond sight of less fortunate pleasurers. She had on white duck trousers.

She did have a future. She was tireless and smilingly patient even after a long day with full silks selling at $1.29. "Well, modom, I've shown you about all we—Wait—here's somepin we didn't look at. Very good quality, modom, though the tops ain't silk. But with the long skirts it don't matter" . . . and "I'm quite sure they won't take 'em back, modom, but I'll go with you up to Adjustments . . ." One could see Thelma with her ash-blonde hair adeptly peroxided and her slim figure grown to "buyer's plumpness" invading fabulous Manhattan, years hence. There was about her even now the rugged, sturdy self-confidence of the woman who can go it alone.

But one thing in Thelma's make-up could justly evoke pity. That was her habit of standing, during dull periods in the day's work, and watching men walk by her counter. At such times her carefully arched brows had a wistful curve beyond the powers of tweezer or pencil, and real color flowed around the daubs of rouge on her cheeks. Her friend, Georgine, with the quick perception of a homely girl and a cynic's hidden envy, used to kid her:

"I hear Bill's savin' up for the bedroom set, Thelma."

"Bill?"

"Oh, it ain't Bill? You don't mean to tell me you're gonna marry that good-for-nothing Joe Moore?"

"Don't be sil. I got sense."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN
Continued from page thirteen

"Why don't you decide on Morley? He's the best of the lot."

"He couldn't buy me a dishpan."

Georgine sighed.

"Too bad they won't let you keep husbands at the Y. W."

Irritably: "Aw, lay off. I ain't never gonna get married and you know it."

But Georgine and others noticed that Thelma never took part in the panning sessions at the corner table in the cafeteria. Talk there would go like this:

"Hattie Johnson, up in the woolen goods, is gonna step off this Saturday—an' kid, they say he don't make thirty a week."

"Hunh! She'll be back to work soon as the honeymoon's over."

"Yeah. And how! Catch me supportin' any no-good fella."

"These fellas is all alike. They hand you a hot line until after the weddin'—then they stick you in some dingy two-room walk-up. Not for little Bessie."

"Mom was sayin' only last night—she was sayin', look at a girl like I, f'rinstance, compared to what she went through. I buy more clothes in a year than she's had all her life, an' I don't hafta beg no grouchy fella for money to go to a pitcher show with."

Perhaps Thelma, as she listened, caught the undercurrent of insincerity in this chatter. Maybe she knew they were all jealous of Hattie Johnson up in the woolen goods. At any rate she never panned a girl for getting married.

Thelma's promised promotion to the ladies' ready-to-wear was only a month away when she met Buster.

Bill introduced them at the Fairyland Dance Palace. "Mr. Dennis, I wantcha to meet Miss Kamp." And Mr. Dennis, resplendent in a tuxedo, took Thelma's breath away by clapping a hand to his brow and groaning: "My gawd! The eyes are failing me! Why haven't I ever seen *you* before?"

Thelma giggled.

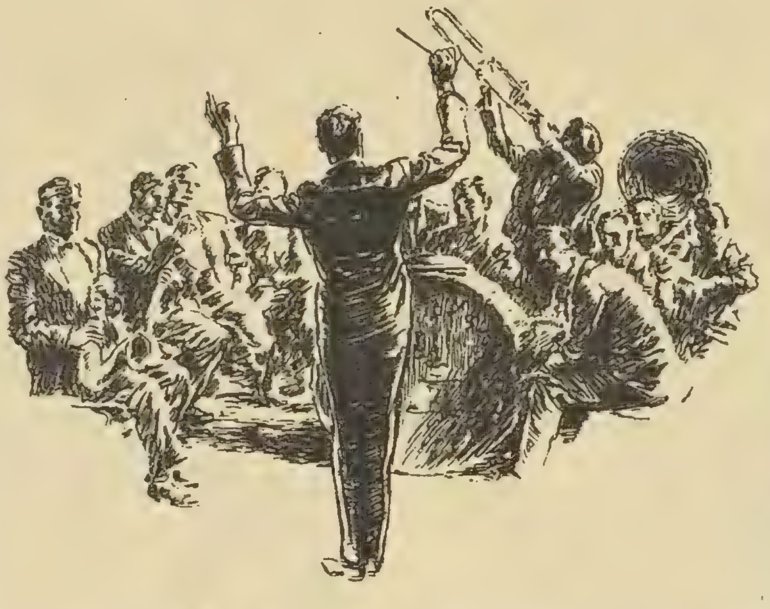
"Maybe I wasn't where you was looking," she said.

Buster nodded approvingly. Thelma thought he looked like Buddy Rogers.

"It's never too late to mend, as the fella said when he tore his B. V. D.'s," quoth Buster heartily. "Come on, woman. You and I are going to go places and do things."

He reached for the enraptured Thelma.

"Hey, wait!" said Bill. "I got this dance— "



BUSTER already had swung Thelma on to the floor. She discovered that Buster could talk while he danced—a rare accomplishment among the swains of Thelma's acquaintance.

"Bill's a good scout," said Buster generously. "He won't get sore. He ought to thank me for giving his girl a real treat once in her life."

"Sa-ay," said Thelma, "I ain't his girl, but you gotta nerve. Giving me a treat! I love that. Who do you think you are?"

Buster laughed, swinging her in a masterful pivot. "Woman," he said, "I'm the answer to a maiden's prayer!"

It seemed that Buster was. He really was. He had four dances with her that night and brazenly horned in when the glum Bill announced it was time to go home. The three of them had fried oysters and pistachio ice cream at a Chinese restaurant, Buster paying. Thelma thought Buster was still kinda like Buddy Rogers, only more like John Gilbert when you got to know him.

He showed up at the store next noontime.

"I hope you're not too excited to eat," was his greeting.

"Sa-ay, that slays me. Why should I be excited?"

For answer, Buster shied away from a stocking mold on the counter. He produced a violently bordered silk handkerchief and draped the mold. Thelma giggled. Both of them ignored the frown of Mr. Hix, a floorwalker.

"Well," said Buster, "you can relax, now that I'm here. Where do you want to eat—the Statler?"

"Statler? Yeah, I'll bet." And then, as she saw his frown, "We only get thirty minutes."

"A lot can be done in thirty minutes, as the fella said when he murdered his grandmother," Mr. Dennis remarked. "Come on, woman!"

They had raspberry-jam-peanut-butter-orange-marmalade sandwiches at a B. & G. shop across from the store. At that, the always punctual Thelma was eight minutes late.

"We'll try the Statler for dinner," said Buster at parting. "I'll be around at five forty, so take your time, as the fella said to the hangman."

"I guess you're gonna buy my breakfast, too?"

"Why not? I like to see you eat, girlie."

"Well, if I go with you tonight we'll Dutch it."

"We will not. That Dutch stuff is bad cheese, and I wooden shoes to do it!"

Thelma giggled.

SHE learned a lot about Buster the next three weeks. He had four suits of clothes, which he wore in rotation, and enough neckties to go eleven days without wearing the same tie twice. He paid fifty cents for manicures and tipped as much as a dollar sometimes. He put stuff on his hair that kept it like a carving in brown mahogany. His favorite movie actress was Clara Bow. His favorite food was filet mignon, which he doused with catsup and horse-radish. He rode a great deal in taxicabs and talked about his car being laid up for extensive repairs. It was his boast that one time he went to picture shows every night for twenty-seven nights. When he bought a newspaper he took the sporting section out and threw the rest away. He was twenty-three years old.

Other details concerning Buster she was able to gather only vaguely. He was some sort of a sales manager or something for the Crescent Shoe Company. It was only a temporary job because soon they were going to give him "a territory." From the rate of his expenditures she guessed he must be making at least a hundred dollars a week. He said he would be able to make ten thousand a year when he got his territory. Buster lived in what he called an apartment with three other boys in the West End. His folks were dead.

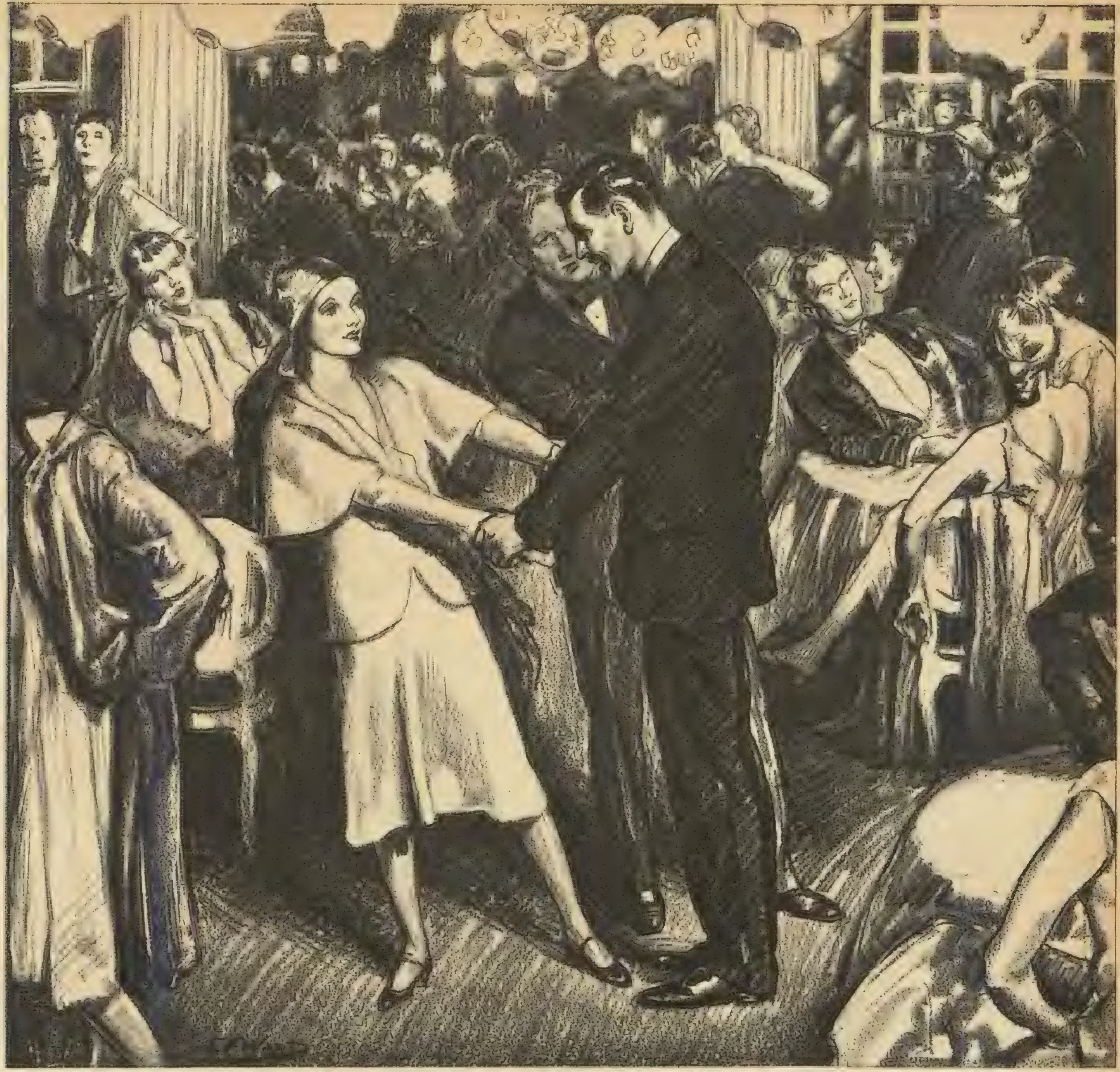
Buster kidded with all her girl friends at the Y. W. They called him a "swell fella—gee!" He even kidded with Miss Boyd at the desk. She thawed sufficiently to smile at his wise cracks. One night Buster appeared without making a date, and when Thelma asked, "How did you know I would be in?" Buster came right back with "A sweet little boid told me." Miss Boyd just laughed. Only Georgine remained impervious to Buster's charms.

"All I gotta say is, dearie, you better find out somepin more about that guy," Georgine said.

"Sour grapes. That's what's eatin' on you," said Thelma.

She and Buster were sweethearts after the second date. They kissed good night on the Y. W. steps. They necked in picture shows. Buster joined the store crowd that week-ended in the river camp. He wasn't content with a canoe. By some mysterious process he acquired temporary ownership of an outboard scooter. He and Thelma traveled far upstream on Sunday afternoons, beyond sight of less fortunate pleasurers.

They loitered until dusk one Sunday. She had on a swimming suit and white duck sailor trousers. Buster



Buster nodded approvingly. "Come on, woman. You and I are going to go places and do things."

had on a monogrammed beach robe over his suit.

"Give me a real one," said Buster.

She gave him a real one. They clung to each other.

Suddenly Buster's hands started explorations. She stiffened, pushed him away. Buster stood up, his boyish face flushed.

"My golly!" he said unsteadily. "Excuse me, hon. A few more minutes of that and you'd have been a fallen woman!"

She scrambled to her feet, eyes blazing.

"You're a liar!" she said. "I wouldn't. I never would."

Buster laughed.

"Oh, yes, you would," he said with condescending arrogance. But as she looked at him, his eyes wavered and he hung his head. He realized that she meant it. He kicked at the side of the boat a minute.

"Take me back," she ordered.

He turned to her impulsively.

"Believe it or not, kid," he said, "I'm that way about you. I—I think we better get married."

Thelma put her chin up.

"Yeah? Well, I ain't so sure I'd marry you. I—I don't like your actions."

Buster grinned.

"You'll marry me, all right," he said. "I'll bet you we're married before morning."

He lost his bet. They weren't married until the next afternoon.

She began to discover the truth about Buster on the honeymoon. They went to Chicago. Buster engaged a room at the La Salle. They had three happy spendthrift days. Then she noticed that Buster was proposing cheaper eating places and movies instead of legitimate shows.

He put in a long-distance call one night, and was mopping his face when he rejoined her. He looked worried.

"What's the matter, Bus?" she inquired.

He did a good deal of dodging, but finally blurted:

"Aw, that lousy Phil Marcy promised to wire me the dough he owes me. Now he says he hasn't got it."

Other brides finding their dearly beloveds broke on the honeymoon might have grown a bit hysterical. But Thelma was made of sterner stuff. She patiently cross-examined the schoolboyishly contrite Buster. We—ell, Buster wasn't broke exactly. Look! He had money, see? Wasn't that money? Still, it was only seventeen forty-five. That would barely pay the hotel bill, she pointed out. We—ell, Buster had money. That lousy Phil Marcy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN
Continued from page fifteen

owed him sixty bucks. Tom Dunavant owed him, too, and so did Willie Happ. How was he to know they'd gyp a guy on his honeymoon?

Thelma had been facing brutal truths all her life. She didn't shy from this one.

"I thought you had a lot of money and a swell job, Bus," she said. "Where did you get all the dough you've been spending since you met me?"

Buster came clean—that is, reasonably so. He had been making the big flash with three hundred dollars won in a lottery. His salary wasn't a hundred dollars a week. Not exactly. You see, some weeks he got more and some weeks less. Was it fifty a week? Oh, sure. Was it seventy-five? No—o, not seventy-five.

"I know I four-flushed on you, hon," Buster pleaded, "but I was afraid you wouldn't give me a tumble if I didn't show you a good time." Then he became aggrieved. "Seems to me like you think it's awful important. Maybe you married me just because you thought I had a lot of jack."

Thelma's arms went around him convulsively. Buster brightened. Did she have any money she could lend him until he got back home and collected from Phil and Tom and Willie?

Luckily she had withdrawn thirty-seven dollars, her total balance, from the Christmas Savings Club at the store. With his funds that would be enough to square them with the hotel and get them home. She gave Buster her savings. He promptly sat down and tried to figure how they could stay one more day in Chicago. She balked at that, so he agreed to leave the next morning. It was then after noon.

Buster disappeared, promising to be back "soon as I get a couple of papers." She waited, trying to read a shopping guide and the telephone directory. An hour passed. Two hours. Three hours. No Buster. She went down to the lobby to hunt him. Returned to the room.

He came in, jubilant, shortly before dinnertime. His pockets were stuffed with bank notes.

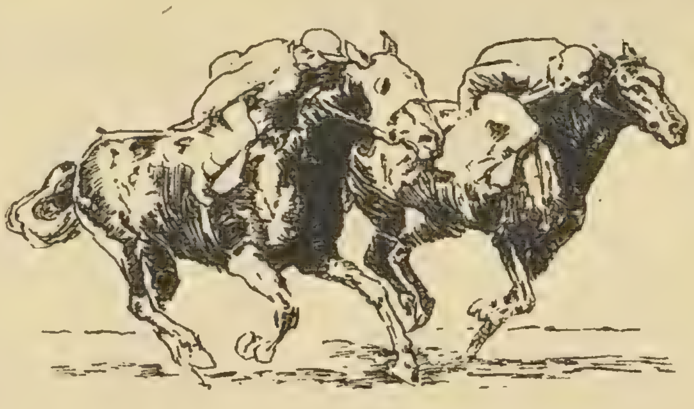
"What a break!" he exulted. "I put twenty bucks on the nose of a long shot in the fifth at Fairmount. I won two hundred and seventy-six berries. Whoops!"

Thelma gasped. Thinking she doubted, Buster dumped the money in her lap. Also a package. It was a bottle of perfume which had cost fifteen dollars.

"Come on. We'll go to the Blackstone for dinner. No class to this dump," said Buster.

She counted out thirty-seven dollars and put the bills in her stocking. Buster generously offered her a hundred besides that.

Had she known Buster better she would have taken it. But she accepted only twenty-five as her share of the winnings.



THEY had two more days in Chicago and traveled home in a drawing-room. Buster was again almost broke. She discovered that he had tried several more long shots which didn't click.

Alarmed by the adventures of the honeymoon, Thelma made a determined effort to organize their affairs on a sensible basis. She kept at Buster until he admitted that his salary was not $60, or $50, but $35 weekly, and that instead of being a sales manager he was a shipping clerk. According to Buster: "I would be on the road making ten grand a year in my own territory, only there's a guy in the company that don't like me. He's jealous and all the time riding me. But don't you worry, hon"—darkly—"old Lewis is gonna get his some of these days, and then the sky's the limit, as the fella said when he threw the landscape in the garbage can!" Thelma giggled loyally. She was by this time relieved to find that Buster had any honest job at all.

Thelma rented a three-room flat on the South Side, paying $40 a month rent. A cheap furniture house on Franklin Avenue sold her its "Majestic Complete Three-Room Outfit $198" for $17.50 down and $31.25 a month. That left approximately $70 out of Buster's salary for food and other household expenses, clothes and incidentals. It was a finely pared budget, yet Thelma believed she could manage.

In the midst of all this business of apportioning pennies, Thelma dropped in to see her old friends at the store. She high-hatted them regally. Yes, she had run down to buy some more things for the apartment. Honestly, she'd been so busy getting settled she hadn't had time to drop in before. She and Buster had a wonderful trip, but they cut it short because the firm wanted Buster back to attend to some big business deal or somepin. Buster was such a sweet fella. But extravagant. All the time wanting her to buy things for the apartment or clothes or somepin. And all the time saying the funniest things.

As she stood thus at the notions counter, holding forth to Georgine and Tillie Webb and Ethel Lake and Vergie Hoestetter, she knew she was telling lies. She knew also that they suspected her of telling lies. But she felt infinitely superior to them and far above their doubts. Even when Georgine, unregenerate, said: "Oh, yeah? Well, it ain't had time to wear off yet, kid," she was not dismayed. She perceived that in their secret hearts they envied her. They were manless and in that state could never be as complete, as fine as she. Grudgingly, Georgine summed it up when she added: "You're certainly lookin' swell, though, kid. I never seen you with so much color." And little Tillie Webb sighed, remarking, "That's 'cause she's so happy."

BUT Thelma had her troubles.

In the first place, Buster wouldn't keep to his spending-money allowance. It lasted until Thursday, then Wednesday, then Tuesday. He began with small borrowings from the rent and installment funds. When she refused to advance more, he got to pawning things—his watch; his clothes; even the kitchen clock. They quarreled.

"But look, hon. Phil gimme a dog that can't lose in the second at Empire tomorrow. He'll pay fourteen to one at least."

"Yeah? I've heard that before."

"We—ell, listen. Lend me five and I'll help Willie get his flivver out of the garage. He's promised to sell it and then he'll pay me the thirty-two he owes me. That's a good proposition, isn't it?"

"Not with the collector comin' Monday, it ain't."

"We—ell, after all, it's my dough, isn't it?"

"Sure it's your dough. And you can take it any time you say. I'll go back to the store."

"Like thunder you will. I guess I can support my wife."

"You can't by tipping shoeshine boys a quarter and spending eighty-fi' cents for lunch every day."

"Well, heck, I gotta eat, don't I?"

"Eat a sandwidge and a glass of milk. You're too fat, anyway."

"Aw, don't be like that, hon. Don't you love me any more? Seems like you're gettin' grouchier and grouchier. Come on now, gimme a real one—"

The first two months he got the kiss and the money. And Thelma told herself it was all right because Buster did win a radio in a raffle and he did catch one winner at the races to the tune of forty-six dollars.

Buster's friends, Tom, Phil, and Willie, were another trial. Vagrant boys who drifted from one job and one rooming house to no job and Buster's flat, it got so that the davenport in the living room had an almost nightly occupant. They contributed to the household expenses a helter-skelter of cookies, crackers, milk bottles, and hamburger steak. Buster argued that they be tolerated for the sake of the various monies they owed him, but Thelma soon came to the conclusion that these were bad debts.

She had a row with Willie one evening because Willie had persuaded Buster to invest nine dollars in a mysterious suit-pressing "club" which Willie said would make their fortune. Buster stuck up for Willie.

"He's a good guy, hon."

"He's a bum. You make him give you back that nine dollars. The man from the coal company was here again today. I'm tired of stalling him off."

"Golly, hon, I can't do that. I agreed to go in with Willie."

"Either you ask him or I will!"

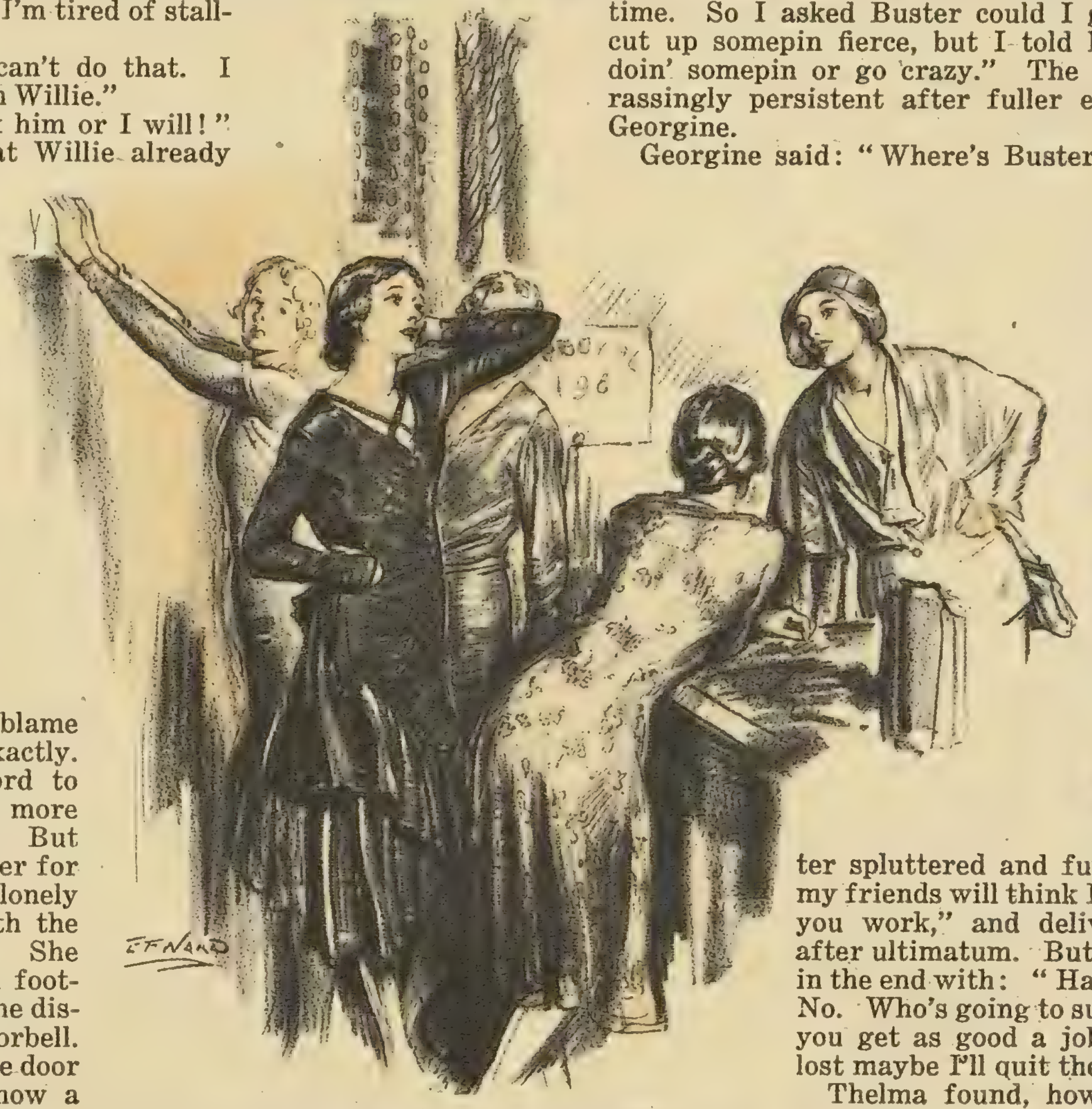
It developed that Willie already had spent two dollars, but they recovered the rest. Buster wise-cracked as he handed her the money: "You're like a Scotch woman's corset, hon, no give." Thelma didn't giggle this time.

Buster fell into the habit of meeting his pals at a pool hall on South Grand Boulevard evenings. She couldn't blame Buster for that, exactly. They couldn't afford to go out together more than once a week. But she did blame Buster for making her long lonely days miserable with the calls of collectors. She got so she dreaded footsteps in the hall. She disconnected the doorbell. They pounded on the door . . . "I don't know a thing about it. My husband handles everything. I'll speak to him."

"Well, he told us to see you, madam. This is the third overdue warning and if you can't . . ."

Thelma, going through the dreary grind of dishwashing, dusting, scrubbing, and laundry, often thought of her old job at Willis, Haas & Company. Its rush and bustle were tempting now. She longed for the gossip of the cafeteria. She even thought of the old Y. W. evenings with their thin spinster drone. By October only one thing deterred her from going back to work. She couldn't hurt Buster's feelings and discourage him that much.

Catastrophe forced her hand. Buster got fired.


Thelma dropped in to see her old friends: She high-hatted them regally.

ACCORDING to Buster: "Old Lewis rode me once too often, that's all. Just once too often. I says, 'See here, you ol' monkey, I don't hafta work for this company. I got other offers. I can go to the Pioneer people right down the street and get more than you're payin' me.' So I walked out and left him flat."

She said loyally: "I don't blame you. Only a dog would work for a guy like that. Have you really got another job lined up, Bus?"

"Sure. Sure," said Bus. "Didn't you hear me say I told Lewis I had? I'm gonna go to work in the morning."

The next morning, after Buster departed suspiciously late, Thelma got on her chic blue felt hat and her dyed-rabbit coat and went down to have a talk with Miss Dunlap at the store.

Miss Dunlap had always liked Thelma. She eyed certain little shabbinesses about the girl's clothes with frank pity. And when Thelma began: "I'm kinda restless and there ain't a thing to do at home, so I thought I'd see . . ." Miss Dunlap nodded.

"Of course, we've put another girl in the ready-to-wear, but I can place you in one of the other departments." She consulted a file. "'M, you're in luck! Hosiery is short-handed. Can you start right in?"

Thelma said she could. All the girls tried not to appear skeptical of her airy, "I got tired stayin' at home all the time. So I asked Buster could I go to work. He cut up somepin fierce, but I told him I had to be doin' somepin or go crazy." The only one embarrassingly persistent after fuller explanations was Georgine.

Georgine said: "Where's Buster workin' now?"

Thelma said: "He got a new job over to the Pioneer. They took him away from Crescent—offered him twenty a week more'n he was making."

"You gonna keep the flat?"

"We haven't decided—with me working an' all. Maybe we'll just live in an efficiency apartment or a hotel or somepin."

SHE had a row with Buster that night. Buster spluttered and fumed; said: "All my friends will think I'm a heel, makin' you work," and delivered ultimatum after ultimatum. But she silenced him in the end with: "Have you got a job? No. Who's going to support us? When you get as good a job as the one you lost maybe I'll quit the store."

Thelma found, however, that work at the store wasn't as pleasant as she had anticipated. It was five weeks before Buster found another job, and in the interim they had to give up the flat and their furniture and move to one furnished room. Her "front" before the girls was as grand as ever, but she felt the lost ground keenly. Her clothes were getting shabby. Buster, having started with a larger and better outfit, still maintained a successful appearance. Thelma liked to have Buster call for her at the employees' entrance evenings. She had no finery and no home and no prospects, but she did have a husband. A husband who looked kinda like Buddy Rogers and who could say killing things like, "Georgine is so dumb she thinks Pickett's charge was a bill for union suits."

Buster's new job only paid twenty-seven-fifty a week. But with her salary they were better off than they had ever been. For ten days after Buster went to work Thelma saw hope ahead.

Then a second catastrophe occurred.

When she told Buster, he said: "Now, ain't that a hell of a stunt to pull? You poor little mutt." She began to cry. But Buster laughed. He strode the floor, remarking: "Woman, I told you I was a dangerous man to play around with."

Buster celebrated by losing his job the next week.

She was sick; work at the store became a nightmare; Buster's irresponsibility shook her courage for the first time. In the next month Buster had three different jobs. One evening he was out of cigarettes and wanted to borrow fifteen cents.

"Tomorrow's pay day, isn't it? Wait till tomorrow. It ain't gonna kill you."

Buster's mouth dropped open. "You mean to tell me you won't lend me fifteen cents?"

She flared up at him.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN
Continued from page seventeen

"You got ears, Buster Dennis. I'm saving three dollars every week toward the baby. I won't break into it to buy a no-good loafer cigarettes!"

He wasn't angry. He was terribly, terribly hurt. He said: "Awright. I guess we're through. I've put up with an awful lot from you. When it gets so a man's wife won't lend him his own money—"

"This isn't your money! It's mine! I earned every cent of it!"

"The money I'm gonna pay you back with is mine, isn't it?"

Near hysterics, she jerked a dime and a nickel out of a tin cup in her bureau drawer and threw them at him.

"I don't want it now," said Buster. "I guess I got my pride." He heard footsteps on the boarding-house stairs. He flung out of the room and she, weak from emotional tensity, heard him bumming cigarettes from Tom Dunavant. They departed for the corner pool room.

She wondered if she hadn't better leave Buster.

But he came back at nine thirty bearing two dozen roses. It seemed that Buster had got into a craps game with a dime he borrowed from Tom.

"As the fella said when he accidentally blew his best friend's head off—excuse it, please!" quoth Buster, handing Thelma the roses. Thelma giggled.

"Oh, Buster," she said, "you doggone fool." She gave him a real one.

NEXT WEEK—

Ladies at the Bar

An illuminating sidelight on American prohibition

By

Ida M. Tarbell

BUT a third catastrophe began to shape itself. Buster settled down in a job in a wholesale grocery and for several months worked steadily. She kept on at the store. By forcing Buster to pay the rent and buy their meals, she managed to save toward the baby. They even had small surpluses for amusements. Thelma, however, was too tired in the evening to go out often. So Buster went alone, and, she assumed, met Phil or Willie or Tom for entirely masculine diversions at the corner pool room.

This assumption satisfied her until Buster mentioned Willie Happ's sister occasionally. "Willie and Midge and I went to the wrastling match." Or "Why don't we throw a party some night and invite the gang? You'd like Midge." Alarmed, she invited the gang for a "feed" in their room. Midge turned out to be no quieter of wifely fears. She was a vivid, black-eyed little hoyden and her familiarity with Buster caused Thelma's mild blue eyes to darken. Thelma put on a storm after the party.

"My golly, woman," Buster howled. "You don't mean to tell me you're jealous of Midge? That *kid?*"

"She ain't a kid. She's been around. She don't hafta get so fresh with you right before my face."

"Why, she's just Willie's kid sister. I used to paddle her pants."

"I never did like Willie and I don't like his sister. You get me in this fix and then you start running around. How do I know there aren't others?"

"Well, why don'tcha come out with me and find out, if you're so darn suspicious?"

She tried, but she couldn't. She ended by staying home and worrying.

As the time drew near for her to quit work at the store, she was once more on the ragged edge of a break with Buster.

He had thrown up his job at the grocery to go in with Willie Happ at a filling station. Thelma tried not to speculate how much of a hand Midge had in that. But her suspicions would not down.

The big blow-up came without warning.

Thelma and Buster had saved $125 for the baby in a joint savings account. She had wanted to keep all the money in her name, but Buster's injured: "Hey, what's the idea? Don't you trust me? Think I'd swipe money from my own kid's expenses?" made her ashamed. After all, Buster was honest in money matters. He borrowed but he didn't steal.

She took her pass book to the bank to make a small deposit one day, and discovered that the balance was $35 instead of $125. Panicky, she insisted to the teller that there was some mistake. But the teller said: "Here's your husband's withdrawal check for ninety dollars."

Alternately raging and sobbing, she hurried home. Buster was a thief—a thief. What had he done with the money? She knew. He'd taken it to waste in one of Willie Happ's crazy schemes. Maybe he'd even taken it—for that Midge!

Buster came in whistling. He broke off abruptly when he saw Thelma's face.

"What have you done with the baby money? Where is it? You give me that money this instant. You crook—cheat—thief!"

"Hey, now, wait a minute—"

"You—you haven't got it? You spent it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, you dirty thief! You dirty—"

"Hey! You can't talk to me like that!"

"I can't? Thief—thief—thief!"

"Awright, awright. I was gonna explain, but I just won't. You and I are through. You hear me? We're through. No girl's gonna bawl me out that way and get away with it. I'm gonna—"

"You bet we're through. Get outa here. I paid the rent this week. It's my room. Get out!"

Buster went. She threw his clothes after him. The next day she was too weak to go to the store. She was still in bed when Mrs. Shea, the landlady, tapped on her door about noon.

"Oh, Mrs. Dennis. There's a delivery man here. He says he's got a bundle for you."

She drew on a wrapper and wabbled down. A liveried footman stood on the porch beside an enormous bundle. Thelma caught a glimpse of a ritzy Cadillac delivery truck at the curb.

"Mrs. Wilbur Dennis? Baby carriage?"

"There must be some—"

Part of the wrappings on the carriage had come loose. Thelma darted forward and plucked at a bill tucked in the silver-mounted handlebar. The bill read: "Bought by Wilbur Dennis—One leather baby carriage $90."

"Yes. It's all right. It's for me," she heard herself saying. She must have signed a receipt. The footman turned and disappeared. Mrs. Shea's voice broke in: "Land sakes! It's sure a lovely kerridge. Look! Electric lights in front, an' real leather upholstery. Yer husband bought it fer a surprise, didn't he?"

"I THOUGHT you'd come around when you saw that buggy," Buster was exulting. "That's some nifty gocart! It was marked down from a hundred and fifty and it was the only one left. I had to act quick, hon."

"Still, Bus, we really can't afford—"

Buster laughed.

"Remember what the fella said as they carried him in on a stretcher from the street crossing, hon? He said, 'There's one word I hate, and that's afford.' But don't you worry. When Willie Happ and I get started with a proposition we're workin' on we'll buy Wilbur Dennis, Jr., a motor for his choo-choo wagon!"

Thelma giggled. She knew it wasn't so. She knew it was going to be tough with the baby coming and only thirty-five dollars in the bank. She knew Buster's proposition wouldn't succeed, and that probably none of Buster's propositions ever would succeed. She realized quite clearly that she had made a bad marriage. But she didn't care. It was better than no marriage at all.

As Buster kissed her she was thinking what the girls at the store would say when they saw her baby in his carriage. The baby would make their hearts ache, and the carriage would knock their eyes out.

THE END

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Stars in Stripes

Mr. Powell et Al. Do Well with a Prison Picture

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ IN THE SHADOW OF THE LAW

CAST

Jim Montgomery John Nelson	William Powell
Edith Wentworth	Marion Shilling
Ethel Barry	Natalie Moorhead
Tom	Regis Toomey
Pete	Paul Hurst
Colonel Wentworth	George Irving
Mike Kearney	Frederic Burt
Warden	James Durkin
Frank	Richard Tucker
Captain of Guards	Walter James

Produced by Paramount

LOUIS GASNIER started the craze for serial pictures because of the success of his Perils of Pauline which he directed in 1910. Now, no doubt, he will start a number of producers and directors thinking of filming prison stories, because he has turned out a picture that has universal appeal. The story is logical, the cast excellent, and the direction expert. William Powell gave us a fine characterization as Natural Davis in his first starring picture, The Street of Chance, and he does not disappoint us in this.

In the Shadow of the Law is not just a prison story. About one-third of the scenes occur inside the prison. Every foot of the film is tense with drama.

An innocent man is convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment because a woman who is a coward and an ingrate refuses to testify at his trial, knowing him to be innocent. He escapes, with the help of his cell mate, and remakes his life under another name, but forever living in the shadow of the past. The dialogue is exceptionally clever.

The gangster film, Born Reckless, gives you Marguerite Churchill and Edmund Lowe.

★ ★ ★ IN GAY MADRID

CAST

Ricardo	Ramon Novarro
Carmina	Dorothy Jordan
Goyita	Lottie Howell
Marques de Castelar	Claude King
Doña Generosa	Eugenia Besserer
Rivas	William V. Mong
Doña Concha	Beryl Mercer
Jacinta	Nanci Price
Octavio	Herbert Clark
Ernesto	David Scott
Enrique	George Chandler
Corpulento	Bruce Coleman
Carlos	Nicholas Caruso

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Here is a gay little piece about a young fellow who had too good a time in gay Madrid.

It is made from the novel by Alejandro Perez Lugin entitled La Casa de la Troya, and Robert Z. Leonard has fashioned it to fit the voice and charms of Ramon Novarro.

It is wholly light and amusing, with a good cast to help entertain you.

Dorothy Jordan presents a lovely picture in her Spanish dress and high comb.

Not much of the story takes place in Madrid. Most of it happens in the quiet university town of Santiago, where Ricardo is sentenced to finish his studies by his father, the Marques de Castelar, because he has been cutting capers in Madrid.

In Santiago he falls in love with Carmina, the sister of his best friend. He wins her after a duel fought for her sake.

Novarro sings a charming love song in his fine tenor voice and, assisted by a male chorus, he puts over a good drinking song.

In the Shadow of the Law presents William Powell (unconscious), George Irving (on his right), and Marion Shilling (on his left).

Ramon Novarro says it with a guitar to Dorothy Jordan (on the balcony) in the lightly humorous talkie, In Gay Madrid.

★ ★ BORN RECKLESS

CAST

Louis Beretti	Edmund Lowe
Joan Sheldon	Catherine Dale Owen
Rosa Beretti	Marguerite Churchill
Bill O'Brien	Lee Tracy
Big Shot	Warren Hymer
Brophy	William Harrigan
Frank Sheldon	Frank Albertson
Directed by	John Ford

Produced by Fox

This is the story of a New York gangster made from Donald Henderson Clarke's novel, Louis Beretti. John Ford has made it into a gripping sequence covering about thirteen years of the gangster's life, starting with a jewelry store robbery, for which he is sentenced to war instead of prison.

After the war he carries on as proprietor of a night club, and a great many exciting and thrilling things happen, including battle, murder, and sudden death. Edmund Lowe does good work as Louis Beretti, and Lee Tracy, in a lean part, makes his presence felt every time he appears on the screen.

★ MIDNIGHT MYSTERY

CAST

Sally Wayne	Betty Compson
Gregory Sloane	Hugh Trevor
Tom Austen	Lowell Sherman
Madeline Austen	Rita LaRoy
Mischa Kawelin	Ivan Lebedeff
Paul Cooper	Raymond Hatton
Harriet Cooper	Marcelle Corday
Louise Hollister	June Clyde
Barker	Sidney D'Albrook
Rogers	William Presly Burt

Produced by Radio

Midnight Mystery was taken from a play known as Hawk Island, and directed by George B. Seitz. It has to do with a house party marooned on a rock-ribbed island because of a storm which makes it impossible to run the boats connecting the island with the mainland.

Rita LaRoy, Betty Compson, and Lowell Sherman in a scene from Midnight Mystery.

The host, impersonated by Hugh Trevor, in order to give his guests a thrill and at the same time dampen the enthusiasm of his fiancée for writing gruesome murder stories, enacts a fake murder. But the hoax acts as a boomerang and turns into grim reality for its perpetrators. There is good material here for a first-class thriller if it had been handled expertly, but, unfortunately, the suspense is not well carried out.

Do you know that—

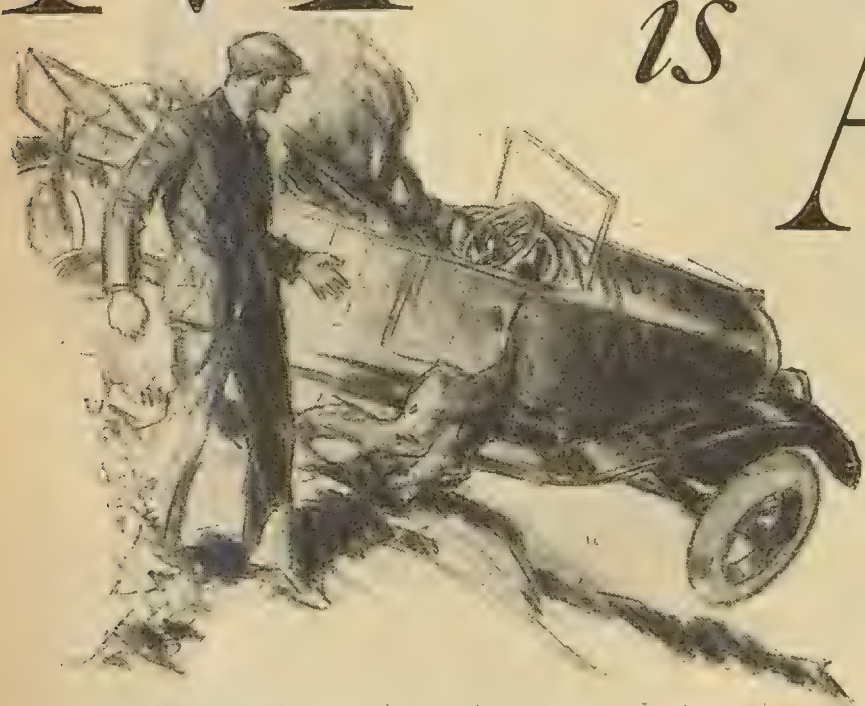
Lily Damita will return to Hollywood in September to play opposite Al Jolson in Sons o' Guns, the same rôle she played on the New York stage all last season? . . . An old-time favorite, J. M. Kerrigan, is returning to the screen to play in The Cisco Kid, in which Edmund Lowe and Warner Baxter will be co-starred? . . . In The Unholy Three, Lon Chaney is as clever at disguising his voice as he is at changing his appearance with make-up, and he has sworn before a notary that no double or substitute has been used for any of the voices purporting to be his in this picture?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Floradora Girl, The Silent Enemy.

★★★—So This Is London, Swing High, The Bad One, True to the Navy, Ladies Love Brutes, The Texan.

My Racket is AUTOS



I manage to wiggle out of the coat just as the car plunges over the edge.

A Heist Guy's Adventures in Car Stealing

AS TOLD TO EUGENE SEGAL

By

ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

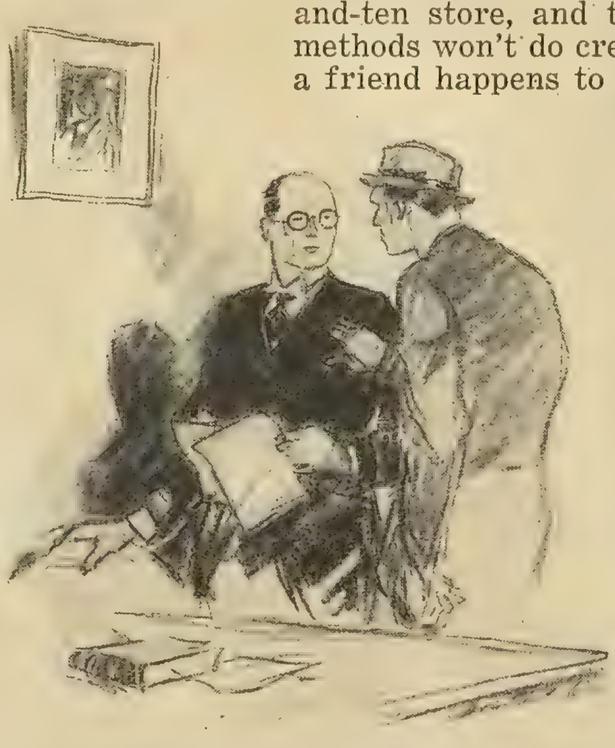
THIS is a true story from the underworld, told by a racketeer with fifteen years' experience. Its authenticity is vouched for by Charles P. Taft, 2nd, son of the late William Howard Taft, who in 1928, while prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio, came in contact with the "heist guy" and all-around crook who calls himself Roy Chadwick. "I know the man," says Mr. Taft, "and I know that this story is his story." Chadwick, a native of southern Ohio, entered upon his career of crime at the tender age of seventeen.

IN Middletown, Ohio, with a fourteen months' rap to my credit, with experience in Chink smuggling, street heists and robbery, I'm big shot to the kid gang of which I used to be a member. There are ten of us. All of us were kicked out of school about the same time, pilfered cheap articles from store counters and stole iron from junk shops together.

When I left town two years before they still were petty thieves, but now I find they've graduated to holdup and robbery. They look to me for leadership and, to fill the bill, first thing I do is buy a rod from a guy named Slim who is running a crap game and takes guns in payment for debts.

We split into mobs of five each and I put in two years at robbery and heists. We have Middletown, Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton, Ohio, on their ears. If we miss a night at work, we pull twice as many jobs the next.

One night in Middletown my four men and I heist seven guys in succession, all in the same spot. This is on a path that is used as a short cut through a school yard. There is nothing to it but to take a guy and sit down and wait for the next. All of them are our friends. It's a kick to hunt them up next day and hear them tell what happened. The wise guys voice about being taken for anywhere from one to two hundred when we know all we got is twelve.



"You know what I'm here for," I say. "I don't want to take a rap."

We're kicking in barber shops, groceries, and clothing stores, taking money, merchandise, and a lot of stuff, like razors, we know at the time is good for nothing but to throw away. One night we crash eleven stores, four of them in a row, and all on the main street of Middletown.

I'm living with my people but never flash any dough so they don't know what I'm doing. They get me up at 6 A. M. to hunt a job, but I go to a pool room and sleep until the rest of the mob shows. This pool room, by the way, is one place we kicked in three times. I took it myself once for a hundred and eight.

All this is petty stuff, giving me about two hundred and fifty a month as my end. I'm not satisfied. That much money any slave can get. Our jobs are bums' work and it means nothing to me to be big shot to a lot of punks. Hustling can be plenty fun but the same jobs night after night are tiresome. I guess I would have become one of the suckers in the American Rolling Mills, where nearly everybody in Middletown is employed, if Monk, one of the guys in my mob, didn't smarten me to a way to make some real dough in a racket which then is practically new.

Monk is doing business in stolen autos on a small scale. All he knows is how to take a Ford, which isn't much of a job in 1918. You get the number of the ignition lock, buy a key of that number from the nearest Ford dealer or five-and-ten store, and the car is yours. Monk's business methods won't do credit to a baby. He has to wait until a friend happens to mention he wants a Ford and then Monk goes out and steals one.

There's no money in a proposition like that, but I join Monk anyway, figuring that once I'm in the racket I can start from the bottom and make it a big thing.

I take a few Fords for practice and then go to a Middletown auto dealer to buy a hub cap.

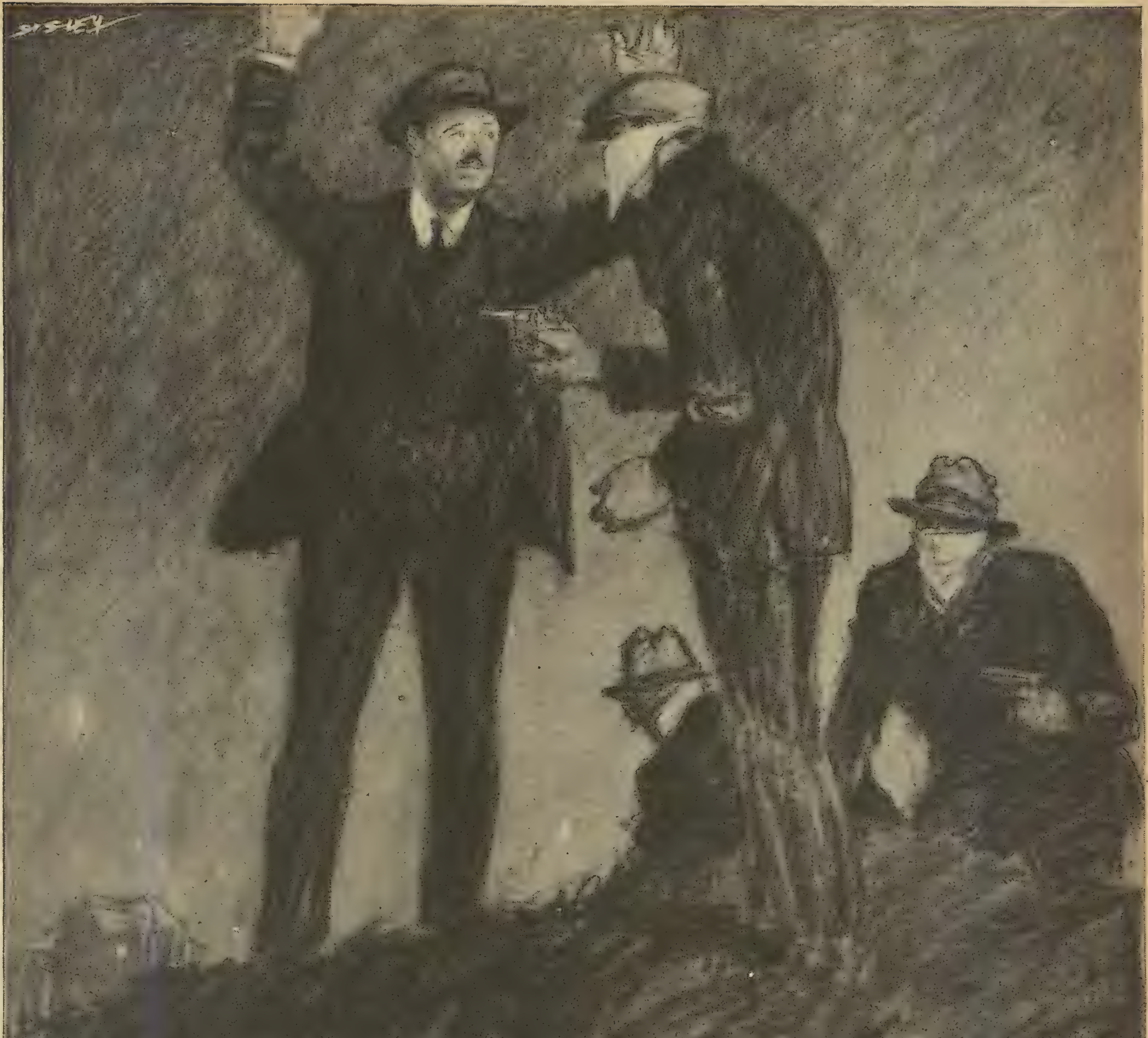
"How's business?" I ask him.

"Rotten," he says. "There's too many getting into this line."

"I bet if you could undersell them you'd be sitting pretty, wouldn't you?" I inquire.

"Sure," he says, "but I can't afford to."

"Do you know the only guys who are making money in this business?" I tell him. "It's the ones who are dealing in bent jobs." I explain that bent jobs are stolen cars.



One night in Middletown my men and I heist seven guys in succession, all in the same spot.

"Maybe," he says.

"Yes, and right in this town," I go on.

"How do they work it?" he wants to know.

"If you're interested maybe I can help you out," I answer.

"Ain't it kind of dangerous?" he asks.

"You don't ever hear of any of them getting caught, do you?" I answer. With that I leave.

Next day I hunt up a new Ford that's parked on the street and drive in my own car to the dealer.

"I want to show you something nice," I say and take him past the place where the spider is parked.

"Could you use that for two hundred and fifty?" I ask.

"I sure could," he answers.

I make a fence out of a legitimate business man. From then until the early part of 1921, when the auto racket runs into the law, I'm well-to-do. In less than three years I gross fifty grand, of which thirty is my end. The rest goes to the men I have working for me and as payoff to attorneys and crooked officials.

When Monk hears there is someone besides us two who is smart to our racket, he gets leery and quits. This is a good thing for me because he's getting a fifty-fifty split and at that he's only sailing along on my efforts. All he does is watches. I steal.

With only the Middletown dealer to supply I can handle the orders myself. I pick up two or three Fords a week and they must be in the model and the rubber and paint good. They bring me two-fifty to three hundred each. The bill-of-sale regulations in Ohio in 1918 are very vague, so I can go on about my business fearing no law.

ALTHOUGH this proposition is as easy as it sounds, I'm always faced with the danger of stirring up a rumble. Take the time I'm stealing a Ford in Eaton, Ohio, near Hamilton. First I must tell you that in the pocket of a car I stole previously, I found some business cards of a Mr. Edward Dale, representative of a food products company. Never throw away anything official.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MY RACKET IS AUTOS
Continued from page twenty-three

looking like these cards. They might come in handy.

So I have them in my pocket when I get into this brand-new Ford on the main street of Eaton. I no sooner have the motor started when a young woman busts out of a store screaming, "He's trying to steal my car! He's trying to steal my car!"

"My goodness, lady," I say quietly. Always talk low in a situation of that kind. It makes the other person pipe down and come closer out of the range of hearing of people who might collect.

"Lady," I say, "this only goes to show how serious mistakes can arise. There's my car up ahead."

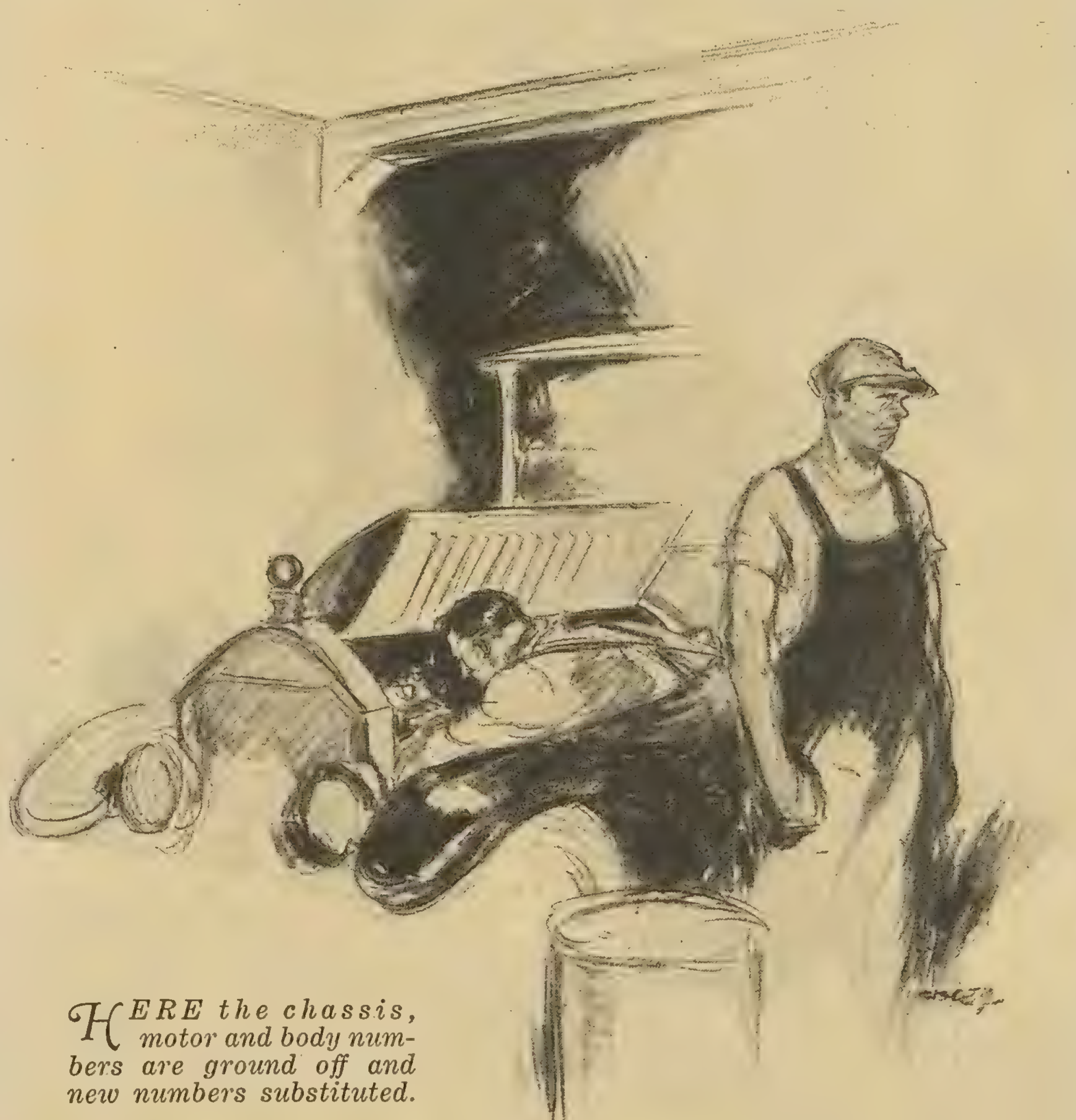
That's a break. There actually is a Ford of the same model a half block down the street.

"You have all the reason in the world to suspect me," I go on, "so just to satisfy you—"

I give her one of the cards. She looks at it and turns red.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Dale," she says. "I hope you'll understand."

"That's all right," I answer. "You don't need to feel bad about it."



HERE the chassis, motor and body numbers are ground off and new numbers substituted.

I'm out of the squeeze for the time being, but I'm thinking, what if the owner of that other Ford shows up?

"This is very embarrassing to me with all these people around," I say. "Can't we go around the corner to talk?"

She takes me up and we walk around the corner, she apologizing all the way.

"You know how it is with a new car," she says. "You're nervous about it."

The upshot is I make a date with her that night, but when she's out of sight, beat it out of town.

I begin to reach the peak of my business early in 1919 when I meet a fence in Hamilton through a mechanic in his shop who used to do some work for me. He gives me an order right off for seven Fords and these I pick up in six days, receiving $2,100.

ONE fence leads to another, so before long I have five of them all begging for kinkies. Besides the dealers in Hamilton and Middletown, there are three others—a pensioned policeman in Cincinnati, an ex-sheriff in Liberty, Indiana, who can always count on his political connections to stand off trouble, and a fence in Richmond, Indiana.

The demands for my services are so great I have to hire two helpers, Art and George. They get a hundred for each car they steal and all they have to do is deliver it to my workshop on a farm near Hamilton which I rented. Here the chassis, motor and body numbers, the only identification marks used in those days, are ground off with an emery wheel and new numbers substituted. I have a complete set of dies and stamps. The job is so thoroughly done that none of the heat processes applied by the law can bring out the original numbers.

Our racket gets to be hard work. Each of our dealers is taking two and three cars a week, making a week's steal ten to fifteen cars. All in all, during the time I'm in business, I steal and dispose of about 750 of them. In one year we sell seventy cars to the ex-sheriff in Liberty alone who, I understand, is only an agent for a big firm of fences in Indianapolis. The Richmond dealer in this time takes about fifty jobs. Our biggest steal is five cars in one night, all taken within a few blocks in Hamilton. We become so active around Hamilton, Middletown, Dayton and Cincinnati that the Ohio Casualty Company nearly goes into bankruptcy because of the losses.

THE rush of business makes us change our method of starting the cars. We can't take any chances on having an owner drive off while we're away buying a key. Now we're lifting the hoods and wiring around the ignition terminals, completing the circuit which otherwise has to be made by the switch. On earlier Ford models, as well as on other cars, these terminals were exposed.

What makes our work especially hard is that soon after we make connections with the Hamilton fence, our dealers get to be gluttons and are asking for high-priced cars. We have to come through or lose their trade. It's no pipe finding a car of desired make, many of them rare in those days, with rubber good, paint in first-class condition, and in the model. This means we have to cruise through four or five towns until we locate the right job parked on the street, tail passing cars that look good, or follow steers on where the auto we want can be found. And then we might miss it as its protection is better than the Ford's.

In stealing an expensive car, first you have to beat a good door lock. This becomes easy once you get the feel and if you have a strong hand. It is done by . . . [four lines deleted] . . . It seldom fails. That's the professional way, and if you find your car with the handle broken off or with marks on the door where some thief has tried to jimmy his way in, you can put him down as a punk who never will get very far.

Now you're in the car and you may run into a locked transmission. But in nine cases out of ten you won't. The average auto owner thinks locking the door is enough to discourage the thief. The locked transmission is almost 100 per cent thiefproof. It can be beat by . . . [two lines deleted] . . . but this takes time, and the thief who figures his profits by the amount of work the job takes and the risk involved would rather hunt up another car.

The ignition lock also is found open many times when the door is locked, but if it isn't, it might as well be, because you have in your pocket the piece of wire that will do the trick. These days, the ignition wiring is inclosed in metal tubing which makes it necessary for the thief to . . . [five lines deleted] . . . There are plenty of careless owners and, if a thief tries enough cars, the averages are bound to break his way. I know that since leaving the auto racket, whenever I need a car for a bank robbery or other kind of job, I can always find one ready for use.

THE present-day thief takes as much time as he needs to get a car started. But in my day I give my men no more than three minutes. If a car is parked on a hill they get less than that. One of them sits behind the wheel and starts the car coasting, the other lies on the fender working on the ignition and, by the time they reach the bottom of the grade, the motor must be percolating. And it doesn't have to be a long hill, either.

A driver who leaves his car parked with motor running, even for a minute, is going to collect insurance if he has any. I remember one night I'm tailing a guy and his girl who are riding in a new Hudson that I want. It gets to be 2 A. M., but I stick with them, figuring he's got to take that girl home soon. Finally they stop under a light in front of a house and get out. From where I am, a half block away, I can see by the exhaust his motor is running and can guess he's arguing with her to let him come in for a minute. I hope he wins. He does. I run to his car and, while I'm driving away, I see him through the glass door of the house kissing her good night. I return in an hour to get my own car.

Theaters, dances, clubs, and churches are wonderful places to work the auto game, but I prefer the business section of a city in broad daylight. No one is looking for you there. You see a man park his car and tail him until he goes into a store or office building. Watch him begin to buy something or board the elevator. You can count on him being gone at least ten minutes. But if you see the car without its owner, you just take your chances. Walk right up to it and lift the hood. Don't pay any attention to anybody even if he's a bull.

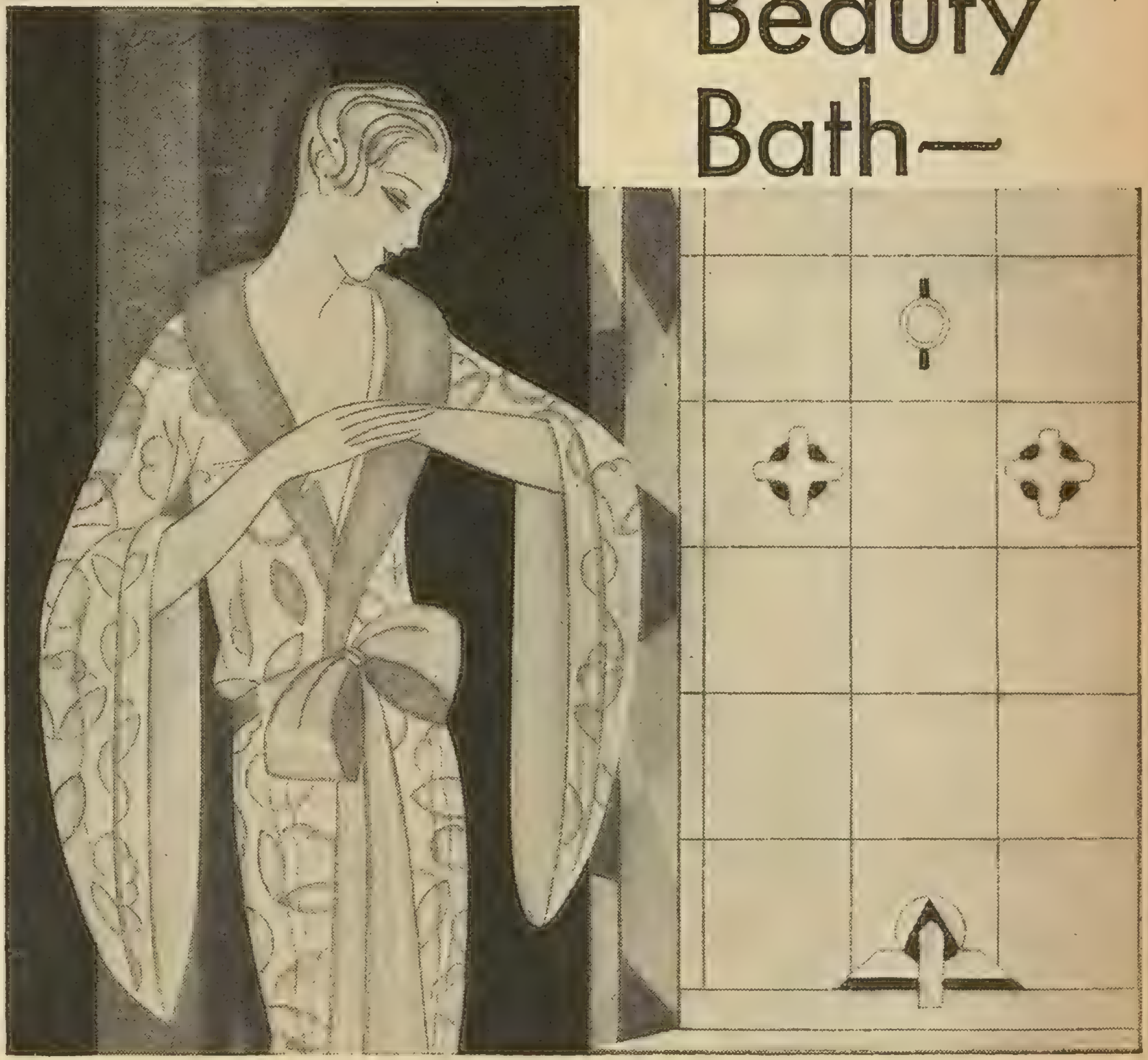
One of the finest jobs I ever pick up, a three grand Caddy taken from in front of a church in Middletown, I have to return. I'm feeling fine as I drive away with a grand as good as in my pocket. Five blocks from the church, Art, my helper, happens to glance into the back seat.

"My God!" he yells. "There's a live baby in here as sure as anything!"

The baby is there, all right, so I take the car back to the church

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Enjoy this marvelous Beauty Bath—



and instantly have a skin as soft as velvet!

MERELY dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your bath, bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! It will be soft and smooth as a rose petal.

After the soothing Linit Beauty Bath, powdering is unnecessary, because Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread and without excess. You will find that Linit eliminates "shine" from the neck and arms, harmlessly absorbs perspiration *without clogging the pores* and does away with the inevitable damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a pure vegetable product, it contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today. Doctors and dermatologists who realize the purity and soothing qualities of starch from corn generally recommend it for the tender and super-sensitive skin of young babies.

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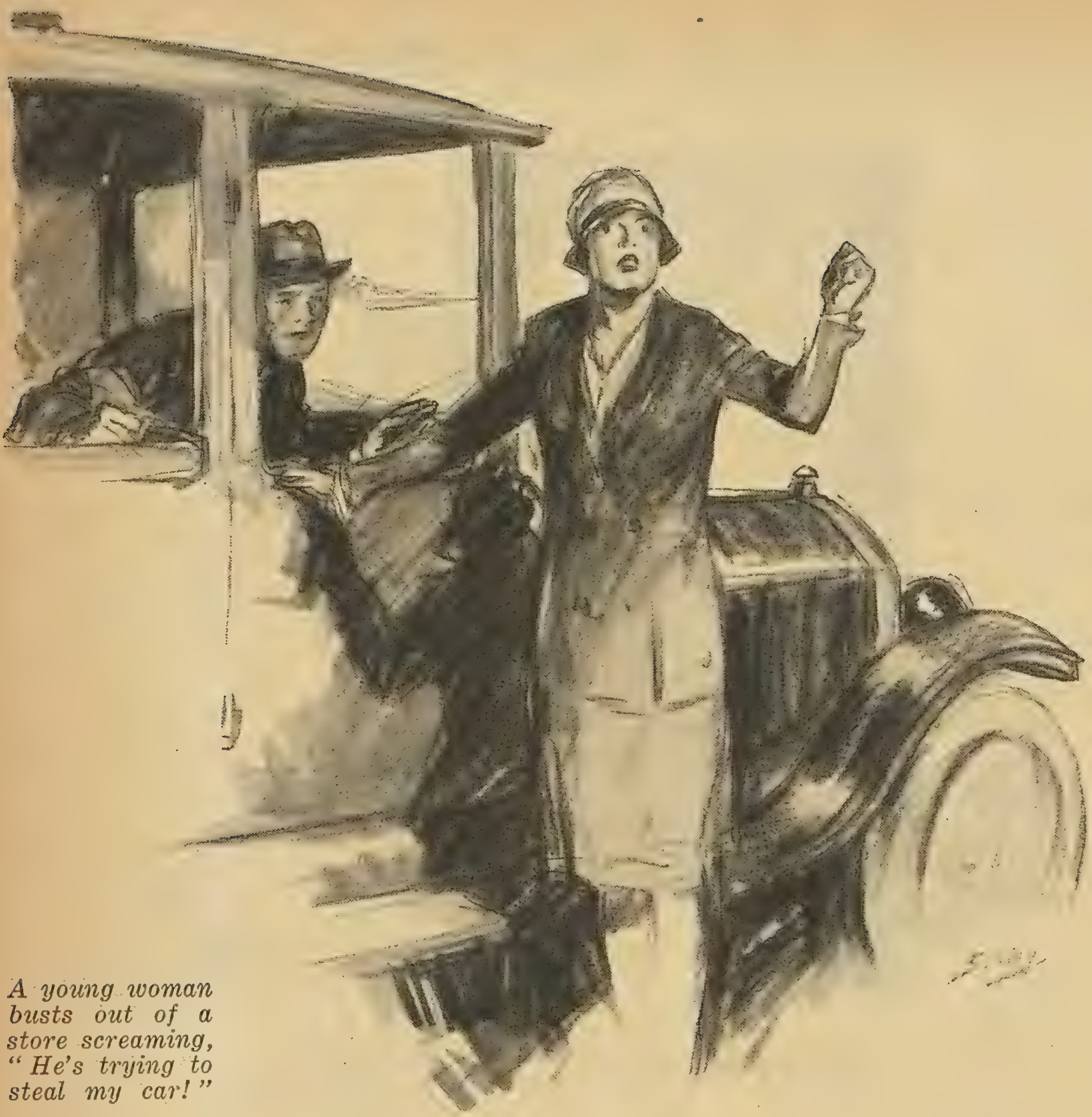

A young woman busts out of a store screaming, "He's trying to steal my car!"

[MY RACKET IS AUTOS
Continued from page twenty-five]

quick as I can. I run a chance of being caught, but it's better to be arrested on suspicion than to be charged with kidnapping, which I would be if I ditch the car and kid five blocks away and the law happens to trace the job to me.

You can't always count on picking your auto off the street. Many times you have to resort to burglary. You cruise around the residential districts between 6 and 7 P. M., when most people are home and leave their cars parked out front ready for use at night. If you find one that's right, you take the house number and go around the corner, from which place you make your way through back yards to the garage of the house you've spotted. You give the lock a quick once-over and know right off how you're going to get in. You don't stop long enough to alarm the people of the house if they happen to be looking out. Chances are, they'll pass you up as a neighbor taking a short cut.

Late at night you . . . . [several lines deleted].

ONCE in a while you get an order for a brand-new car and then you have to go direct to the dealer for it. A dealer's garage is a busy place and you're not likely to be noticed when you walk in and take an auto. The keys are always in the switch. If you're seen in the garage, you're an interested prospect and let them give you their sales talk. And if you're seen as you drive away, just wave good-by.

For more than a year my business clicks without a miss. My luck begins to change for the worse in October, 1919, when the Federal law on interstate traffic in stolen autos is adopted. Purchasers are asking for bills of sale and, seeing that the time might come when I'll run out of work, I take my trouble to my biggest dealer who is making so much money through me he can't afford to let my business go slack. He puts his attorney on the job and for a while after that I'm sitting pretty. You want to remember that this attorney later is elected a county prosecutor. I'm certain that in getting the bills of sale recorded for me, he is no innocent tool. In fact, he knows me, my racket, and my connection with the dealer. Just keep that under your hat for a few minutes.

This attorney can't go to the courthouse with all the bills of sale I need, so I'm working also through my own lawyer and a justice of the peace in Preble-co, adjoining Butler-co.

THE way I handle the bills of sale is this:

Say I have an order for a new Buick coop. I know the approximate serial numbers of Buick motors for the current year, so on the bill-of-sale blank, obtainable at any stationery or book store, I note one of these numbers together with the make of the car, model and year. I give a phony name and address for the original owner of the car and the dealer who ordered the Buick as the purchaser. The name usually is that of a fictitious Polack living in the laborers' section of town where few residents are permanent. If the law should fail in trying later to locate this Polack, they can blame nobody but themselves.

One of the attorneys or the justice of the peace takes the bill of sale to the courthouse, where it is recorded. He swears that the names are correct.

Next I steal the coop. On my farm, the engine number is changed to coincide with that on the paper. Now the car is on the legit. If later it is suspected, the bill of sale will show it was sold to the dealer before it was reported stolen. The man who buys that car from the dealer, even innocently, always stands to lose it to the law. But I want to say that my cars were so well covered up that nobody ever had to kick one back to the owner except in one case, and then it was not my fault.

I pay my lawyer fifteen bucks for each small car he bills and twenty-five for large ones. Why the difference in charges, I don't know. The justice of the peace gets only ten bucks and thinks it's a fortune. He goes so nuts over the graft he would record more bills of sale than I could use.

In June, 1921, my business gets a real blow. Ohio enacts an amended bill-of-sale law and my fixers get cold feet and ditch me. For a week or so I'm up a tree. I try to figure a plan for keeping the bills of sale coming, and in the end I can't see anything but forgery. It's not the best system as it doesn't permit me to have the papers filed. But it's all that's left.

First thing I do is pay a visit to friends in the Butler County building and steal a Common Pleas court seal. I'm getting real friendly with people. I drop around to shake hands with a lawyer I know and take his notary's seal. All that's needed now is a rubber stamp of the clerk of court's signature. This I have made. I turn out bills of sale by the dozen. I don't like to do it as it's not playing square with my dealers. They don't know they're getting worthless papers. With the bills of sale recorded, as previously, they have full legal protection. It's one of my regrets that I have to double-cross them, but the auto racket is still too good for me to quit.

I'm getting a lot of money around this time from consent jobs. I mean autos that are stolen for the insurance. In my opinion there is nobody lower than the so-called respectable business men and good citizens who pay a thief to steal their cars. And I don't exclude bulls or dicks who are on the take. I can name about thirty-five churchgoers, members of better business bureaus, and examples of success in Middletown, Dayton, and Hamilton, who collected on cars they hired me to take.

MY work in this line starts with the theft of an almost new Buick for a Dayton saloon keeper. He wants to trade it in on another car but isn't satisfied with the allowance. So he offers me a hundred and fifty to take it, which I do as I want a new car for myself. He doesn't go to the trouble of planting it where I can find it. He just gives it to me. To make the theft look natural I break the lock of his garage and he bawls me out for putting him to an expense. He collects $1,785. Insurance companies in those days are paying full value for stolen cars.

From him, word about me travels from one person to another, and, before long, men are approaching me on the street to get some fine points on insurance. They start something like this:

"I got my car insured with so-and-so company and I'm wondering, if it's stolen, are they good for the money?"

"Well, I don't know," I say, "but I got a friend who knows about those things and I'll ask him for you. What's your name?"

I spend the next day or so finding out if he's all right and then arrange to run into him accidentally on the street.

"That company is as good as gold," I tell him. "You seem to be kind of nervous about your car."

"Well," he answers, "I am a little careless with it sometimes. I'm always forgetting to lock it when I park out in front of my place of business."

"Where do you work?" I ask.

He tells me.

"You're likely to find your car stolen one of these days," I go on. "But I wouldn't report it until the next day, if I were you."

Before we part I ask him for a loan of a hundred and fifty. If he pays the deal is completed. This money is nothing compared to what I get from the sale of the car, but when he pays me he's as guilty as I am and can be counted on to keep his mouth shut.

Some of these fellows who gyp the insurance companies want their cars burned. The reason is they collect in thirty days instead of in sixty as when the car is stolen. The price for burning is three hundred because there is no other money to be had from the deal except from the sale of odds and ends stripped from the car.

One of these arson jobs nearly costs me my life. I take the car to the top of a grade on a country road. At the side of the road, where there's a bend, an embankment falls away to a depth of about thirty feet. Standing on the running board and steering with one hand, I start the car coasting down the hill. The seats are soaked with kerosene. About fifteen feet from the place where the car is to go over the embankment, I throw a couple of lighted matches on the seats. They flare up and I jump. I pitch forward and am dragged. My topcoat is caught in the closed door. I manage to wiggle out of the coat just as the car plunges over the edge. It's a new seventy-five-dollar coat and my profit for the night is only two and a quarter.

I become so widely known as an auto thief that people are phoning me at my farm to place orders for bent jobs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
how does your
bobbed hair grow?

NOW that the dreadful growing out stage is here for so many of us, what is Mistress Mary to do? When her hair is healthy, the long locks are very, very nice, and when it's not healthy, they are horrid! Flying strands not yet long enough to pin in . . . bunchy ends that come out under her hat in the back and simply won't stay curled . . . split ends . . . frizzy remains of permanents. All of these are problems peculiar to the growing out stage.

Let "Vaseline" Hair Tonic help you solve these difficulties. Do get a bottle and begin using it at once. Before your weekly shampoo—apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Then with both hands massage the head beginning at the temples and back of neck and working up to the crown of the head.

Follow this simple treatment faithfully once a week before your shampoo. Surely you are willing to spend this small amount of labor and money to have thick, strong, "live," lustrous hair.

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Only half there
Eat yeast in this MODERN FORM
If you are run down fagged out and constipated

Here is a yeast you'll like . . . Yeast Foam Tablets. Tasty little pellets of pure yeast; easy to swallow, good to chew, and you'll like their nut-like flavor!

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ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers"—WJZ—WBZA WBZ—WHAM—KDKA—WJR—WLW—KYW—KWK—WREN—KSTP—WTMJ—WEBC—KFAB

MY RACKET IS AUTOS
Continued from page twenty-seven

The Hamilton police themselves know about me. I'm sure of that. One of them buys a car from me. But the law never visits me except once, and that time only when a wild party on my place is reported.

A crowd of Butler County deputy sheriffs nose into everything, even my garage where there are three brand-new cars with hoods off and shiny spots on the motors where the numbers are buffed. The deputies are either too dumb to recognize stolen cars or are not interested enough to bother about them.

Almost every night I'm giving parties, buying liquor for fifteen couples. I build a dance floor and hire orchestras. That's where a large part of my thirty grand goes, and I wish I have it when, during 1921, the law puts me out of business.

Up to the time the amended bill-of-sale law is passed, it's practically impossible for a prosecutor to get a conviction against an auto thief. Whenever a guy is caught with a hot job, his lawyer always voices that it was only a "boyish prank," and the jury lets him off. It's a standing joke with George and Art, whenever they bring in a job worth a grand or two, to say, "It's only a boyish prank." My dealers aren't any more leery of the law than we are.

But by the time the new law goes in, every Tom, Dick and Harry owns a car and the auto racket is hitting the general public. That's a different story. When only a few are the losers, stealing cars is a boyish prank. Now it's a crime wave and the public yells for action. The newspapers, I remember, yell too, and it isn't long before the juries are ready to convict almost anybody who looks cockeyed at another man's car. And the new law makes the prosecutor's job a cinch.

Underworld Slang in This Story

Heists—Holdups.
Rod—Revolver or automatic pistol.
Punk—A novice.
Fence—A receiver of, and dealer in, stolen goods.
Preble-co, Butler-co—Counties in southwestern Ohio.
Bull—Policeman.
Dick—Detective.
Steer guy—Tipster.
Take it on the lam—Make a quick getaway.
Take a rap—Take a term in prison.

THE Montgomery, Butler, and Hamilton country courts play a game of trying all auto thieves in a single month, and day after day the news is full of convictions. A few weeks of this and I'm smallpox to my dealers. They tell me that later, when the heat is off, maybe they'll do business with me, but until then I shouldn't show around their joints.

So I'm broke, out of work, and without prospects. It's a real worry.

For some ready money, I set out to get a new Ford coop for a pensioned cop in Cincinnati who gave me an order a month before when I'm too busy to bother with little stuff. Art is in with me on this play. A steer guy gives us an address where we can find our car and for this information we are to pay him fifty bucks after the sale is made.

Art and I kick in a back-yard garage, get the Ford, change the numbers and deliver it to the ex-cop. We're to be paid our two hundred and fifty in four or five days, but the steer guy figures his split is coming at once and thinks we're holding out on him. So he goes about getting his money by other means. First he finds out from Art where the car went. Then he goes to the original owner and propositions him to tell for a hundred where the coop is and who stole it. The deal is made, the car is grabbed and I'm pinched. Art gets word that I made the stir and takes it on the lam to St. Louis.

I'M released on bond for which I muscle one of my dealers. When I walk in on him he's sore.

"I thought I told you to stay away from here," he says.

"Yeh? Well, listen," I answer. "You got all the gravy and I'm taking the fall, and it's going to cost you two-fifty to stay out of the picture."

He kicks in with three hundred and no beefing.

The next guy I visit is this dealer's lawyer who is now the county prosecutor. I go to his office.

"I haven't seen you in some time," I begin. He gives me the blank stare.

"My name is Chadwick," I go on.

"Chadwick?" he repeats, shaking his head.

"You mean to say you don't know me?" I ask.

He picks up a handful of papers and begins to walk out.

"I don't seem to recall you," he answers. But I bust in with my story before he can make the door.

"You know what I'm here for," I say. "I don't want to take a rap right now and you can't afford to see me take it. What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, you're Chadwick," he says, stopping in his tracks. "Sit down."

He explains that the case against me is a tough one to beat and that it would be embarrassing to him if he appeared to lay down on the prosecution.

Then he advises me to see the owner of the stolen car and try to talk him into giving me another chance.

I don't do anything but go to the owner and bring him in to the prosecutor.

"We thought you would like to learn more about this boy and perhaps you might look at this case the way we do," the prosecutor tells him.

"We've investigated thoroughly and found that he is a good boy. He has no record and never before has been in any kind of trouble."

Honest, it's the toughest job I ever had to keep from laughing.

"We want to give him another chance," the prosecutor goes on. "He's sorry for what he did and promises to go to work. It was only a boyish prank. I want to suggest that he reimburse you for any damage you might have incurred and that you withdraw prosecution. We should be very well satisfied."

I think the man is going to bust out in tears. He thanks the prosecutor for telling him the truth about me.

"Son," he says to me, "whatever arrangement you can make to pay will be all right. It has cost me a hundred and fifty dollars to get my car in shape. I don't want you to put yourself out. Just send me the money when you have it. And I'm sorry if I've put you in a bad light with your friends."

I have to force him to take five dollars which I offer as first payment to show my good intentions. And it's the last payment. I just don't get around to it as soon I'm busy working on safes.

The true story of some of the Heist Guy's further adventures will appear in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What does the expression "from Dan to Beersheba" mean?

2—What novel includes the character Dick Swiveller?

3—What is a cassowary?

4—Where are the Galapagos Islands?

5—Who are the Maoris?

6—What is the freezing point of water by the Fahrenheit scale?

7—How many arms has an octopus?

8—What are petty officers?

9—What does the French phrase *beau monde* mean?

10—What is a pharmacopœia?

11—What is the difference between sewerage and sewage?

12—Where was Alexander Hamilton born?

13—What name is generally applied to the first ten amendments to the Constitution?

14—What is pyrophobia?

15—What is unearned increment?

16—What does tandem mean?

17—What does *andante* mean in music?

18—In what branch of art is Augustus Saint-Gaudens famous?

19—What book of the Old Testament gives an account of the creation of the world?

20—What unit is used to express ocean depths?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

It's Something Nobody Forgives...Anyone May Have It

Lurking in every breath you take is a condition that none of us can ignore in others. It is Bacterial-Mouth. You recognize it in dull, yellow teeth, decay and soft, receding gums. It is caused by germs that swarm into the mouth. These germs defy the ordinary toothpaste and destroy teeth and gums. By all means, use a dental cream that removes Bacterial-Mouth by killing the germs that cause it. KOLYNOS is that dental cream.

MONDAY
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Mon. Tues. Wed.
Three Shades Whiter

Now see how this new way Whitens Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days

If you really want sound, sparkling white teeth and firm pink gums, you'll certainly try this Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.★ Use it for just 3 days...Then note the result.

Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste.

Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned.

As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life.

This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure. It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.) Moreover, this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and so swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel without injury.

If you want whiter teeth free from decay, and firm pink gums—discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos—it will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist—or mail coupon for a generous trial tube.

★Saves Teeth.. Saves Money!

The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way... to use a dental cream full strength ... to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly... Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night ...Kolynos lasts longer...Teeth look cleaner and whiter . . . Try this amazing Kolynos Technique.

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Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

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The Blue Flame

A Story of Love, the Conqueror

By

FREDERICK B. WATT

born in Ontario, Canada, now living in Victoria, B. C. He has been a British naval reservist, a reporter, coal heaver and writer; boasts that his two-year-old can tell high-water hour without a tide table.

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

"I'M afraid I've done you a dirtiness, Helen," confessed young Dr. Wallace. "The patient can't live more than a couple of days. Naturally, you'll get your four days' traveling time as well as your actual nursing fee, but it'll be poor return for having missed the Christmas doings at Tientsin."

"That's not the half of it," answered the tweed-clad girl beside him. "I had a holiday coming to me—just finished two months in lower Honan with the nastiest smallpox case you'd wish to avoid. Billy Swift had asked me to the big dance in the French concession and I'd had the most stunning gown made for it. Then you had to yank me into this God-forsaken wilderness; two days and nights as the only white person on a train filled with smelly, insolent Chink soldiers. Why couldn't you have picked on somebody else?"

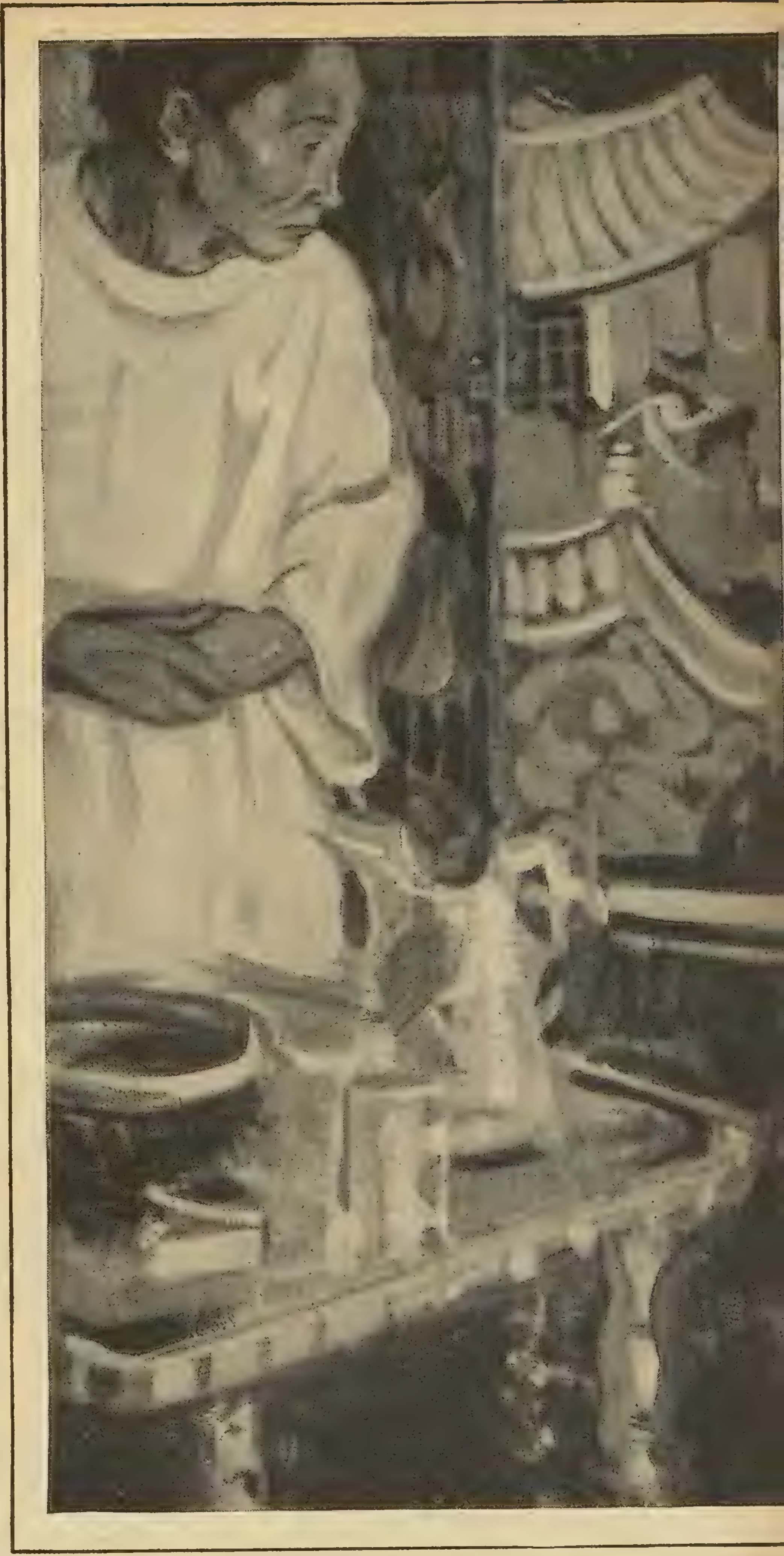
Dog tired, Helen was close to the point of tears.

"I sent for you," answered the doctor quietly, "because I knew you were the only one who would have the guts to make the trip with the country in the state it's in. When I wired it seemed as though the patient had a fighting chance and would be worth at least a month's steady work for you. He only had a gunshot wound in the chest then."

"What is it now?" asked the girl with professional interest. "Pneumonia?"

Wallace nodded.

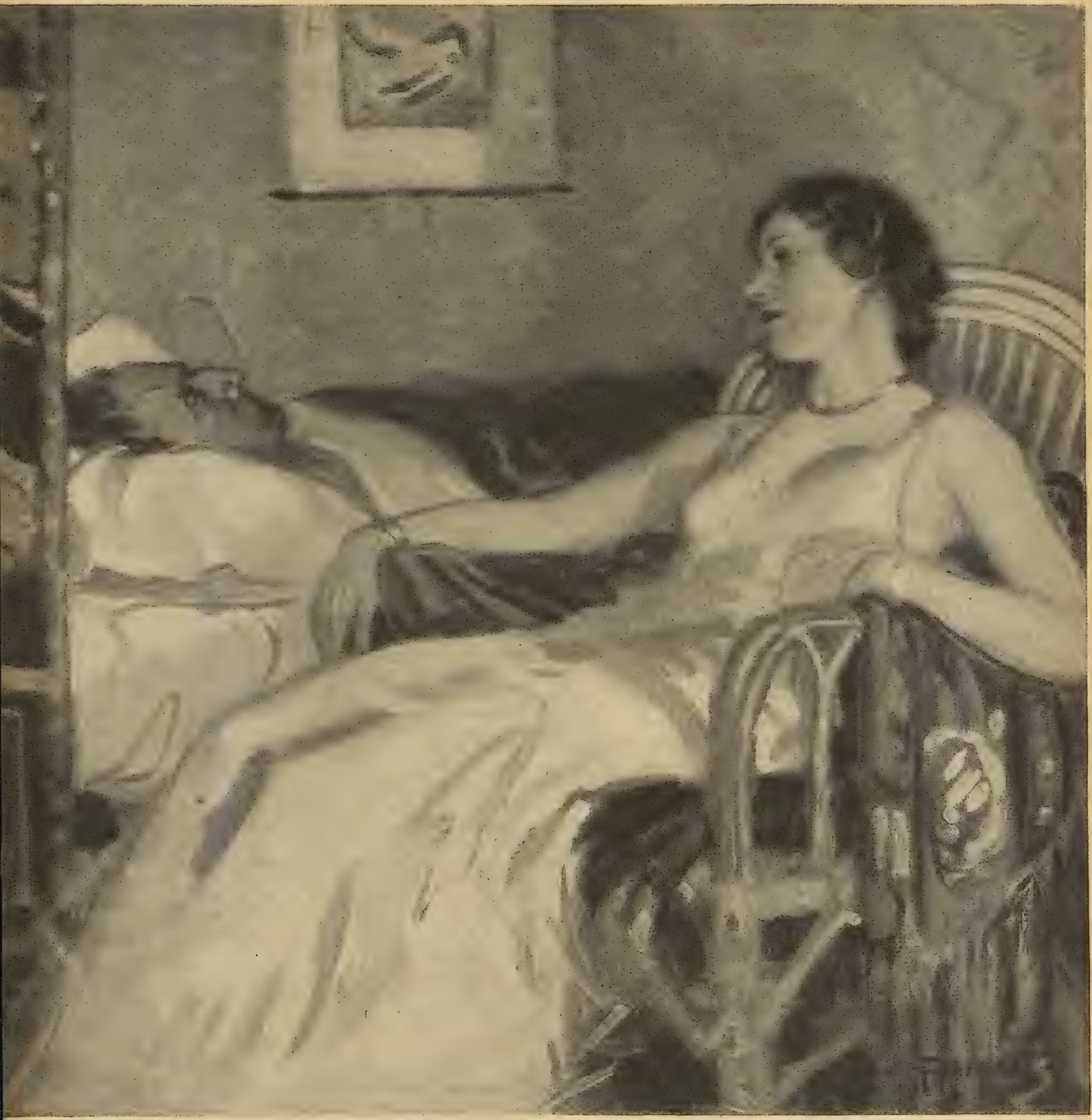
They entered the little mission building, and within a few minutes Helen, in uniform, stood at John Scarr's bedside while the doctor issued final orders.



Helen knew that Scarr would pull through.

"I'll try and get back within two days," he said, fighting the weariness in his voice, "but it seems that the people in my territory have been doing their best to provide me with a merry Christmas by falling sick at the most widely separated points they can possibly manage. You'll find Hobbs, the missionary, a good head. Thanks again for coming. It's been good to see you after all these months. I hope you'll stay until I return, even though—"

He failed to finish the sentence. The eyes of the seemingly unconscious sick man had opened painfully and were regarding the pair at the bedside. Slowly they closed again, leaving the racked features as immobile as



She was dog tired, as fagged as though she had loaned her strength in the tussle with death.

a death mask. Doctor and nurse exchanged cautious glances; then the former quietly left the room. Helen drew a chair to the edge of the cot.

Again the eyes of John Scarr slowly opened, as though the lifting of the lids required the ponderous effort of some clumsy, poorly oiled mechanism. His thin lips parted slightly, like the cautious opening of a door, and whispered words came to the watching girl, words as lacking in humanity as the stabs of chill air that invaded the drafty room.

"He doesn't expect to find me here when he comes back?"

Helen pulled the blankets higher on his chest.

"Go to sleep," she ordered softly. "You're doing splendidly."

"Damn' right," agreed Scarr, showing the contempt of a spendthrift for the meager supply of breath his illness had left to him.

They were the last coherent words he spoke for three days. Occasionally he whispered fiercely in delirium. The words were anything but polite, carrying the watcher back to the years in which she had tended a military hospital ward.

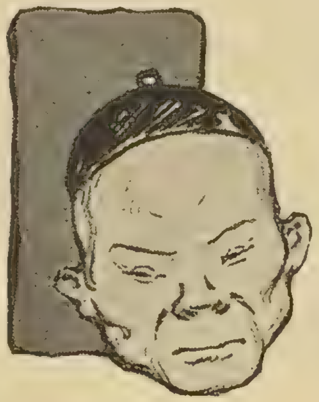
Helen imagined he would die on Christmas Eve or early Christmas morning. She was up practically all night with him. Time and again it appeared that the moment had arrived, but always an examination revealed his tremendously strong heart pumping with unconcerned regularity as though totally unaware of the great strain on it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLUE FLAME
Continued from page thirty-one

An indomitable heart. She'd sensed it from the first. Seemed as though it kept repeating its owner's words, "Damn' right, damn' right, damn' right."

Toward dawn Helen dozed, finally waking to the mournful howl of a sand storm sweeping in from the near-by Gobi Desert. The building shook beneath the flailing of the wind and she could feel the fine haze of dust that had invaded the room catching at her throat. Scarr lay deathlike in the bleak daylight, but was still alive. As the nurse moved mechanically about the bed, pulling up a screen, it struck her dully that it was Christmas, that the crowd in Tientsin were probably just rolling in after the evening's celebration, that back on the other side of the world where she had come from children would be climbing from their cots with shouts of joy and rushing for tinseled evergreens in gayly decorated front rooms. She glanced at the gray face on the pillow, at the dreary, cold walls of the room, at the choking film of Gobi dust and shuddered.



An old Chinese woman, who possessed native nursing ability, relieved her, and she started groggily for her room. In the hallway she met the Rev. Timothy Hobbs, pink-faced and fresh from his morning shave. His eyes asked the inevitable question.

"About the same," offered Helen. "He doesn't look like a fighter, but he's got a lion's heart. It doesn't know when it's beaten."

"'A merry Christmas' seems almost out of place," said the missionary, "but I wish you it with all my heart."

"Thank you," replied the girl, pitifully short in the spirit of the day. "The same to you, sir."

"I hope you'll feel up to having dinner with me," said Mr. Hobbs eagerly. "We owe it to that lion heart you speak of to carry on in the belief that all's right with the world. Naturally, if you feel that you should sleep, I don't want you to get up on my account. I know how fagged you must be, but—"

"Never fear," answered Helen. "I'm not missing Christmas dinner. It would be unthinkable."

The fury of the storm had increased when she was called. For some minutes she sat hunched in her bed, so sick at heart that tears rose to her eyes. A distant door thumped in the wind with the dull beat of a tom-tom—like the undaunted pounding of John Scarr's heart. Briskly the girl leaped to the cold floor and sought a fresh uniform. Among the plain white garments was a flash of blue; the evening gown that had been meant for Billy Swift's eyes. Childishly she had given it a place in the limited space of her traveling bag, unwilling to allow the shimmering delight out of her possession.

Impulsively she lifted the lovely thing and held it against her, surveying the effect in the mirror. Her eyes lighted; her chin went up. At 1 P. M. she presented herself to the astonished missionary, her white shoulders rising softly from the beautiful creation of Tientsin's finest dressmaker, her hair crisply curled, and her eyes kindling with a mixture of happiness and defiance.

THE expression of the clergyman signaled that he accepted her action at its true worth.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "This will be a Christmas for a lonely old duffer to remember."

With the gallantry of a former generation he offered his arm and led her to the table with its pitifully brave imitations of Occidental Yuletide decorations.

They made a gallant show of gayety, even though forced to raise their voices from time to time to be heard above the storm. The conversation carried them to other times, other places; glittering snow, holly, evergreen, friends. Gradually pretense fell away and they laughed whole-heartedly, oblivious of the gray pall of dust that quickly settled on the table. The Chinese nurse brought them back to earth with a jolt, however, shortly after the meal was finished, entering the room with a pleased smile.

"Much better," she announced. "Not hot now."

Helen was on her feet in an instant and hurrying to the door.

"I'll be here if you need me," called Mr. Hobbs, aware that the crisis had arrived.

There was no time for the nurse to change into uniform. Scarr's temperature had dropped with alarming abruptness, was subnormal by the time she reached his side. Rapidly she forced brandy between his lips. He was in a comatose condition, but the great heart was still beating—with a noticeable effort but with the same undaunted regularity. Suddenly his eyes opened. They were intelligently clear and surveyed the unorthodox garb of the nurse with evident interest. Leaning over him, the girl whispered a single tense word:

"Fight!"

Solemnly his left eye winked.

For no scientific reason, Helen knew from that moment that Scarr would pull through. During the touch-and-go hours that followed her belief remained unshaken. Even when the patient lay scarcely breathing, or gasping sickeningly in delirium, she felt he was battling as fiercely as a prize fighter trapped in a corner of the ring. Her faith was justified when he dropped into an untroubled sleep late in the evening.

SHE was dog tired, as fagged as though she had loaned Scarr her strength to bolster his own in the tussle with death. Never had she fought for a patient with such desperate earnestness. The Chinese woman had caused a couch to be brought to the sick room and was motioning Helen toward it, but the girl remained slumped in a chair, a shawl thrown over her bare shoulders. For the first time she was observing what manner of man she had been nursing.

Few patients, men particularly, look their best on a sick bed. Scarr was not one of the exceptions. At best he was quite apparently a plain enough fellow of forty or so, but the dual attack of wound and disease had aged him immensely. His sunken, unhandsome features were made grotesque by a black stubble beard. Helen wondered dully why she bothered to notice these things at all. Patients didn't have personalities as far as she was concerned. The ailment itself, not its possessor, was the only object of interest. She was certain of this. It had been an invariable rule in the nine years since her graduation. Looking back over the men she had tended she could remember symptoms, operations, results—but not one face stood out clearly. And here she was following every pain-drawn line of John Scarr's homely features.

"Tired," she decided as she stretched out on the couch. "Tired and damn' near hysterical—not responsible—hell of a case—glorious fight the chap put up, though—great heart—lion heart."

The doctor arrived the following day to marvel at Scarr's tenacity and, incidentally, to ask Helen for the tenth time if she would consider becoming Mrs. Wallace. He put the question to her as they paced the compound, and for the tenth time received the same definite answer.

"Who is it?" he demanded without bitterness. "Billy Swift?"

"It's no one," the girl answered steadily. "I tell you, as I told you eighteen months ago: it will be a mighty overpowering passion that will force me to marry any man in China. When I'm ready for a wedding ring I'll be heading for home, where the plain gold band isn't a sign of fair game to every dashing young bachelor in the place. China for the Chinamen when it comes to marriage, say I. Apart from that, I'm well satisfied with life under present conditions. A girl in my position gets enough romance hiking about the country without mixing in too strong a male element."

Wallace shrugged unhappily.

"You know your own mind if any girl ever did," he admitted. "It's a shame, though, to think of you eventually tied up to some paunchy greengrocer or red-faced farmer. You've got too much spirit for smug respectability. What you deserve is a natural-born adventurer like yourself—no offense, old thing—someone with innards; someone who'll take a chance now and again. You can't stay young forever, you know. Hang on too long and you'll find yourself faced with the necessity of marrying some gray-headed, grateful patient."

"John Scarr, for instance," laughed Helen.

"He's as good an example as any," assented the doctor.

Regarding the patient a week later as he sat in bed bolstered up with pillows, the conversation came back to the girl—and not for the first time. Returning health had given no indication of turning Scarr into an Adonis. A haircut and shave had only accentuated the severe plainness of his face. He wasn't even decently ugly. Nothing relieved the stolidity of his features except a pair of snapping brown eyes that matched his heart and a half-humorous drooping of the left-hand corner of his thin lips.

"Do you live in China, Mr. Scarr?" she asked.

"No," he answered in his direct way. "I raise chickens in Canada."

"Like it?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Otherwise I shouldn't be doing it. Of course, I may change my mind. Only been at it a year. Used to be a professional man, but I retired."

"You're not that old!" the nurse protested.

"Forty," he confessed, the crooked corner of his mouth twitching. "That's pretty ancient."

"I think you're spoofing me about the chickens," the girl accused him. "None of them could have wandered this far and you're a long way off the tourist track. Chicken raisers don't go about picking up bullet holes in their chests on the edge of the Gobi."

A SLOW grin made its appearance on Scarr's unhandsome features. "The girl smells a thrill—a secret service agent, perhaps," he said mysteriously.

"I'm no novel-fed flapper, I can assure you," replied Helen curtly. "There's no need to spin a yarn. I nursed during the last two years of the war and I've been in China going on three. Gunshot wounds are neither novel nor exciting as far as I'm concerned. I was merely interested in the history of my case. Naturally, it's none of my business if you don't want to tell."

"My reticence," explained the unruffled Scarr, "can be traced only to the fact that the thing's so damnably uninteresting. I had read a good deal about the Gobi and decided I'd like to go there on a bit of a spree before I sprouted gray whiskers. I could afford to leave someone in charge of the chickens. The great adventure had hardly started, though, before some rude bandit put a slug into me. I came back here—"

"Walked in on Mr. Hobbs as though you were paying a friendly call," said Helen, taking up the story, "and, in the middle of explaining your misfortune, rolled over in a faint. I know that much."

"Well, that's all there is," concluded the man. "There wasn't any

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE BLUE FLAME
Continued from page thirty-three

use staggering up like they do in the melodramer and gasping, 'My God, I'm shot!' It would have scared the old boy. Now that you're through your cross-examination, though, it's my turn. Who was the girl in the evening gown who dropped in here the day I was so low?"

"Myself," admitted Helen.

"I imagined it was," continued Scarr. "Good work, that. Showed an active mind. The sight of that bit of color, that bit of beauty, put more spunk into me than a gallon of medicine would have done. The world had ceased to interest me a great deal—damned drab place that it was—and I didn't much care whether I hung on or not until I saw what I'd be missing if I gave up. Is it in your regular bag of tricks?"

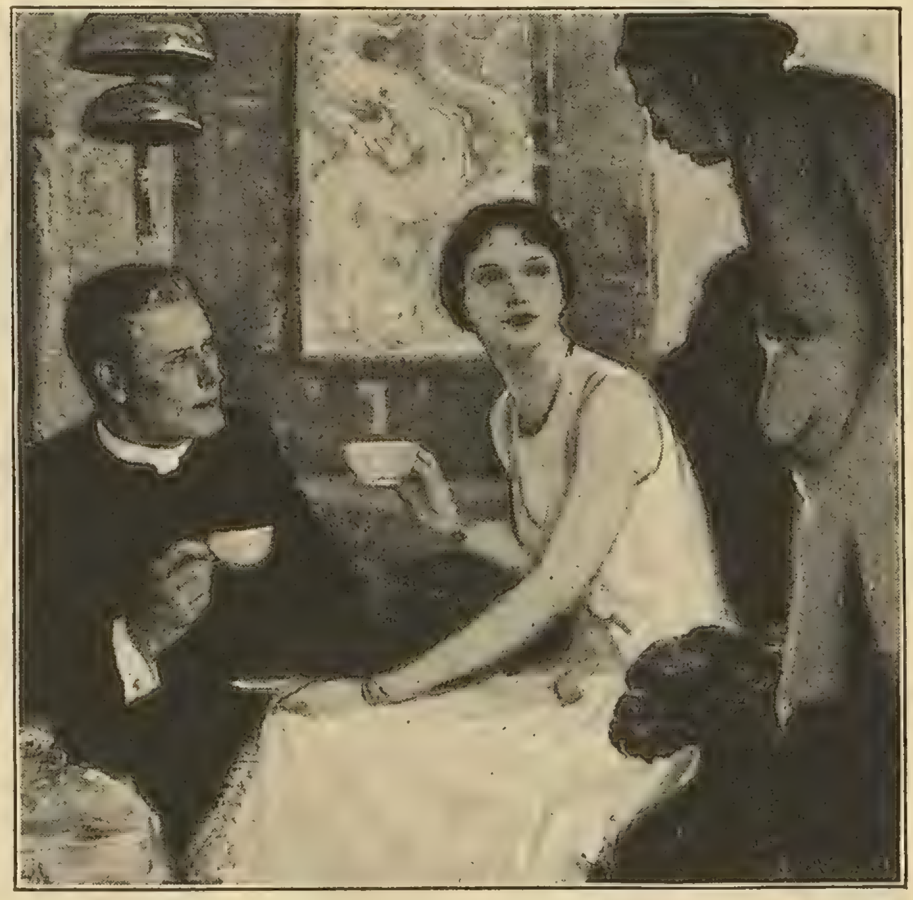
"It was an accident," explained the girl. "The crisis came when Mr. Hobbs and I were having Christmas dinner."

Scarr's searching eyes narrowed.

"Was it professional cold-bloodedness or something else that allowed you to get rigged in your finest while your patient was supposedly dying at the end of the corridor?" he asked quietly.

"You can decide that for yourself," replied the nurse.

His recovery was unusually rapid. However peaceful his calling, his spare body possessed the resistance of an athlete's. Helen could almost see the unquenchable heart forcing its strength into the large, bony frame, bringing a healthy richness back to the saddle-colored features. The wound healed as would only be possible when backed up by a fundamentally sound system. There was no getting away from the fact, though, that Scarr looked what he was; a plain, mild-mannered country gentleman. Helen had somehow expected a fairy would wave a magic wand and reveal him as a man entitled to a lion's heart. It was a bit disappointing. Not that she could see why it made any difference as far as she was concerned.



The Chinese nurse brought them back with a jolt. "Much better," she announced. "Not hot now."

"DR. WALLACE says there is no reason why I should remain with you any longer," she informed Scarr one morning. "Another two weeks of convalescence and you'll be able to travel. In the meantime there's nothing for you to do except take things easy. You don't require a nurse for that. I'll be leaving tomorrow."

"You'll be doing no such thing," he replied with unexpected positiveness. "You'll wait until I'm ready to move and we'll travel together. Because you made that rotten trip alone once is no reason why you should do it a second time. What you need is a personal bodyguard."

"That's what a young chap in Tientsin has been trying to tell me," answered the girl frankly.

Scarr grunted, as though covering up an unpleasant surprise.

"Oh?" he said shortly. Then with marked briskness, "The fellow is perfectly right. However, I'm running the show at the moment. Unless you have some particular reason for returning immediately, I'd be obliged if you'd stay."

"It's a shame to take ten dollars a day for all I'm doing now," protested Helen.

"That's my lookout," said Scarr. "In any case, it'll only even up for the days when you did twenty-four-hour duty."

She remained, arguing that it would be poor business to do otherwise. After all, she was working for money the same as any other servant.

Wallace took her aside when he saw the two of them off on the train headed south.

"I didn't expect to see my prediction come true so soon," he said meaningly. "It's a bit thick, y'know. Poor compliment to us young 'uns."

"I'm not so dense that I can't see what you're getting at," gritted Helen. "You're so discerning, Bob Wallace, you can see no end of things that never existed nor ever will. As for laughing at John Scarr—there's more real stuff behind that homely map than you'd find in a dozen Wallaces or Swifts or—"

The doctor nodded his head triumphantly.

"That cinches it," he declared with a crooked grin. "Where do we send the wedding presents?"

"Oh, go to the devil!" the girl burst out in exasperation.

WHEN the train groaned out of the station, however, she leaned from the window and threw him a bold kiss. He turned to Mr. Hobbs, who was at his side.

"Who was that for?" he asked wryly. "You or me?"

"I think," said the missionary, his eyes twinkling, "we'd better share it. Something tells me she's not going to have any more to give away to the likes of us."

At that, there was little on which to base his prophecy, particularly if one followed the slow progress of Scarr and Helen to Tientsin. The attitude of the travelers became more severely that of patient and nurse the closer they came to their destination.

"Where do you imagine you'll be sent on your next case?" asked Scarr, as though making conversation.

"There'll be no next case for a while," replied the girl. "I owe myself a holiday and, better still, can afford it. I'm going to forget my profession for a while and carry on like an ordinary human being."

"With the lad who thinks you should have a personal bodyguard?" suggested Scarr casually.

"Perhaps."

"Does he want to marry you, really?" asked the man.

"Would it improve your health if you knew?" countered Helen.

"What's that got to do with it?" snorted Scarr.

"I'm responsible only for your physical well-being—and that for but a couple of hours more," stated the nurse. "If you feel that knowing the inner secrets of my young life will do you bodily good, I suppose you're entitled to them. If not—"

Her eyes were laughing.

Scarr shifted uneasily in his seat, glanced out the window, then turned to her again. The laughter in her eyes fled before he opened his lips, as though she sensed what was coming. Not that his expression gave warning of anything particularly portentous.

"What I've been trying to lead up to," he said, picking his words carefully, "is that I'd like to be put down on the list if there's any possibility of the younger man being counted out."

"How could I withstand such a passionate plea?" gasped the girl, her show of mock surprise being well mixed with the genuine article. "Thanks, though, for the inference that my suitors are so many that a list is required."

"I'm not joking," pressed Scarr doggedly. "I'm asking you to consider me seriously. I think you'd enjoy life on my place in British Columbia. It's quite snug; you'd have jolly neighbors; and it's only an hour's motor drive from Victoria. It lies on a beautiful little bay and I've an auxiliary schooner for cruising among the islands. I'm not rich, but I can get by comfortably."

Helen had become icily calm.

"Do I strike you as the sort of girl who would give a hang what a man had to offer her in a material way?" she demanded.

Scarr's forehead became corrugated and his crooked lips wrinkled in a manner that was almost humorous.

"Well, hardly," he admitted. "That's the hell of it. I suppose I should have waited until we were out of this blasted train—waited for a night of moonlight and roses and all that tripe. But what would have been the use? I've got no pretty speeches, no spirit of romance, no anything that a girl of your age calls for. I've nothing except a colossal nerve that has moved me to suggest I be kept in mind if you ever feel inclined toward a life such as I can offer you. I won't insult your intelligence by trying to act like a lovesick youngster and proving that I'm nothing but a kittenish old fool."

"Apparently," said Helen, surprised at her own splendid control, "you're suffering from the popular mania of imagining that good manners require a proposal to a nurse who you imagine has saved your life."

"Put your own construction on it," answered Scarr agreeably. "I appreciate that a whirlwind, soul-shaking affair between a dull old fellow like myself and a lovely vital girl like you is out of the question. Women and love are out of my line—have always been. One beauty of being rational is that people don't do things that they regret a month afterward."

"What do I do now?" asked the girl, a hard note of anger in her mocking words. "Fling myself into your arms and breathe, 'I can't withstand the hot eloquence of your plea, John'?"

SHE regretted the speech as she caught the expression in his steady brown eyes.

"You can say, 'Go to the devil,'" he answered, "or you can say nothing. In the event of your doing the latter, I'll remain in Tientsin until you have had time to think the matter over and have given the younger man an opportunity to play all his cards."

Helen shook with rage and exasperation. What, in the name of heaven, had ever moved her to feel the slightest interest in stupid, homely John Scarr?

"You're willing to take a chance, I see," she said scornfully.

"I am when the situation calls for it," he replied.

"What do you think of your chances?" she demanded suddenly.

"Rotten," came his curt answer.

They both laughed and the tension was broken. It seemed the matter had ended as sharply as it had started. The fact remained, however, that Helen hadn't issued him the suggested marching orders. No use being abrupt, she decided. Better to let his queer fancy die a painless death in the natural course of events.

She had tea with him twice and went to a movie with him one evening during the next week. If he was experiencing any strain as a result of waiting for her decision he failed to show it. The remainder of her time was largely occupied by Billy Swift, who was more than usually attentive. She imagined he had heard of her being seen with the big, plain-faced stranger, but he made no direct mention of it. Somehow she was in no mood to volunteer the information.

It was obvious Billy was to be had for the asking. A dozen times she steered him into other channels when the conversation had brought them within an ace of her having to make a definite decision. It wasn't hard to feel romantic with young Swift. He was about her own age—twenty-eight—and almost superlatively good-looking. Regular bronzed features, crinkly black hair, and a pair of lazy gray eyes that were credited with breaking up three marriages in Tientsin alone. He had a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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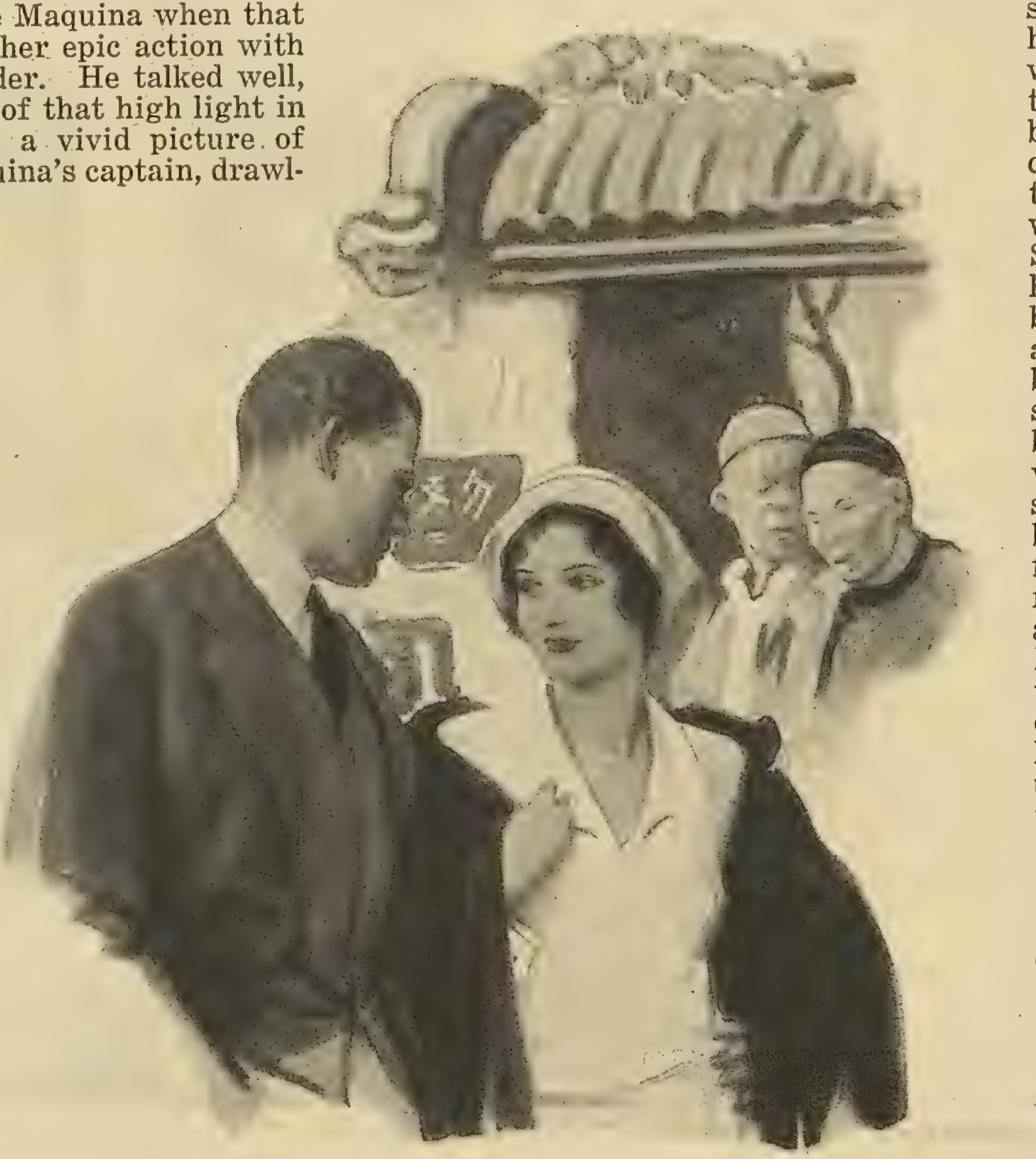
THE BLUE FLAME
Continued from page thirty-five

job of sorts, but it was for appearances' sake only. A healthy income more than attended to his financial demands.

He lived actively—fiercely almost—in his own way. Various sports kept his body splendidly trim. He'd done things, too, when the occasion had demanded it. Fine war record, capped by his performance as a naval reserve officer aboard the Maquina when that "mystery ship" fought her epic action with a German commerce raider. He talked well, especially on the subject of that high light in his hectic life, painting a vivid picture of "Placid Peter," the Maquina's captain, drawling orders from the bridge as his ship broke up beneath him. Naturally, he never mentioned that he, Swift, had picked up a medal in the scrap, but his listeners knew that, anyway.

For four consecutive days Helen pursued a round of social events, public and private, with the ardent young man. She had no time to look up Scarr, and he, for his part, showed no indication of seeking her out. Nevertheless, it gave her a pang of conscience to picture him kicking his heels about the Astor House with nothing to occupy his mind except the hundred-to-one chance that a wife would accompany him back to the comfortable, if unexciting, existence of his chicken farm. Not until the evening before the big military ball did he call on her, and then to bring word that he would be leaving for Shanghai in two days' time.



"Who is it?" he demanded without bitterness. "It's no one," the girl answered. "When I'm ready for a wedding ring I'll be heading for home."

"I've got a bid for tomorrow night," he said, controlled eagerness in his voice. "I thought it would be nice if we made it a farewell party."

"Given up?" she demanded sarcastically, wishing, for some unknown reason, to hurt him desperately.

He accepted the jab without a quiver.

"If there's one thing in my favor," he said without rancor, "it's that I don't give up till I'm dead. You ought to know that as well as anyone."

She bowed her head, suddenly humble.

"Sorry," she said.

"WELL, how about the dance?" he resumed. "I can't guarantee you much excitement myself—never did shine on the ballroom floor and I imagine I'm still a bit shaky—but I know you won't lack for partners. I'd like to see you in the blue gown again, though. Almost seems I've a personal interest in it—and in you when you wear it. You see—well—oh, damn! I'll be getting sentimental if I don't pipe down. Anyway, you understand, don't you?"

She felt like a murderess as she killed the excited glow that had momentarily lighted his somber face.

"Sorry," she answered in a small voice, "but I accepted an invitation a week ago."

Scarr laughed lowly at his own discomfiture.

"I might have known that would be the case," he said. "Having had you as my nurse I got into the habit of thinking that you would always be handy if I needed you. Serves me right. However, if you'll save me the thirteenth dance I think I'll climb into my evening rig and drop in."

He left abruptly, without even bothering to ascertain if his suggestion met with her approval. . . .

Helen's cheeks were flushed even before the cocktail party that preceded the ball. It seemed that the blue evening gown became charged with electricity the moment she slipped it over her head—as though it was a magic cloak that transmitted its trembling shimmer of changing shades to the heart of the wearer. When Billy Swift's eyes were on her she scintillated, but left to herself for a moment the dress burned her with a resentful fire. It had been a mistake to wear it, even though she wanted to look her best for Billy. The filmy sheath of blue flame was too much associated with Scarr. It had been the torch that had rekindled the dying embers of his life. Even he, dull, unromantic mastiff that he was, had grasped its significance.

SWIFT gave her little opportunity for moodiness, however. He was at her side constantly, his tongue tripping as brilliantly as ever, but a subtle stiffness of jaw visible when his eyes were on her. Instinctively she knew there was to be no stalling Mr. William Swift tonight; that there would be a showdown. She was glad of that. It was all very well delaying the agony on Scarr's behalf, but feeling sorry for him was taking too much out of her. She wondered why she had held off so long. There'd been no reason for it. Scarr wasn't a whiner. She felt an almost personal pride in her late patient when she recalled his stoicism.

Billy danced beautifully; Helen felt like a bit of thistledown floating effortless in the wake of a current of passion-charged air. She could sense admiring eyes, jealous eyes on them as they weaved their way through the crowd. It was all very much like a dream. The cocktails, the music, the magnetism of her escort were strong medicine to a girl who had been so constantly close to life—and death—in the raw.

"Tonight is going to be an end and a beginning," came Billy's low, confident words, almost in tune with the strains of the waltz. "The end of an old life and the beginning of a new. I'm through with playing. I've found what I've been searching for and it's more wonderful than I ever imagined. Tomorrow you and I are going to be married. We'll honeymoon in the South Seas, where love and adventure are the only things that matter—honeymoon forever and ever. You've had more hard work and sacrifice than is good for you already. We'll be a couple of allied privateers with the whole world as fair prey."

The girl flashed him a defiant smile.

"You're very positive," she said.

"May I die when I'm not," he retorted fiercely. "I know when I've met my match. It won't do you any good to say 'No.' If you can't read your own mind it's up to me to do it for you. You'll either come quietly or be dragged along, whether you will or no, savage fashion."

The miniature medals on his lapel glittered happily as though proud of their wearer—the silver one he had acquired for his part in the Maquina action with particular brilliance. Bob Wallace's words came back to her: "What you deserve is a natural-born adventurer like yourself. Someone with innards, someone who'll take a chance." She imagined the doctor had known, all along, that it would be Billy Swift.

"I'm waiting," whispered her partner tensely.

"You'll continue to wait until the fourteenth dance," she answered.

"Why the delay?"

"The eternal feminine," she explained with a nervous laugh.

He surrendered her to her next partner grudgingly enough, but with an air that revealed his confidence at its peak.

The twelfth dance was reached and passed with magical suddenness. Helen was torn between the hope that Scarr would fail to appear and the desire to speak to him. She was impatient to clear the crazy situation. She couldn't go to Billy without definitely crossing the last entry off the list. Scarr had that much coming to him. Sharply she appreciated the genuineness of his unexciting devotion, recalled the veiled ardor in his steady eyes. He'd doubtless be hurt a good deal more than he would admit. But she was through with worrying over the agony of others; through with the heritage of sacrifice with which her profession had endowed her. What girl with spirit would pass up the eternal companionship of a personable young man whose daring had been publicly recognized by his country?

Scarr entered the room as the music struck up for the thirteenth dance. Briskly he made his way toward her, a quiet yet commanding figure among the well groomed men in uniform. His dinner jacket fitted his large body well and he carried himself with a self-possessed dignity that compared favorably with the unconscious swagger of the officers.

HE surveyed her with evident pleasure before taking her in his arms.

"It isn't hard to understand," he said gently, "why I refused to cash in on Christmas Day."

"Thank you," she answered simply, but hid her face against his chest to hide the misery that suddenly shook her.

His dancing couldn't compare to that of the lithe young Swift, but he had an easy stride for a large man and was far from old-fashioned in his style. Twice they made the circuit of the room in silence. At first Scarr held her gingerly, but she noticed a gradual tightening of his grip as she fell into stride with him.

Abruptly she realized that the last effects of the cocktails had been swept away, that she was acutely clear-headed, and that she was clinging to her partner with considerably more tenacity than was essential for dancing. There was nothing illusionary about the long, firm arm that encircled her. The touch of it was a promise, unshakable and filled with unskilled tenderness.

"Lord," breathed the girl to herself, "I can't help it. I love the man."

"Damn' right, damn' right, damn' right," thumped Scarr's stubborn heart knowingly, as though intercepting the admission.

"A man asked me to marry him tonight," announced Helen desperately.

"He showed good judgment," answered Scarr dryly, missing not a beat of the music. "It was too bad from his point of view you couldn't have said 'yes.'"

"How do you know I didn't?" she gasped.

"Because you couldn't marry me and have him too," answered Scarr coolly.

"Oh, I'm going to marry you, am I?"

"Obviously," replied Scarr, making an indifferent job of his casual attitude. "You wouldn't have worn that gown tonight unless you had intended either to marry me

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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PARIS

As cool as a sea breeze on a blistering day . . As refreshing as the splash of a wave . . .

A New French Lotion for the Body that combines the qualities of a deodorant and an astringent with the pep and vigor of an electric massage.

USE Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne as a Body Lotion to cool, soothe and protect you from summer's exhausting heat; as a rinse to remove sticky, salt, sea brine; as an astringent that retards perspiration; and as a deodorant that purifies every pore.

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You may send me without charge a trial flacon of Cheramy Floral Eau de Cologne—a cooling lotion for the body.
Please designate perfume desired

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Your face is a net
...it traps dirt!

Your face is dirty. The mirror may say no—but mirrors often lie. The pores of your skin are like a net; they catch and hold the dirt—and ordinary washing won't remove it.

This imbedded dirt is dangerous, too! It may result in blackheads—irritations—skin eruptions. It may embarrass you by oozing out when you perspire.

You can prove to yourself that water won't remove pore-dirt. Take your supposedly clean face and wash it—wash it again. Now rub a bit of Pompeian Massage Cream onto your face, around the chin, into the nose pores. Continue rubbing. In a few seconds the dried cream rolls out. Pink? No, a dingy gray! Dark with pore-dirt!

Now look in the mirror. Clean! Your skin has lightened several shades—it's a-tingle and glowing. Younger—healthier looking!

You can buy a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream for only 60c. Or you can have a Pompeian Massage after your shave at any first-class barber shop. Tell your barber you want the genuine Pompeian cream!

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PINK MAGIC
This is the famous pink Pompeian massage cream that rolls out the hidden pore-dirt. Ask for it by name "POMPEIAN"—accept no substitutes.
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[THE BLUE FLAME
Continued from page thirty-seven]

or drive me back to the Gobi in search of a straighter-shooting bandit than my first one. You knew how I regarded it—what a terrific effect it had on me."

"I'm beginning to realize it," laughed Helen softly. "Here, where are we going?"

"Out to the lounge," announced the man tersely, "unless you want to be kissed in public."

She had wondered, from time to time, if the crookedness of Scarr's lips would be felt were they pressed to her own, but, crooked or not, they seemed perfectly at home. She clung to him, her face against his shoulder, vaguely realizing that he was trembling.

"Gad," he whispered, "I was scared pink until I caught that flash of blue tonight."

Helen broke into a low laugh, a laugh that had tears in it. The thought of John Scarr, her John, being afraid of anything was out of the question. There was no need for story telling, no need for silver medals to prove his lion heart. It stood out in every line of his homely, lovable face.

"You don't know how close I came to making a fool of myself tonight," she accused him shakily, "and all through your stupidity. Why did you insist on taking such chances?"

"One has to take chances," he answered, "if one is seeking a thorough victory—particularly so when the force at his command is a pretty shabby one. Thank God, it's over, though. I'd sooner gamble with my life than my love."

"Here, here!" warned Helen happily. "You're getting much too romantic for a chicken rancher—"

He closed her lips with a kiss, then drew her to her feet.

"Come on. We'll have to get out of here," he announced. "Mop up your eyes before those tears ruin your complexion."

She obeyed. She was getting old and tired. She was choosing a safe life with a humdrum man in place of the long trail with a careless and charming adventurer. She had never thought this would happen to her, but now she couldn't seem to help it. A last flicker came to her. One more test of him and herself.

"Maybe you'd be interested to know the lad who almost—"

"Young Swift, you mean?" cut in Scarr. "Yes, I recognized him dancing with you tonight. Smart boy. Served under me on the Maquina."

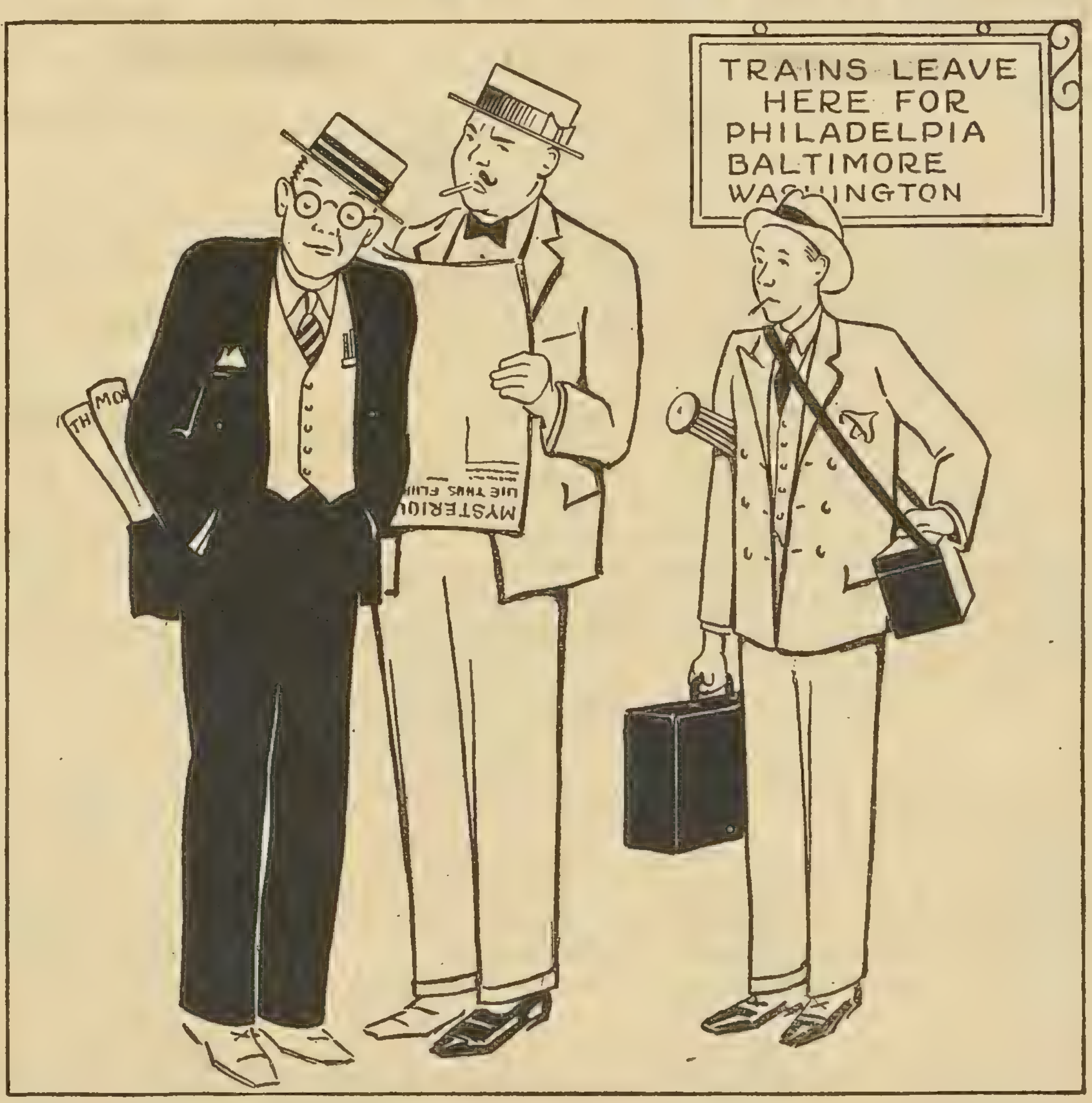
Helen stepped back a pace, her eyes glistening.

"You're 'Placid Peter'?" she cried.

"I was," he corrected.

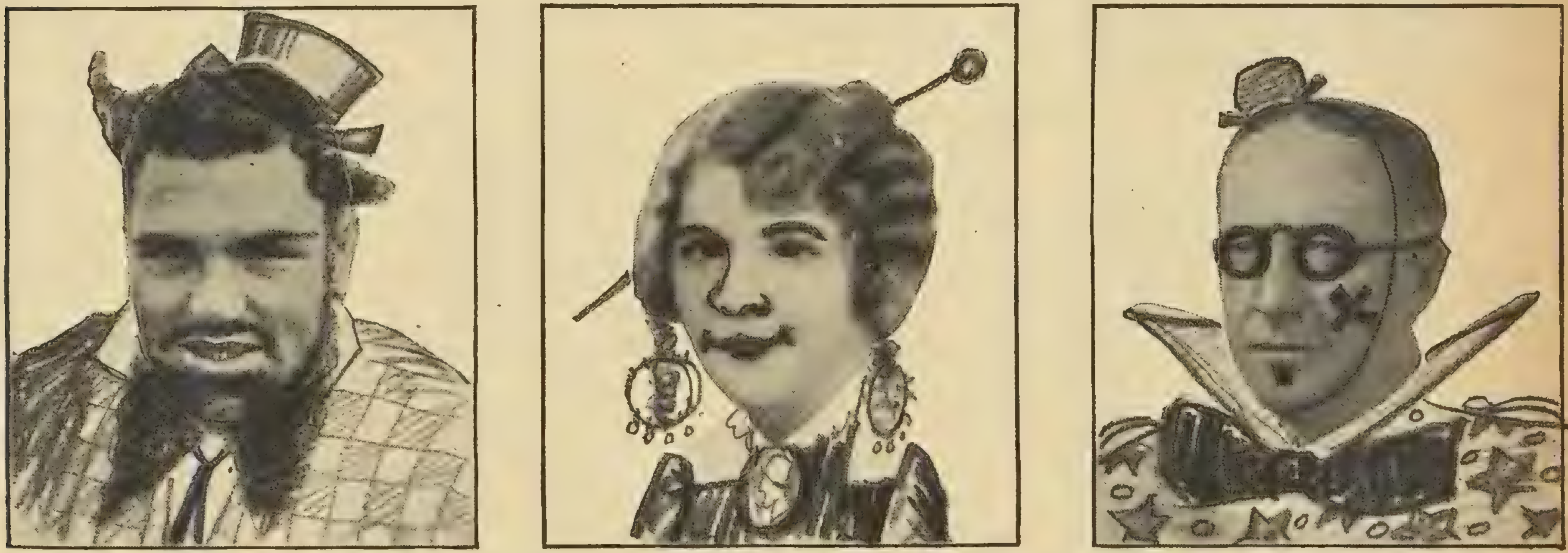
THE END

What's Wrong Here?

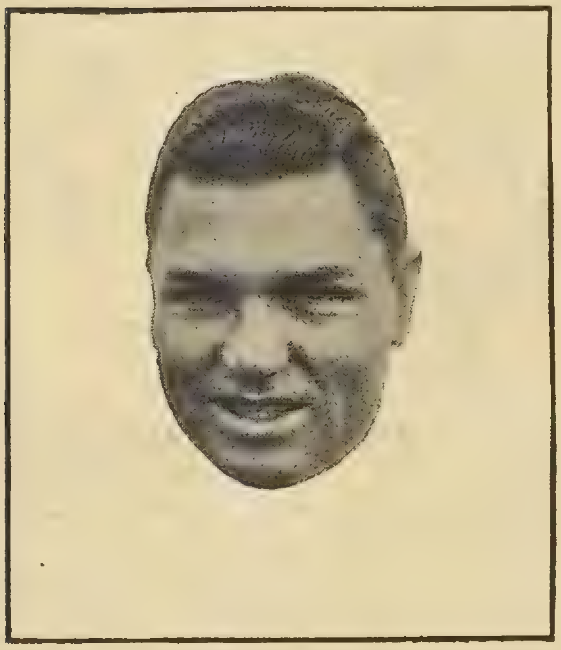


The artist made nine mistakes in drawing this picture. See if you can find all of them without consulting the list on page seventy.

Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*



The pictures above give a rough idea of what you can do to a photograph with a pen or pencil. Below are the same pictures, unmarked. See what YOU can do to them, and mail them as directed in the rules below. This set of pictures must reach us before midnight, July 19.



JACK DEMPSEY
ex-champion heavyweight

MARY PICKFORD
known to movie fans everywhere

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former governor of New York

Liberty offers One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500

The Rules Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published.

We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.

ANOTHER SET OF FUNNY FACES NEXT WEEK

Prize winners for the first set, published last week, will be announced in Liberty for August 9

Vox

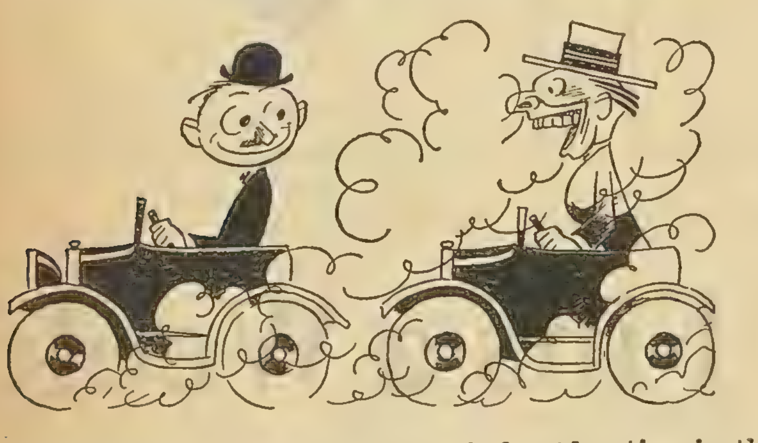
Why Pay Mr. Benchley Money When We Can Get This for Nothing?

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—" Sporting Life in America," by Robert Benchley, is unique. I am enjoying this educational series greatly. May I venture a suggestion? The ubiquitous Order of the Dust Inhalers feels that it should be included in these articles. I shall attempt to describe, in my poor way, a few of the more important rules.

After being confined all week in an office the Dust Inhaler seeks the winding and dusty road on Sunday. The ardent Dust Inhaler scorns the paved highways. He wants to be out in the open, close to nature. " Dust to dust " was surely spoken of the Dust Inhaler. Five points are allowed for finding a good dusty road.

The next procedure is to gain upon the car ahead until you are not more than twenty feet behind. Honk vigorously three times. If the car ahead contains true Dust Inhalers it will bound ahead at fifty miles an hour. You, in turn, will accelerate your speed and endeavor to keep as close to it as possible. The more speed the more dust. The car ahead is called the Dust Agitator.

After about fifteen miles of breathing down this stimulating tonic it is your turn to be Dust Agitator. Accordingly you pass the car ahead (preferably on a curve) and then slow up until it is about twenty feet behind. This is called parity and must be strictly adhered to. Ten points are allowed for this maneuver. Of course the game is more exhilarating when more than two cars are playing. In fact, enthusiastic Dust Inhalers disdain anything less than fifty or a hundred cars in a string. —*Frank D. Compagnon.*



So Now You Won't See This in Print. Well, That's Just Life, Isn't It?

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Since receiving a copy of my father's letter to you of May 5, 1930, I have been watching your Vox Pop columns to see if you would print any part of his spirited rejoinder to the scandalous article you published: " The Guantanamo Blues."

Failing to note that you have accorded his letter any courtesy whatever—although you have published excerpts from others on the same subject, mostly with little literary merit—I have purchased my last copy of Liberty, and will try to worry along in the future without contact with your periodical, which has apparently degenerated to the status of a muckraking scandal sheet that is studiously unfair to the Service of which I have the honor of being a member.

I shall take steps to insure that the funds of this ship are not spent for subscriptions to Liberty.—*W. Perkins, Lieut. Comdr., U. S. Navy.*

That's Real Encouraging

BOSTON, MASS.—I'd feel hopeless about the editors of Liberty if I weren't convinced they're young, and still learning.—*J. Hammond.*

Aw, Thank Mr. Sharkey

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The June 14 issue of Liberty was worth exactly 300 bucks to me.

I read Sidney Sutherland's " Schmeling in the Fifth," and took two to one that he'd win in the fourth. Sid came pretty close, but I was closer.

Thanks for the 300!—*Sam Sneiderman.*

It's Sort of Interesting, Don't You Think?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why make such a furor, in your stories and articles, about the subject of sex? It really seems to me that it is a biologic function of no importance whatever except in the production of children.—*A Reader.*

Bang Goes 100 Circulation

WINNIPEG, CAN.—I have just received this week's Liberty and notice only one cross word puzzle in it. I can assure you that if you do not give us two puzzles a week you will lose a good circulation in this city as I know of at least a hundred people here who only take the magazine for this feature.

At any rate, do not cut out this one remaining puzzle.—*J. A. Steward.*

More About Jeanne

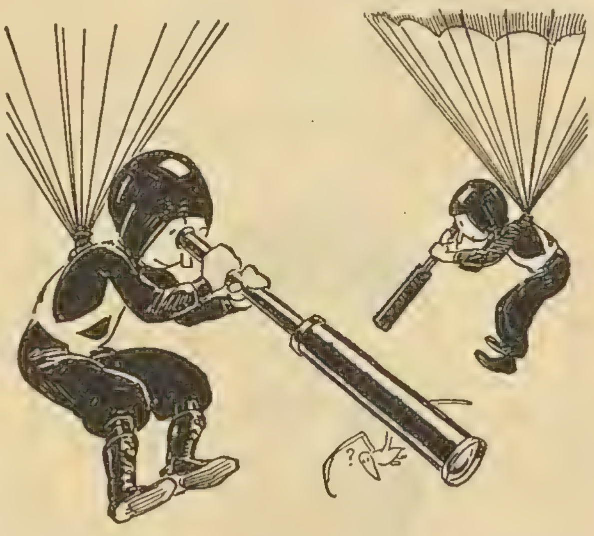
KENEDY, TEX.—Have read Liberty from kiver to kiver since its inception, and enjoy it immensely, but the entrance of " Jeanne Eagels," by Edward Doherty, has caused Liberty to become a one-story magazine for me.

After reading the opening installments of this life of Jeanne Eagels, all of Liberty's other stories lacked luster, were tepid, and try as I would I could not become interested—so must patiently await next week's issue of Liberty and more about Jeanne.—*D. M.*

They'll Look at the Lake, but They Say Nix on Parachutes

CLEVELAND, OHIO—When I had read part of " The Voice in the Sky," by Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg, I got to thinking that something wasn't just right. After some thought I decided that it was rather peculiar to have an offshore gale, such as is supposed to have carried the airman out into the lake with his parachute, kick up such terrible waves and surf along the shore.

Now, there might be such a contour of shore line that this condition might be approximated—but certainly not along the North Shore district of Chicago. Tell these boys that before they write another lake story they ought to look at the lake. And they might take some trips in parachutes, when there's surf on the shore, and carefully observe which way the wind carries them.



But it was a pretty good yarn anyway.—*Geo. F. Grossman.*

All We Want Is Stories. We Don't Care Who Writes Them

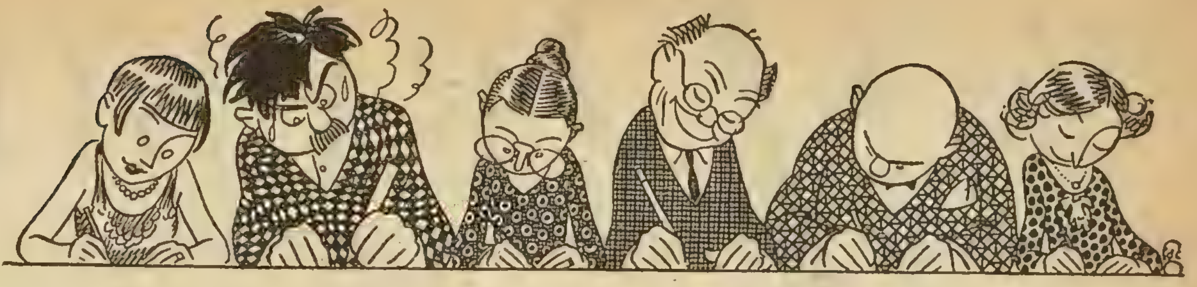
COOPERSTOWN, N. D.—About these short short stories. Why doesn't Liberty either give we amateurs a break, or put in a clause in their advertisement saying, " For Professionals Only "? It would save us a lot of disappointment, as well as wasted energy.

In all of your short short stories so far it seems to always be some Mr. Whoozis, a writer or reporter for the Walla Walla Weekly Squeak, whose stories seem to be worthy only of merit —nary " a " amateur.—*Edith D. Frigard.*

For a Russian Interlude

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I want to congratulate Liberty for publishing such an article as " Russia versus Reno," by Charmion von Wiegand. It gave me a thrill. The trouble is that Liberty doesn't give its readers many such stories. All you do is keep on feeding us with love, robberies, murders, and mysteries. Let's get together and have more stuff like " Russia versus Reno."—*Mrs. S. L.*

Pop



After All, Probably It Is; What About It?

New York, N. Y.—I have just read Charmion von Wiegand's piece about the Soviets, but I still can't figure out their idea of "brotherhood."

Out where I come from, if a fellow deserted his wife, turned his kids on the town, and left his old parents to shift for themselves—and then came around offering to be our "brother"—we couldn't shoot him for laughing.

Wonder if the lady writer wasn't a little bit credulous. Seems like a woman married ten years would know no party—Democratic, Soviet, or etc.—can stop a man running after women, if he has a mind to. After all, ain't the party made up of men like himself, with the same leanings?—*Westerner.*

The 20-Questions Editor Says He Thinks You Overrate Barton a Little

Boston, Mass.—The first thing I turn to in Liberty each week is a section run by a man I consider in the class of genius. Yet V. P. doesn't give him a reck.

Right here and now I want to give Ralph Barton, America's premier satirist-cartoonist, a good sizable boost. Your stories are horrible, your articles only fair, and your editorials so-so, but "News of the World," along with "Twenty Questions," is your redeeming feature.—*Cub Reporter.*

What Magazine Were You Reading?

St. Louis, Mo.—I am employed in the capacity of secretary to the sales manager of one of the most widely known shoe factories in the country and have done my work conscientiously and well, I hope, in the two years I have been here.

Anyone being in the least familiar with the shoe industry will know that they have slack seasons when there is hardly anything to do. That condition exists at the present time in our office and I am sure there are times in nearly every office existent when that condition is true. My question is—

Why does an employer expect an employee to act busy when he has absolutely nothing to do? I was reprimanded severely today by the man in charge of my department at the time, the sales manager being away on a trip, I was reading a magazine.

I was told that I should act busy whether I was or not as he was responsible for the department and must keep up the impression that we were doing a rushing business, when, in reality, the salesmen have barely scratched their pads for weeks. The president might come in and what would he think? Or a customer might come in (we would all faint) and wouldn't that create an unfavorable impression? He might think we were not doing any business. Laugh that one off! Why bluff? We aren't alone in this business standstill.

I might also add that I didn't say a word (I'm thankful for a job in these turbulent times) but simply closed the magazine, smiled, and started writing fast and furiously:

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," even though I did want to tell him to go to a certain warm climate very badly.—*Carrot Top.*

Hands Across the Sea

Chicago, Ill.—Say, I'd like to meet up with that punk who signed himself "A Bloody Englishman."

So our boys in the A. E. F. looked funny, did they?

Did you see them scattered over the fields, dead and dying? Did you see them coming home with gassed lungs, sightless eyes, minus arms and legs? Have you seen their graves out here—the numberless white crosses in our cemeteries? Did you see the white-faced women receiving the pitiful belongings of their dead boys? What is so funny about that?

It takes an Englishman to write the letter to Vox Pop that you did.

"Bloody"? Why, man, you're bloodless, heartless, and brainless.—*An "Impossible" American.*

Newark, N. J.—I am of English parentage, Canadian born, and feel it my duty as such to apologize for the utterances proceeding from one who signed himself "A Bloody Englishman."

I assure you that the greater majority of my countrymen realize and appreciate the wonderful aid and work the Americans rendered in the World War. Both before and during America's participation in it.

The paragraph in which he says "we were too busy winning the war to desire the job of feeding, clothing, drilling, arming, and generally wet-nursing the nondescript mob you wished on us," was so manifestly unjust that I blushed and still blush to think one who claims an English heritage of sportsmanship and fair play could be guilty of writing it.

Please do not take his malicious bombast as a representative English voice.—*A Blue Nose Canuck.*

St. Louis, Mo.—Listen, Mr. "Bloody Englishman"! The world remembers the speed records that the British air service set in the races with the Italians.

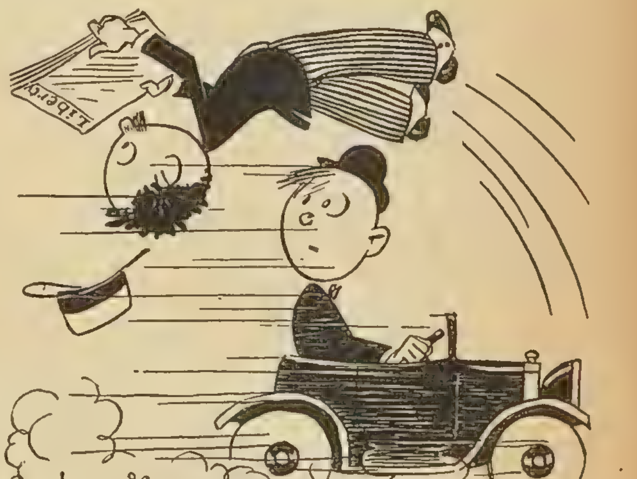
The world also remembers the speed records the British infantry established in the spring of 1918. Some are rude enough to say that you were retreating, but I know better. You planned to run all the way around the world and attack the enemy from the rear.—*American.*

Yes. We Get the Point

Joplin, Mo.—While driving into Joplin today I almost ran over a man who was walking down the center of the road instead of to the left-hand side, as required by the Missouri state law. I honked and he jumped out of the way.

I stopped and he begged my pardon, but he had just purchased a Liberty and was reading "The Chain of Death." He asked me if I was reading it. Of course I replied yes, and pulled my Liberty out of the side pocket of my car and it was the same issue as he was carrying.

And then he made a request—that I give him my Liberty, and if he should happen to get hit farther on down the road, and was laid up in the hospital, he'd be doubly sure of being able to finish "The Chain of Death."



He didn't seem to mind the idea of being run over so much as the thought that he might not be able to read Elisabeth Sanxay Holding's serial through to the end.—*Bobby in Joplin.*

Why Grace!

Kenosha, Wis.—Wouldn't it be a great idea to have a Mind Your Own Business Week? I realize it would be tough on some of the Vox Poppers, but it would enable them to catch up on their housework.—*Grace Stewart Herzog.*

The PRESIDENT and the Photographers

A Glimpse Behind the Scenes at a Man Who Walks Alone

By RICHARD CARROLL

TO the citizens of Washington in general, to the public, to the senators and representatives at the capital, Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, is a powerful figure and a mighty man in the land. To the cameramen—the news photographers attached to the White House by their newspapers and agencies to take pictures of the visitors and occupants that might prove of interest to readers—Herbert Hoover is just another "shot," a picture possibility.

What they think of the President as a President is nil. His attitude on the tariff, whether he thinks prohibition a success or Muscle Shoals a vote factory, leaves them cold. How he poses for the camera, whether he will pose and how often, determines their acceptance of him as among the great Presidents. By his willingness to give the boys a run for their money, to cross a leg and look pleasant, is he judged; and not all the reputed governing wisdom of a Solomon helps him with them if he doesn't come across.

International photo

A recent news snapshot of President Hoover.

P. & A. photo

The President arriving at the State, War, and Navy Building, where he had temporary offices during the repairing of his own after the White House fire.

P. & A. photo

At the Georgetown-Navy football game in 1929.

Plainly enough, the Hoovers don't like photographers, at least newspaper photographers. And with the passing of the Coolidges the entire atmosphere at Washington has changed. The cameramen got their first taste of the new order during the dog days between nomination and election. Hoover and Coolidge met at Superior, Wisconsin, and the cameras were dragged into action. The first shots were taken from a distance and then the boys moved in for better views. As they approached, Mr. Hoover was heard to mutter something under his breath. Coolidge, evidently enjoying the embarrassment of the man who was to succeed him, turned and asked in that clipped drawl of his:

"What's the matter, Herbert? Don't like close-ups, hey?" That was the first signal in the wind.

The next definite break came after the Hoovers entered the White House. Pictures were getting harder to obtain, but there was always one the Sunday gravures would use, an Easter Sunday snap of the President and his wife leaving church. Easter Sunday set the styles, and millions of women wanted to know what the first lady of the land had done about it. Mrs. Coolidge's "Coolidge blue" had given the dressmakers work for months copying her dress. She was what is known as a natural dresser; knew how to wear clothes, and had the photographers purring with satisfaction. Editors ate of the fat of the land. No Sunday supplement that did not have swell pictures of the gracious pair.

The battery of cameras lined up before the little Quaker meeting house where the Hoovers had gone to worship got nowhere. The word went out that the

P. & A. photos

Mr. Hoover fishing a stream on the estate of Jay Cooke, III, near Salladasburg, Pennsylvania. This picture was taken during his campaign for the Presidency.

A snapshot secured on his morning walk to work.

Hoovers desired no picture-taking on Sunday. The contrast between Hoover and Coolidge goes, of course, far beyond the camera attitude. Coolidge, for instance, always left the Executive office for lunch at one o'clock. Luncheon finished, he went upstairs and lay down until three, sleeping peacefully. Hoover never sleeps or rests during the day. And where Coolidge went for his stroll through the city streets he still kept in character. With Colonel Starling of the White House Secret Service walking beside him, the two kept up an animated conversation, Coolidge keenly observant of everything around him. Hoover walks alone. Head down, his guards trailing in the rear, the President walks along, avoiding people and seeing that he is avoided. Where Coolidge, perfectly at ease, walked at the head of some delegation, Hoover maneuvers so that someone else is in front of him.

Always he is nervous. He will never act. To smile for the camera is an impossible task. Where Coolidge, kidding the photographers, never laughing but making them laugh, would cut cake, dress in Indian garb, or eat pie, if the picture demanded it, Hoover will do nothing. Coolidge always decided for himself just what pictures he would pose for. No one was permitted to decide for him. These days, George Akerson, sometime managing editor of a mid-west newspaper, and now secretary to the President, decides for Hoover just what pictures are needed.

WHEN Chief Justice Taft died, President Hoover made arrangements to view the body as it lay in state in the Taft home. It was a big event, a great break for the photographers. In front of the Taft home, perched in trees and up light poles, the cameras waited. The Hoover car swept around a corner and pulled up in front of the Taft door. Another car shot up close behind it. From the second car a dozen Secret Service men poured in the direction of the amazed photographers, shooing them from their places and ordering them and their cameras out of sight. For the fifteen minutes it took to do this, the Hoovers sat in their car. When the last photographer had beaten his indignant retreat, the party entered the home.

In ordinary cases the photographers would not have allowed the Secret Service men or any others to send them away. But in this case, the White House photographers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Nothing else stops sunburn pain so *quickly!*

because Unguentine goes as deep as the burn

UNGUENTINE acts the instant you spread it on. Softly, soothingly, it banishes the fiery pain. Safe, natural healing begins.

Unguentine does far more than mere lotions and toilet creams which only reach the *outer* surface of the skin. Unguentine goes as deep as the burn—it *penetrates* right down to the inflamed tissues in the dermis, or inner layer of the skin.

Here it eases the inflammation—takes out the sting.

And, since it is *antiseptic*, it guards against the dangerous infection which any burn may develop.

8 out of 10 hospitals use Unguentine for burns. Sunburn is not different from any other burn—and should be treated in the same careful, scientific way.

Apply Unguentine liberally, and turn the raw red into a glorious, healthful tan. Only 50 cents for the long-lasting tube. At your druggist's. Use Unguentine for burns and scalds, too, and for cuts, scratches, insect bites, etc. Take it along with you on your vacation trips.

Unguentine

goes as deep as the burn

Norwich

epidermis, or upper skin

dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine goes.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PHOTOGRAPHERS
Cont'd from page 43

and the Secret Service men are friends. They all know each other and respect each other's jobs. Both were doing their job at the Taft home and no ill feeling came out of it.

And thus it is that the cameras get into politics, a spot they seldom want to be in.

The news photographers want spot news pictures which when taken must be rushed by fastest conveyance to their destinations. These cameramen believe, and it seems rightly, that they should get first crack at anything that turns up. The others, the sound and still movie cameras, can wait. When Secretary of State Stimson recently called on the President for the official ceremony of the signing of the London Naval Treaty, the news photographers got a surprise, even if they didn't get quick pictures. They were promptly told to go take a seat for themselves while the talkie-picture men recorded a well staged show. In the meantime the big daily papers waited impatiently for their pictures of the public event, and their first editions went to their readers without them.

Mrs. Hoover standing at the President's side as he faces the battery of news cameras at a dedication ceremony.

This wouldn't have hit so hard if the talkie men could have used their pictures in anything less than a week. Nothing would hurt them had they waited a few hours, let alone a few minutes. To the news cameramen, time meant everything. Some of them had airplanes waiting to take the still undeveloped negatives to their papers in far-off cities. But George Akerson, who is now rumored in Washington to be about to accept a position with a big movie firm, ruled that the movies should come first.

But if the news cameras are not wanted at national events, they are useful around the White House when the home delegations of Rotarians, Boy Scouts, Ladies of the Right, or Christian Endeavorers come a-calling with their congressmen. Then the call goes out for "Camera!" Snappy pictures are needed to show the folk back home.

But the photographers won't bite. One unfortunate individual is picked to cover the picture for the others while the rest of the ungodly go hunting for something worth while—for instance, some handsome moll of a slain bootlegger.

PERHAPS the photographers are wrong to resent the new treatment. But they wouldn't be human if they didn't. When the President first went to his fishing camp at Rapidan the boys clamored in vain for a picture of him assaulting a fish. It was always a good picture and had the human angle. It gave folks a thrill to see the greatest man in the land disporting himself as they did themselves.

All pictures were refused. The reasons given were that the President's fishing was his own business and it was done out of office hours. Fishing and churchgoing belonged to his private life. Which was fair enough, if not diplomatic.

The photographers reasoned among themselves. If it was a settled point that the President's private life was his own, they gathered that his public life was theirs to portray. Hundreds of celebrities called at the White House, and in them was subject matter for cameras. Again the boys were fooled. The celebrities began to call

P. & A. photo

The rest of the picture—a characteristic portrait of Mr. Hoover in more or less formal morning attire.

in the evening and as guests of the family, leaving the photographers back where they had started, in the daylight with the visitors from Podunk.

What happened to the photographers soon began to happen to the Washington correspondents.

Those boys, once utterly independent and able to interpret the Presidential mind for the benefit of their constituents, began to find themselves out of it. It was the custom, introduced by Harding, to have all the writers meet the President twice a week in conference and there submit a list of questions for him to answer.

If he answered them, well and good. If he didn't, nothing was to be said about them.

President Hoover went one better. Questions were discouraged. When he had information to impart, it was given out. When nothing important was to be said, the correspondents were given good day. No questions were asked at any time. So now the common routine is for the forty or fifty-odd writers to assemble in the White House anteroom, wait until an attendant or secretary claps his hands as a signal, then file in to where the President sits at his desk.

I attended one of these conferences and saw only a man infinitely tired of his task, a man who spoke in a low voice, looking at no one—spoke as one wishing these harriers of his rest would hurry and get out.

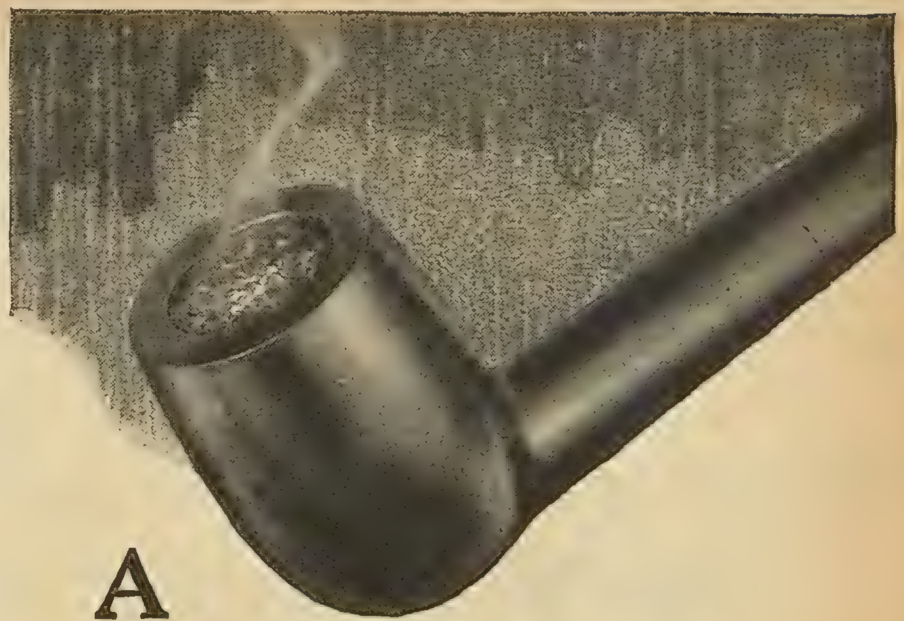
AS a consequence of this damming up of White House information the Washington correspondents, once a brilliant array, now number but few heavyweights. Second-string men generally cover the news. The big fellows are needed where real, live "stories" are breaking.

Under the Coolidge régime no favors were asked or given. Each photographer or correspondent was given an equal opportunity to get the news and to get it at the same time as the other fellows. Under Hoover favorites are the rule. On his fishing trips favorite writers are taken along. These generally—and naturally—are friendly to the administration. At Rapidan, a retreat from which photographers and correspondents are barred, Mark Sullivan, a Washington correspondent, is admitted as a guest. Over the radio William Hard, another correspondent, gives out news announced as unbiased. He began his unbiased announcement of the Senate's rejection of Judge Parker by calling the Senate something lower in intelligence than so many simians, or words to that effect.

The rest of the correspondents and photographers, gradually finding themselves out in the cold with no news to write save a rewrite of handouts, say they do not quarrel so much with the findings of the favorites as they do with these selective methods. They reason that political opposition on the parts of their papers does not exclude them from spot public news, and that where they are barred all should be barred.

Incidents such as the following make them sore. Invited once to the fishing camp at Rapidan, they hopped at the chance. After journeying some thirty miles over the mountain roads and getting past the marines on guard, they reached the camp. No one was in sight—that is, no one of any consequence. For hours they waited and finally departed. Only then, when they had

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



A pipeful of *good* tobacco is the real smoke!

FILL a pipe with good tobacco and you're ready for the real smoke. Today, tomorrow, all the rest of your life, you can enjoy and keep on enjoying good tobacco in a good pipe.

"How can I pick a good pipe, and how can I tell good tobacco?" you may ask if you're new to pipes. Who but you could answer? If you haven't found it yet, you'll know your own good pipe when you bite down on it. And if you are still looking for the tobacco that suits your taste, you'll know that when you try it.

Edgeworth may be the tobacco you're looking for. It has the distinctive Edgeworth flavor men like, the flavor that never changes; it is slow-burning, cool—it *will not* bite your tongue; and it is rich with the savor, fragrant with the aroma, of fine old burley blended just right. Edgeworth has been discovered by many a man who tried till he found it, and it fills good pipes in many a land.

Why not try Edgeworth? You can buy it almost anywhere, but you needn't even buy your first several pipefuls. We are so sure Edgeworth is good that for nothing more than the coupon we'll send you a generous free packet to try. How's that for a fair offer? How is it, too, for confidence in Edgeworth?

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station. 207.1 meters, 1110 kilocycles. Corncob Pipe Club every Wednesday 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard time.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.
I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name__________

My street address__________

And town and state__________

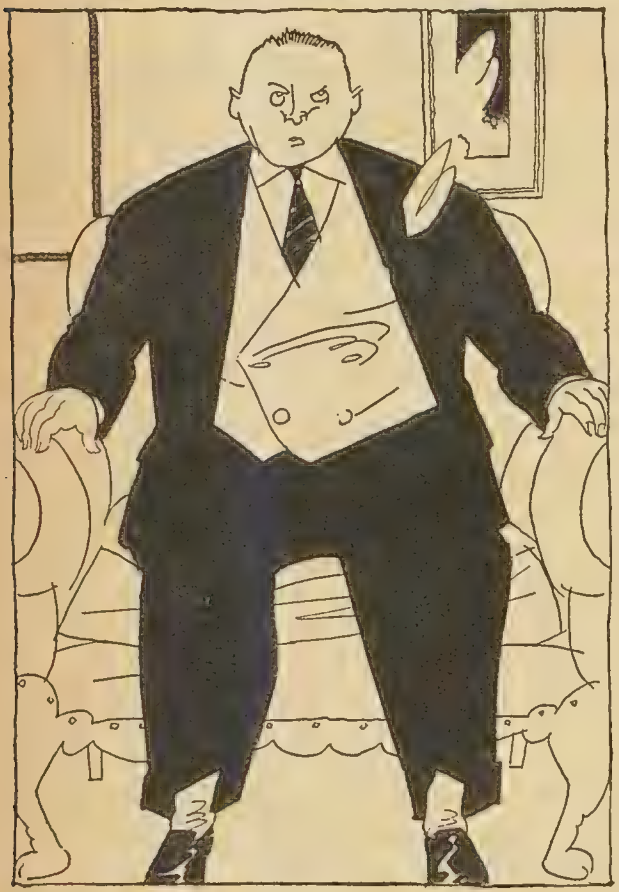
Now let the Edgeworth come! B-36

Too much dinner?

chew

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

for digestion!



IT'S only human to eat too much. So chew Beeman's, the Pepsin Gum, for your digestion!

Perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago, this delicious gum is still the favorite of people who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

Millions prefer Beeman's fresh, keen flavor, its satiny smoothness, and its mellow quality.

You'll prefer it, too! Try it today!

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PHOTOGRAPHERS
Continued from page forty-five

gone, did President Hoover emerge from his cabin.

The photographers got sore over the same treatment. Now the correspondents, dating their stuff from "The President's Fishing Camp, Rapidan, Va.," are actually stationed as far as thirty miles away.

So the boys grumble and growl, and in Washington, at least, the Hoover popularity wanes. The question among the photographers, "Who's on the knee today?"—meaning who is the favorite with Akerson—grows more anxious. It is small-time stuff, but these men write the news and photograph it for the rest of the country.

Coolidge could win the boys to his side by a simple gesture. Because it could not happen now, the following incident will be found amusing. Coolidge, wandering as was a habit of his through the White House, came across a mysterious button on the wall. He pressed it and walked immediately and quickly to his desk in the next room, bent over his papers, and waited to see what would happen. No sound had come to his ears from the pushing of the button, but within one minute every Secret Service man and White House guard had gathered in the room to find out what was up. One peeped in to see if the President was all right. Seeing him seated calmly at his desk, they counseled a while and departed.

As soon as the coast was clear, Coolidge pressed the bell again. Once more the guardians of his safety assembled and found him busy at his desk. The third time he did it, one man saw him. Quietly after that the wires were cut and the alarm, for such it was, was shifted to another room. The button was left as it had been. To this day Coolidge doesn't know why the Secret Service men refused to come when he again pushed that particular button.

As I say, nothing like that could happen today. Such things happened often with the Coolidges. Mrs. Coolidge was called by the photographers,—a sentimental bunch, even if tough—their sweetheart. Not one of them but would have gone through fire and flood for her.

Roosevelt had keen news sense and applied it. Newspaper men and photographers respected him. Coolidge had news sense, and he applied it. Both knew that when they had thrown themselves into politics, they had thrown away their right to privacy. That is the American demand. As a nation we insist on knowing all about the men and women we elect to do things for us.

Roosevelt was powerful enough to twist his publicity to his own advantage. Coolidge was shrewd enough. Hoover seems for all the world like a professor who has been left holding a very wet baby in his arms. Not knowing what to do with publicity, or believing that doing nothing is the best thing, he squirms under its embarrassing presence.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—From limit to limit.
2—Old Curiosity Shop (Dickens).
3—An ostrichlike bird of Australia and New Guinea.
4—In the Pacific Ocean west of Ecuador.
5—The aborigines of New Zealand.
6—Thirty-two degrees.
7—Eight.
8—Noncommissioned officers in the navy.
9—The fashionable world.
10—A treatise describing the drugs, preparations, etc., used in medicine.
11—Sewerage is the systematic removal and disposal of sewage.
12—On the island of Nevis, West Indies.
13—Bill of Rights.
14—Morbid dread of fire.
15—Increase of property value without effort of the owner.
16—One after or behind another.
17—Moderately slow but distinct and flowing.
18—Sculpture.
19—Genesis.
20—Fathom.

Sunday Driver

A Short Short Story

By

KARL W. DETZER

a Hoosier born, who now lives in northern Michigan. Before going in for fiction he was reporter, photographer, soldier, detective, advertising writer, and sales promotion manager. His favorite sport, he says, is "rolling to action with city fire departments."

SPEED cops had no place in Marie Tull's conception of heaven. She liked to picture the Elysian fields bisected by a straight, smooth highway, without grades or crossroads, the sky the limit on miles per hour, and the celestial gates down on Sunday drivers.

Particularly red-headed Sunday drivers. More specifically a certain red-headed Sunday driver named Jim, who had big, capable arms and humorous eyes, and who drove with the top down.

Of course, she drove Sundays—and every other day, for that matter—Sundays for fun, other days on her job checking news-stand circulation for a morning paper. Her car was not expensive. But it had pep and pick-up—three times had earned a ticket for clocking sixty. And one of those times this Jim person had been to blame.

It was the first bright morning in May and Sunday drivers were out in crawling swarms, riding at twenty miles an hour. Why they should pick the river road!

It was straight, smooth, white concrete. She was burning the breeze when this other car pulled out toward the center just ahead of her. The driver was a red-headed man. He was crawling. Doing a stupid thirty.

She sounded off. His left hand signaled a halt. She sounded again commandingly, and swung wider. He eased in front of her. She twisted her wheel and stepped on the brake. Tires skidded. Her car lunged across the road, back, across again, and brought up with a crash against the guard rail.

And a speed cop climbed off his motorcycle, notebook in hand. The other car had stopped. Its red-headed driver was walking back. Grinning.

"Where's the fire?" he demanded.

The officer seemed to know him. "Hello, Jim," he said. That's how she knew his name. "You a witness?"

"Hardly," he answered.

"What were you making, young woman?" the officer asked.

She did not answer at once, merely glared at this Jim.

"I WAS watching the road, not the speedometer," she said.

"You were hitting sixty," the speed cop accused.

"At least sixty," this Jim agreed.

"It was his fault," she complained. "He's one of these Sunday drivers!"

"Him?" the officer scoffed.

"If he can't drive, he better walk!"

"I had to swing out," Jim said. "Kid on a bicycle in front. I signaled her."

"Your name, miss?" the cop demanded. Jim leaned forward expectantly.

"Go back to your hearse," she told him angrily. "You're holding up the funeral."

"Cut the wise-cracking," the speed cop bade. "I'll give you a ticket and go call a tow car."

And that's how she met Jim.

She saw him often after that. On alternate Sundays. Always on the river road. Always driving slowly.

"He's scared," she decided. "Holds up the parade 'cause he's scared. Worse than a Sunday driver. An every-other-Sunday!"

The first time she passed him he leaned out and, smiling, glanced at her fenders, which had been pounded back into shape. The smile angered her, of course, and she stepped on the gas. She pretended not to see him. After that he waved his hand whenever they passed. She answered after the first dozen times. Why not? Poor stupid stick! It was a shame a good-looking man should be so slow. No pep. Didn't drive enough to know how.

Then one Sunday she blew a tire on the river road. She was down on her knees when he drew up behind her.

"Help you?" he asked.

Her small teeth bit together. "I can get along."

"Give me that wrench," he bade.

"You don't know anything about a car," she said.

"I can teach *you!*"

"Have to be by correspondence course," she retorted. And when the spare was on: "Better get along," she said in place of thanks. "Winter's coming."

He blew her a kiss, charmingly, as he climbed into his seat. She turned her slim back. It was a crime for a Sunday driver to have such brown eyes.

THE next day, a rainy Monday, she started downtown from the office with circulation forms.

A street car annoyed her at Harrison and Halsted. The green light just ahead would switch to red in ten seconds. She found an open space, accelerated, and squeezed through. The light was turning—she made a dash for it.

A policeman ran toward her. She heard men and women scream; saw the hook-and-ladder truck, its brass bell rocking, wheels spinning, bearing down upon her.

She jammed on her brake. The pavement was wet. Her car skidded and the truck rushed on. She yanked open the door, ready to leap. Her eyes were shut in terror. She could not see the crash, could not feel it, only hear it—the tremendous crash of steel against steel.

Funny she felt no pain.

She opened her eyes. She was unhurt. So was her car. But the ladder truck sprawled on its side.

Firemen were crawling out of it. Only the driver behind his wheel lay still. He had red hair.

She leaped toward him. "Jim!" she cried. "Jim!"

A policeman tried to hold her back. She broke through. Jim opened his eyes. "You?" He moved his head cautiously. Then grinned. "Buggy riding?" he asked.

Marie swallowed hard. "You can drive—*that* thing?"

"Faster'n hell!" the policeman growled. "Best driver in town. Who're you?"

"Wasn't her fault," Jim said. "She's just a Sunday driver."

"She better walk next time," the policeman snapped. "You made him upset, miss, trying to dodge you."

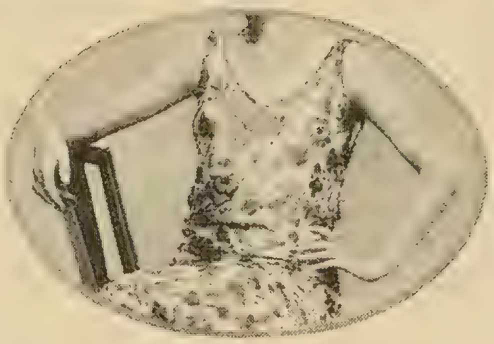
Jim laughed. He was crawling out slowly. She bent down. His right arm hung limp. Before them all he kissed her.

"My girl, officer," he said.

THE END

ARMS UP!

By
EILEEN BOURNE



A BARE arm should have consideration for its audience, enough consideration, at least, to inspire control of surface features that are controllable, such as skin texture, color, elbow cuticle, and silhouette.

The underlying form of the arm, usually consistent with the general size and stature of its owner, cannot be altered. But awkward arms may become graceful, fat arms may be slenderized, and scrawny ones need not be an eyesore; the complexion of the skin surface may be appreciably refined, both as to color and texture.

In these sleeveless-frock days, if we see many shapeless, scrawny, heavy-skinned, coarse-grained, red or discolored arms with elbows to match, it is because women do not realize that the arm invites as much attention as the face. Arm beauty is not discussed as freely as facial, silhouette, hair, or ankle beauty. Rather, it *was* not discussed—until the present well established good-looks era demanded the best possible returns on every physical feature.

Anyway, an attractive arm is a lovely asset—one distinctly worth subscribing a reasonable amount of time, care, and attention to developing. A solace for those who dismiss their arms with the thought that nothing can be done about them is the fact that ideally formed arms are comparatively rare. Ideal faces and ideal forms are not so common, either; yet see what modern woman has done for both face and figure. She can do as much for the complexion and shapeliness of her arms.

SHE can build up or tear down fatty tissue. She can massage and exercise arms so that the flesh will be firm and shapely. With little difficulty she can remove from them superfluous hair and freckle blemishes. Elbows need never be disfigured by grime and hardened cuticle. Heated olive oil may be rubbed on vigorously and bleaches may be used to whiten the elbow skin.

Tennis, golf, rowing, and swimming, or active exercises at home, may be employed to round or slenderize, as needed; also to restore to the arm surface the skin clarity that follows improved circulation. Showers, with vigorous rubs of the arm surface, tone and refine the skin texture. Proper massage may be of great help in reshaping arms.

If we insist upon wearing arms openly, they should be above reproach.

EILEEN BOURNE has written for Liberty readers an entirely new 64-page Book of Beauty that will prove of invaluable aid to those who would always look their best. Miss Bourne's new book (not a reprint of her previous one), smartly illustrated and attractively printed, contains up-to-the-minute advice on Make-up, the Skin, Posture, and many other factors of charm. The price is 10 cents. Fill out the coupon and send for your copy today.

If you have a question on beauty or hygiene that you would like Miss Bourne to answer personally, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope and mail your queries to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Liberty's New Book of Beauty,
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's New Book of Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name..
(Please print or write plainly in ink)
Street and No. ....
City.............................. State.................... 205

Marianthe Once Again

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

NOBODY knew why the president of Sandy's company had chosen July for the truck dealers' convention, or why he picked on that particular mid-west town. The place was as hot as a village on the equator and the only diversion was a blotchy golf links browned to a crisp.

The soft streets felt like chewing gum and people carried around cardboard box covers to use as fans.

"I'm having the grandest time," the president's wife was telling Sandy in the lobby of the hotel. "I met a Mrs. Swim from Bangor, Maine, who used to know my aunt in Texas. What a small place this country is! That's the advantage of conventions. You meet people from all over and exchange opinions." And she bustled off before Sandy could exchange any.

The convention had made a raid on that hotel. One corridor had been changed into a dormitory for men who'd left their wives at home. Sandy's room was Cot Number Eight and the mattress was as comfortable as croquet balls. When the convention broke up Saturday noon he decided to stay over Sunday to get rested.

He hired a room with hopes of cooling off. It turned out to be an oven. This was a terrible town and by five o'clock he decided to clear out. He had business upstate; perhaps the wind blew cooler up there.

"Better or worse?" he asked himself two hours later as a taxi rolled him over a cobbled street.

He looked around. They were in front of a theater. The framed posters announced PERSIAN DAISIES and the lights blazed in one name—MARIANTHE!

"Marianthe?" Sandy gasped. And then he directed over the driver's shoulder, "Stop an' wait!"

He hopped out and nearly bowled over a woman on the sidewalk. He handed five dollars to the girl in the box office.

She blinked her eyes coyly. "One single in the back row," she told him.

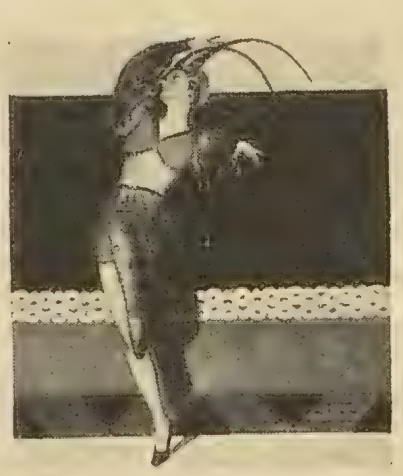
"Nothing nearer?" he asked. "I'm deaf."

"*One in the front row!*" she yelled.

"Okay," he grinned.

It was in the front row, next to the drums, and Sandy discovered he was far from deaf.

"They say this Marianthe was all the rage in New York," a man whispered behind him. "She played in Snappy Macaroons and then she got the lead in Persian Daisies. She's a genuwine Greek dancer and doesn't wear a tunic. They say she's studying elocution to get into the talkies—"



This week's cover picture.

What did these hayseeds know about Marianthe Demetropolos, anyway? Didn't she used to stenog for *him* and didn't *he* give her two hundred dollars to learn to dance? Wasn't *he* responsible for her fame?

Persian Daisies! There they were, dozens of them, dressed in petals and singing as they picked them off.

Then a long, graceful leg in black lace appeared at the wings, the orchestra swept into an Oriental rhapsody, and the audience caught its breath. Marianthe, gorgeous, shocking, whirled upon the stage!

(Next week's cover adventure: Behind the Scenes)

Well, Folks, We're Still Offering

$500 a Week for Limericks

in five big cash prizes, as specified below

Just provide the missing line, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in a lot of last lines, if you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

Here are THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of June 21. The Limerick read as follows:

Said Grace, "My vacation this year
Will be kinda funny, I fear.
I'm all in a daze
With this Limerick craze—

……………………………………………

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"Just a game bird gone cuckoo, my dear."
Written by Esther S. Sesonske
20 Emerson Place, Watertown, New York

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"I'm a Liberty belle—cracked and queer."
Written by Jean Allen
R. D. 2, Duncannon, Pennsylvania

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"Instead of light rhymes 'twill be bier."
Written by Betty Thomas
3935 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"Off my nut, in a trance, out o' gear."
Written by G. W. Newland
805 North Twenty-fifth Street, St. Joseph, Missouri

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"What I think, when I think, ain't quite clear."
Written by E. N. Henly
935 Goodrich Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota

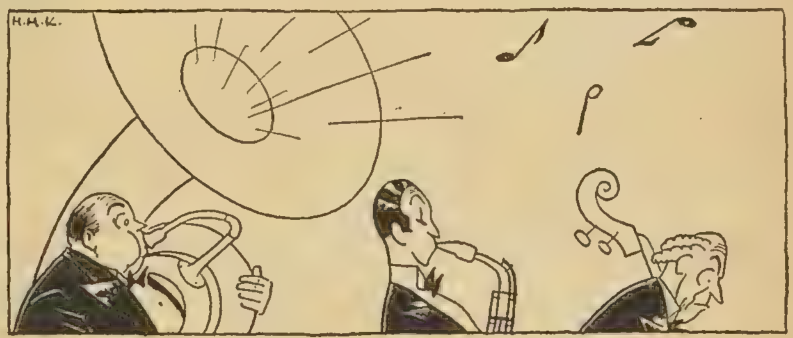
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



When the orchestra started to play
A girl in the crowd shouted "Hey!
As sure as you're born
That guy with the horn

……………………………………………
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, July 19. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

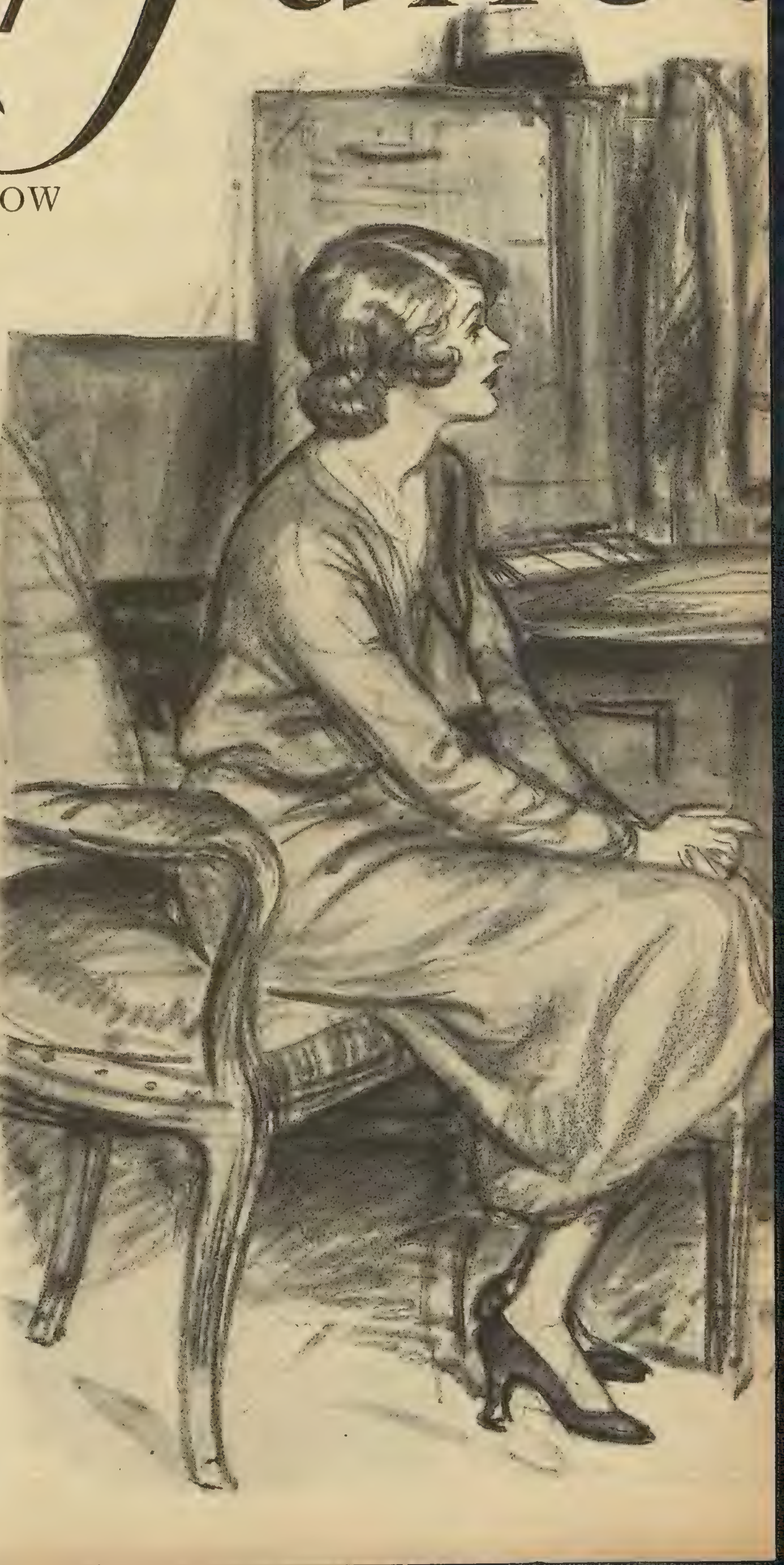
ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

Still Another Juliet

By

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by A. D. FULLER



What Has Gone Before:

IN the lovely eyes of Juliet Rogers the world became an enchanted place. She was a stenographer in the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency. The other girls in the office had called her "Sleeping Beauty waiting for Mr. Right." And now Mr. Right had come! Keith Morris, tall and handsome, a new member of the copy department, had looked at her as if she were a human being. Thereafter the office was a magical place and Juliet a dreamer of dreams.

The dreams came true—almost. There were little dinners, bus drives, seats at the theater. A proposal followed, and Keith and Juliet knew they would be married—some day.

Then Juliet met Keith's dependent mother. Mrs. Morris spoke coldly of girls who worked and declaimed against early marriages. This was bad, but Keith's visit to Glen Hill, on Long Island, where Juliet lived with her people, was even worse. True, he and Juliet's dad got on well. Thelma, Juliet's sister, seemed to approve, and Steve Gill, Thelma's young man, was his natural, cocksure self, but mama was horribly rude. Keith, her questions brought to light, was Minnie Streeter's son! Back in Missouri, Minnie Streeter had been mama's detested girlhood rival. Mama never wanted to lay eyes on Keith again.

And romance had still another blow to bear. Mr. Rogers, dear, understanding dad, stumbled in the street before an oncoming motor car—and paid with his life. Mama was crushed. Before she could really lift her bowed head Steve got a job in Baltimore and Thelma eloped with him.

Now Juliet had all the burden and the awful, frightened feeling of being very poor. Keith was devoted and "J. D.," the "big boss," sympathetic and nice about small raises. But the additional money got sucked into expenses.

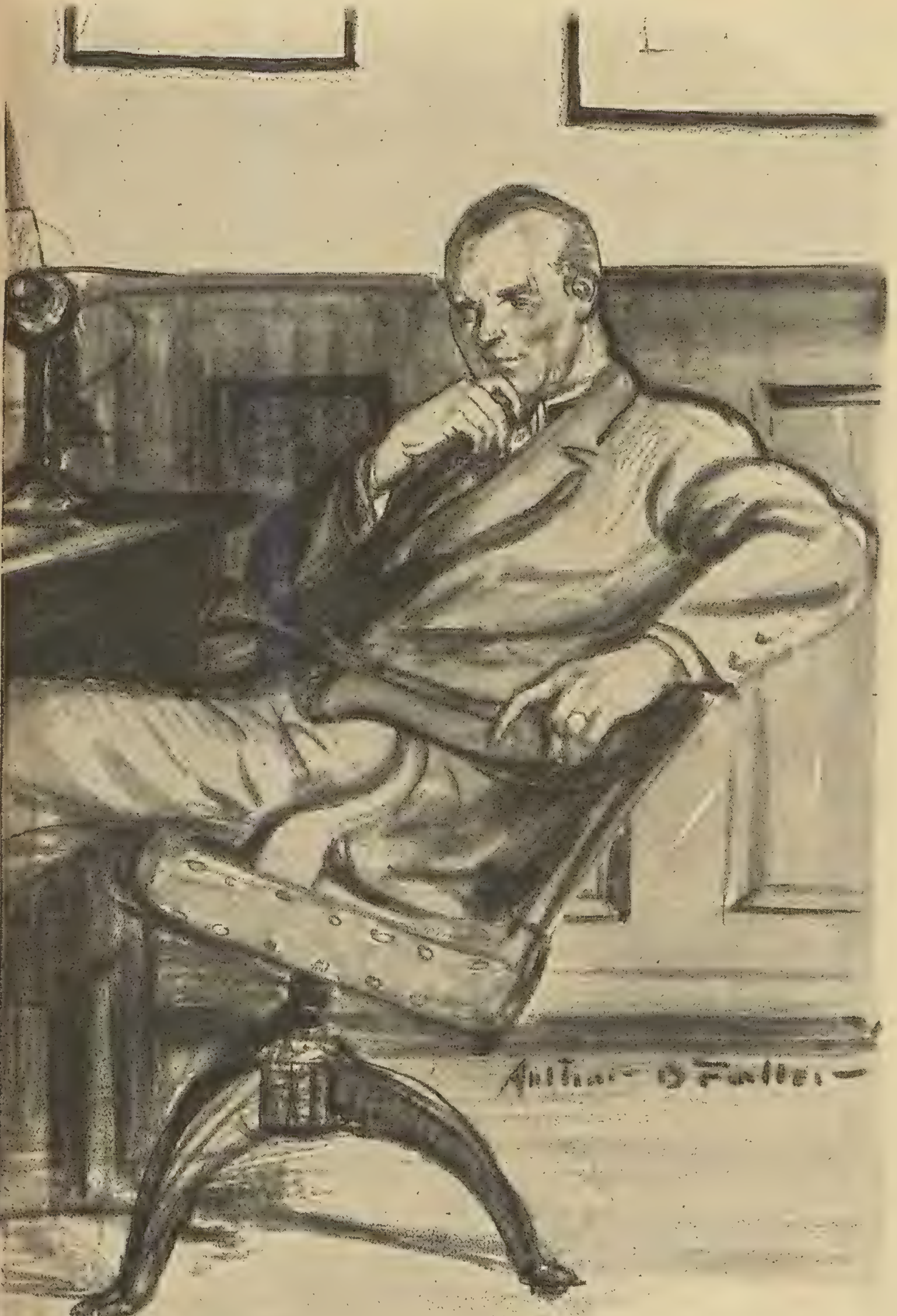
Then Juliet was summoned to J. D.'s office. Would it mean a raise—or getting fired? Now go on with the story.

PART FOUR—THE TEMPTATION OF RICHES

JULIET peeped into her vanity, powdered her nose, smoothed her red-gold hair. She hoped she looked all right. J. D. didn't send for her very often. Anything might happen! She knocked timidly on J. D.'s door. There was a gruff "Come in."

"How do you do, young lady?" said J. D., and made half a motion to rise. "Sit down,

A Love Story of Today in America



"Well," he said, "would you like to have dinner with me? I don't want to force you, you know."

won't you," he said gently enough, then. He pointed to a big chair on the other side of his desk.

Juliet hoped that he hadn't noticed that she was trembling.

"Miss Little said you wanted to see me," she said.

"Yes, I did." J. D. paused. "I—that is —this is rather an unusual thing for a young lady to get called into an office about. I've been noticing you around here lately. I—I hope you'll forgive the unusualness of this request."

He paused. Juliet noticed that his words elided a little. He was as much embarrassed as she was.

"The thing is—well, I thought I would like to get acquainted with some of the young ladies in my office. To talk to them out of office hours concerning the work here, I mean. A feminine reaction, you know."

Juliet nodded, though she didn't quite understand what he was talking about.

"So I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving in to the whim of an old man. I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind going to dinner with me."

JULIET gasped just a little. She knew he didn't think of himself as an old man at all. He wasn't actually old, at that. Not more than fifty, perhaps. But when you're twenty-two anything over thirty seems middle-aged. And J. D. seemed to Juliet to have reached the place where years had ceased to count at all. Not that he wasn't well preserved. Indeed he was! But, in spite of exercise, he was just a bit paunchy. And under his chin there was fat—and wrinkles where the skin was no longer taut. And under his eyes, if you noticed closely, you could see, in spite of frequent massage, that bags were beginning to form.

The little wrinkles on each side of his eyes were from smiling. J. D. had a hearty smile, almost a grin, which began and ended suddenly. His hair was thin and graying, but he was not bald. And golf and winter trips and care had given him a sunburned, hearty look. He had a manner which might have been called hearty, too. An air of being always successful and knowing what to do.

And yet sometimes he hesitated just a little. He was the sort of man you wouldn't quite be able to place if you saw him in a bathing suit. But dressed in correctly tailored clothes, the materials of his suits always smooth, excepting his sport clothes, which were of the shaggiest tweeds, and cut so well they seemed just a little small, you could place him at once. A successful business man.

"Well," he said, "would you like to have dinner with me? How does that strike you? I don't want to force you, you know. It isn't a part of your routine job. You didn't contract to have dinner with the boss when you came here to work. I understand that."

Of course Juliet knew she'd go. She couldn't very well refuse. After all, he was the boss. And she knew he wasn't the type that got fresh.

"I'd—like very much to have dinner with you," she said.

"How about Wednesday at seven?" asked J. D. "And we might go to the theater afterward, if you like. Where would it be convenient for you to meet me?"

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STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-one

Juliet didn't know just where to suggest. She hesitated, feeling embarrassed, and then mentioned a hotel lobby where she sometimes met Keith. She wondered where J. D. usually met people. She couldn't suggest the Public Library or the drug store very well, though that's where she and Keith usually met. Somehow, she couldn't imagine J. D. waiting there.

Later she thought about his invitation. Going out to dinner with J. D.! What would the girls say to that? They had teased her about J. D. until she met Keith. He frequently stopped to have a word with her at her desk when it wasn't necessary. And asking her to go to dinner with him this way—and pretending it was business! She knew very well it wasn't business at all.

She told Keith about the invitation that evening. They both agreed that going to dinner with J. D. was the only sensible thing, the only possible thing to do.

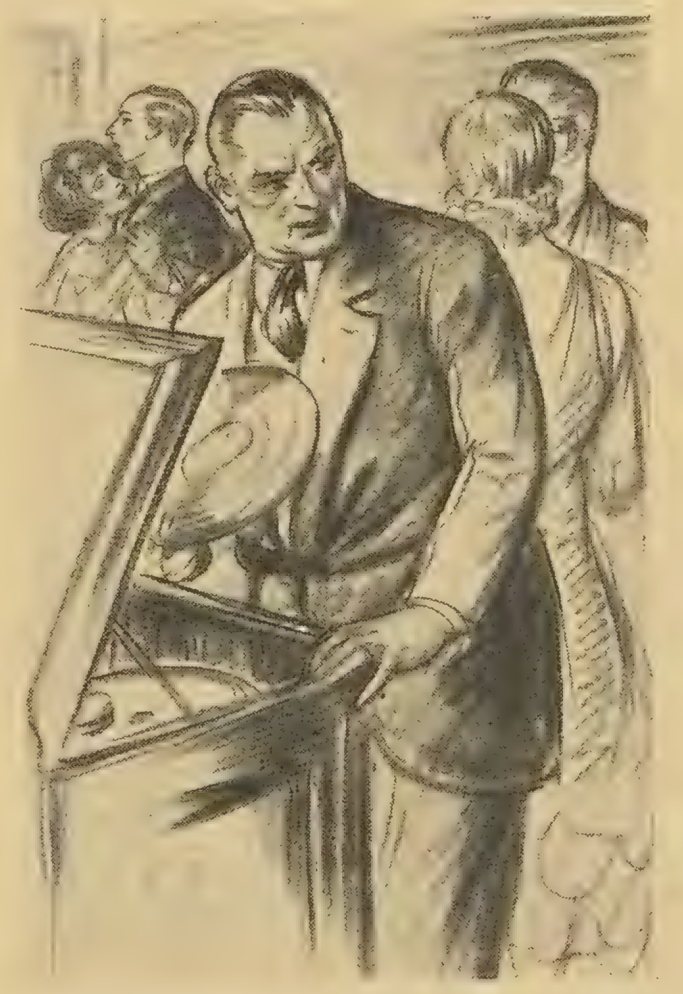
“Though I'll hate him every minute of the time you're with him,” Keith admitted.

“You won't have to,” said Juliet, “unless it's because you'll be able to visualize how indifferent—and probably bored—I'll be.”

She wore her best dress to the office, a dark blue satin with a circular skirt and big, loose sleeves. It was rather shabby. Her hat was new but cheap. It was large and flat. Juliet thought it was quite smart.

In the ladies' room she made up carefully. She might as well look nice, even for J. D. She looked at herself critically in the mirror, had a sort of “coming to herself.” She wondered if she had changed since she had known Keith. She weighed a couple of pounds more, she knew, but she was still underweight according to the charts of the weighing machines. She felt that she didn't look quite the way she had looked before. Maybe it was because of Keith. She no longer had a searching look. Before she met Keith every man had been someone to look at appraisingly. Every day there had been a sort of search, a curiosity. Now no other man seemed to exist at all. Even J. D. He was in no sense a rival to Keith. Going to dinner with him was just something you had to do.

When she reached the mezzanine floor of the hotel, J. D. rose to meet her. For some reason he looked shorter and fatter than he had in the office. A little less brisk, a shade less important. Perhaps it was because Keith always loomed so large when she saw him waiting. J. D. was just a little taller than she, which was short for a man. Keith towered so far above her.



He seemed amused and just a bit jealous over the attention she was getting.

“WELL, this is fine!” J. D. said. “I like girls that are on time. Shall we eat here? Or would you rather go to the Plaza? Or a little club I belong to?”

Juliet preferred the Plaza. She had never eaten there. She didn't know what to say. She was glad when J. D. decided on the Plaza himself.

They took a taxi.

“I've my car uptown, in a garage near the bridge,” said J. D. “I don't bother with a chauffeur in town. We'll pick it up on the way home.”

Juliet sat stiffly in her corner of the taxi and J. D. sat stiffly in his. Funny. With Keith, every time they could afford to take a taxi, the inside was like their own little house and they sat closely snuggled together, her hand in his, his arm around her, one minute after the taxi started.

J. D. talked pleasantly about nothing at all.

“You can't depend on New York weather two days at a time, can you? Here it is the end of September, and warm.” He was hoping to get over to Europe in a month or two, before Christmas, perhaps, if he could arrange things in the office. It would be nice there, if he struck hotels run for Americans—with steam heat.

They were at the Plaza.

Juliet had walked through the lobby a couple of times, just to see what it was like. She and Keith had to pick out inexpensive places. The few men who had been able to afford good places had picked out other restaurants when they had taken her out. Usually they had preferred lively restaurants with “floor shows” or jazz orchestras.

The Plaza was nice, peaceful, and—well, sort of correct and elegant. Grand-looking people eating there.

J. D. ordered dinner. Juliet was glad he did, for she would not have known what to choose. It was a nice dinner. She liked the way the food tasted. A thin soup first. And then an awfully good dish with ham and breast of chicken on top. Juliet knew Keith would like that. If Keith were only with them, what a good time they could be having!

THEY talked about the office. The advertising accounts, mostly. You couldn't talk to J. D. about office gossip, things like that. The Fredrickson Agency had just got the big new Mercury car account. He hoped that whoever handled the copy would do something big with it. It was a good account—a good car.

“Cars won't change in the future the way they have in the past,” said J. D. oracularly. “The big changes in automobiles have already been made. They'll refine them a little, but that's all. The 1924 models they are beginning to bring out are about the last word. Ford will keep on making that same little car forever, and you can't blame him. He's struck a gold mine, would be foolish to change. And the big cars have about reached their limit in development, too. The new models this year are good, don't you think?”

Juliet thought they were.

“I'm buying a Mercury myself. It will be delivered out to the house next week. I live in Locust Gardens. You know where that is?”

“Yes,” said Juliet. “I live on Long Island—Glen Hill. I pass the Locust Gardens station every day.”

“Oh, you do! I've lived there for five years now. We moved in soon after the Gardens were built. My sister and her family have a house right next door. Colonial. You like Colonial houses?”

Juliet knew that J. D. was a widower who moved in one of the little select sets that dot the Long Island suburbs. She didn't know much else about him.

They went to see Edith Day in Wildflower. Juliet enjoyed it, though she didn't like being there without Keith. She knew how much he would have enjoyed the music and the dancing. Keith was going to stay at home and read The Bright Shawl. She wondered if he were enjoying it. If she and Keith only had money, could sit in seats like these!

After the show they took a taxi to the garage where Fredrickson kept his car. This struck Juliet as especially sporty—taking a taxi to get your own car. She enjoyed the drive home. New York looked so lovely at night, when you glanced back at it as you crossed the Queensboro Bridge.

It was nice, driving home like this after the show. The air was warm. J. D. was a good driver. They purred along Queens Boulevard out past Locust Gardens and the other new “garden suburbs,” dark now, with lights in less than half of the windows. How nice, not to have to wait for a train at Pennsylvania Station!

She wished the house looked nicer as they drove up to it. She hoped the car didn't wake mama. She told J. D. good night, didn't ask him to come in.

Mama was still awake, eager. She came into Juliet's room. Juliet was amazed how excited mama was. Had she had a good time? Where did she go? What did Mr. Fredrickson say?

Juliet tried to be patient. Mama didn't have much to be interested in.

"I'm awfully sleepy," she said finally. "I'll tell you in the morning."

Mama went away, pouting a little, but satisfied, too.

Juliet took her bath and got into bed. He really had been nice. He was tiresome, of course, but no more so than any other old man would have been. He had tried to talk about things that would entertain her. She knew he read a lot, that his opinions about books were good—much better and more matured than her own. She preferred Keith's crisp comments, even when they didn't spring from so excellent a background.

The next day at breakfast Juliet was surprised at the eagerness with which her mother greeted her. The talk at night hadn't nearly satisfied her. Why, mama showed more eagerness than she had shown about anything in weeks.

When Juliet had first told mama about having dinner with J. D., mama had changed. She was more like the alert, brisk little woman of years before than she had been since dad had died.

"It's wonderful," she said, now. "I'm glad you're coming to your senses, I can tell you. Going to dinner with the boss! Why, anything could happen! Be nice to him, Juliet. Let him see that you've been brought up well. Not like most girls that work in offices."

Did it mean so much to mama?

Now mama wanted to hear all about the dinner all over again. Where did they go? The Plaza? Wasn't that just wonderful! Wasn't that fine! Was it a good show? And then he drove her home! My, my!

What else had Mr. Fredrickson said? Had he said anything about another engagement? Did he seem really interested?

Juliet answered mama's questions. She was sorry mama was reading too much into the things she tried to explain. Mama brushed aside her explanations. She knew how much this meant to mama.

"IT certainly is good to see you being sensible," mama said. "Going with somebody like Mr. Fredrickson can help you. If you were married to a man like that, all our troubles would be over! I could have all the things I've always wanted. I wouldn't have to worry over the grocery bill all the time. This week the bill is something terrible. I don't know how I'll pay it. That woman next door, the one who looks like Minnie Streeter—well, she does to me—had an awful fight with the grocer while I was in there. I don't blame her for fighting, though I wouldn't fight with any grocer like that, right in front of people. The cheap stores around here! Cheap people, too! If we only had a little money, could live nicely—How glad your father would be that you had come to your senses! He always wanted his daughters to marry well."

Mama didn't say anything about the fact that Juliet had been dad's favorite, and that Thelma had always been the one mama thought would make an advantageous marriage.

Since Thelma was Mrs. Steven Gill and living in Baltimore, she never wrote to mama oftener than once a month. She never sent mama even the smallest thing. Mama didn't mention her frequently now. Juliet felt sorry for mama, the way she had to avoid talking about Thelma. Mama had always compared Juliet and Thelma, and the comparison had always been in Thelma's favor.

Juliet and Keith had dinner together the next evening, and sat in the little restaurant until the waiter piled the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now! Actually Get RID of *Arm and Leg Hair*

Utterly Without Fostering Bristly Re-growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but reappearance of hair slowed amazingly.

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms, hair-free as a child's.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

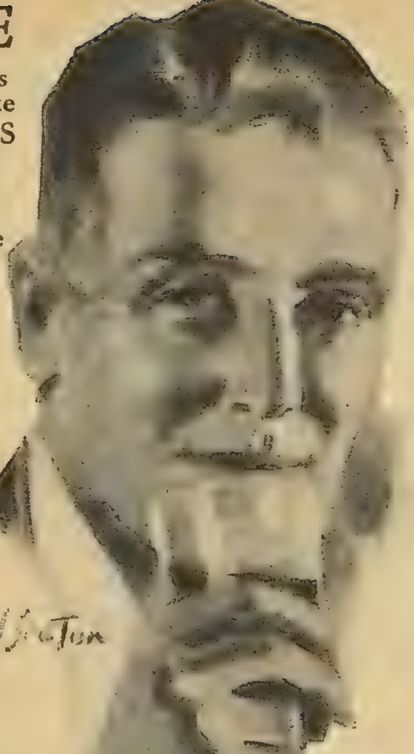
WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery. It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 251

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.



Learn why Hires Root Beer *is such a national favorite*

UNTIL you serve Hires Root Beer in your home, you and your family and friends can't appreciate all the reasons for its popularity.

Its distinctive flavor, its invigorating refreshment, its economy, its ease of making—all help to give Hires Root Beer its outstanding success.

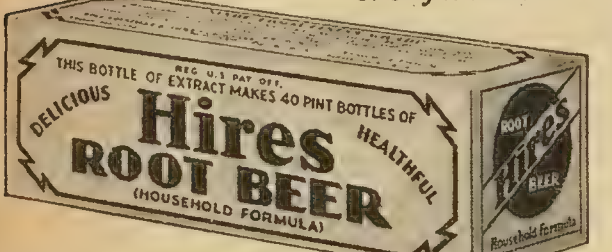
To prove its right to such popularity; to show you how easy and economical it is to make Hires Root Beer at home, we make this liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients—utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.



THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. [15-7-19-3]

Please send me free sample
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*Name*____________________________________

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*City*___________________*State*______________

Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-three]

empty tables and chairs as a slight indication that it was time to go. They dismissed J. D. after only a word or two and talked about themselves. They didn't say a great deal. It was such fun just being there and smiling across the table over nothing at all. And making plans—though the plans were vague now. Surely something would bring them together, when being together was all they wanted.

A week later J. D. asked Juliet to have dinner with him again. The second dinner was much like the first. They saw Little Jessie James. Juliet loved it, though it was Keith she wanted to be sitting next to. J. D. was a gentleman. There was no doubt about that. He never tried to "pull anything."

The girls at the office suspected that Juliet was "going out with the boss." They spoke about it in the ladies' room.

"My, you'd never think that that quiet one would be pulling anything," said Irene Little as she ran her comb through her very blonde hair. "Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, it wouldn't. And here she two-times the boy friend and tries to pull something with the boss. I told you she was after a millionaire. J. D. may not be a millionaire, but it is as close as that little girl will ever get."

Ethel Bunn, patting her plump cheeks, had something to say, too. Mrs. Bunn, because she had achieved a husband, had opinions that were of importance.

"It's always these quiet ones," she said. "You know, they say 'beautiful and dumb.' She's beautiful all right, but dumb my eye! She could teach us all, even me, a thing of two."

"I'd be glad enough to have her teach me," said Corinne Rigby, the new girl in the office. "Gee, I think she's swell. It must be wonderful to have a good-looking man like Mr. Morris and the boss both in love with you!"

MISS ROBERTSON was smoking her inevitable cigarette.

"It's jealousy, that's all," she said. "The girls here have always been jealous of Juliet Rogers. What wouldn't you girls do to get a chance at J. D. Fredrickson? J. D.'s cagy. You just watch! He isn't being caught, even by that pretty little redhead."

Even Miss Robertson didn't know everything.

Sunday afternoon, a week later, the bell rang. Juliet was getting ready to go for a walk with a girl who lived on the next street. Mama hadn't felt well, so Juliet had not made an engagement with Keith.

Juliet heard mama answer the bell. She heard mama talk with little twitters of excitement. Juliet looked out of the window. Fredrickson's car was at the curb. She hurried downstairs.

Mama was talking fast, in little flurries of words. She didn't need an introduction. Mama said little things to show how well she had lived when she was a girl—and when dad was alive. And how well Juliet had been raised. It had been hard since her husband died—and now the two of them alone! Juliet was such a good girl!

Then mama disappeared, came back with wine in little glasses and some cake that was pretty stale. Juliet knew that someone had given the wine to dad years before. It was dark and seemed to have little grains in it and it tasted flat and sour. Poor mama! This was so important to her!

Fredrickson invited them to go for a drive in the country. The chauffeur was with him, so J. D. and mama and Juliet could sit together. It was nice, driving in the country in October. If only one had money for pleasant things!

THEY stopped for supper at an inn and had fried chicken and a lovely fluffy dessert with wine in it. Juliet knew that mama was having a wonderful time.

After Fredrickson brought them home, mama wanted to talk about him. She wanted to talk about him all the days that followed. What a wonderful man! If Juliet—if only—

Fredrickson called Juliet into his office. She wasn't so frightened now.

"Could you spend the next week-end at Locust Gardens with my sister?" he asked her. "You don't know her, but I've been telling her about you. And I want you two to get acquainted. You'll like her, I know! She'll invite you herself, if you can come."

Juliet hesitated. She didn't like the idea of being Fredrickson's sister's guest for the week-end, but she didn't know how to refuse. She knew Fredrickson's method. If she said she was busy next week-end, he would make it the next or the next. She might as well go. She couldn't be with Keith, anyhow. He had to go to East Orange with his mother. Mama wouldn't mind being alone when she knew that Juliet was with Fredrickson. It did seem too bad mama didn't have more. Well, there wasn't anything else Juliet could do for her.

"I'll be glad to go," said Juliet.

The next morning Mrs. Rutherford telephoned to Juliet. She explained who she was. Her voice was pleasant, chatty, a bit affected.

"My brother has spoken so often of you," she said, "it would give us all the greatest pleasure if you could come."

She and Juliet discussed trains. And Juliet promised to be at the Locust Gardens station at four o'clock on Saturday.

She told Keith.

"It looks serious to me," he said. "I don't know what to advise you—I wish I did. If I were the perfect philanthropist I'd tell you to quit seeing this poor young copy writer and make a play for J. D. The way things are now, there's nothing I can offer you. Nothing in the world. I wish I could. We could keep on like this for years, you and I. I don't see any way out."

"There's bound to be a way out," said Juliet.

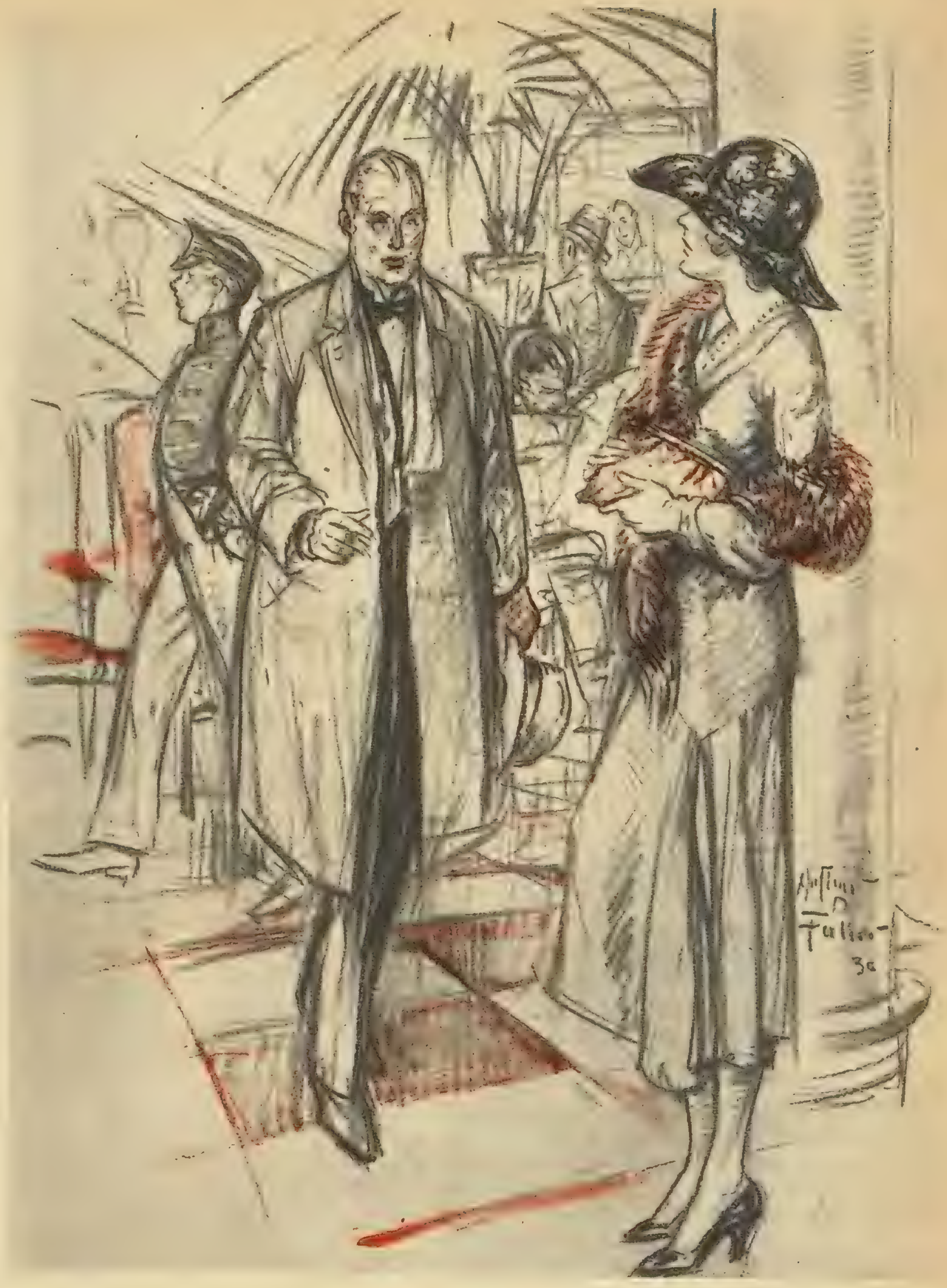
But she didn't see what it could possibly be.

Mama was as happy as Juliet knew she would be. With her old alertness, she scurried around, getting Juliet ready. She washed and mended Juliet's best lingerie. White embroidered cotton step-ins. And a pair of pink silk bloomers that Murphy had given Juliet last Christmas. A pink nightgown Juliet had had for a year and had never worn. She pressed Juliet's evening dress. It was green flowered georgette and had a big sash of pink and green. It was awfully pretty, mama thought. She had everything all ready, on Juliet's bed, when Juliet got home Saturday on her half holiday.

The new Mercury car was at the station waiting for Juliet. It was bright blue, just like the pictures the J. D. Fredrickson Agency was using in the advertisements: Ride as if You Were a Millionaire on a Moderate Income.

Mrs. Rutherford met Juliet at the door of her home. Juliet was glad to see her. She had been afraid she would feel embarrassed when she came in. Curiously enough, though she had rather planned not to, Juliet liked Mrs. Rutherford at once. She was not a young woman, but she gave the impression of youth. Her hair was quite gray, but her figure was slender and she had bright eyes and a nice, gay smile. Juliet could see that Mrs. Rutherford was a little surprised, too.

"I'm sorry my daughter isn't here to be with you," she said. "My daughter is only a little younger than you are. She's nineteen. She's a sophomore at Wellesley. My son is away at school, too. I'm awfully afraid you'll find this rather a quiet week-end."



When she reached the mezzanine floor of the hotel, J. D. rose to meet her.

"I'm sure I shan't," said Juliet. "It was awfully good of you to ask me. This is such a lovely home!"

Juliet really was enthusiastic about the house. It was the nicest house she had ever been in. In fact, it was like those she always enjoyed looking at in the magazines and had pointed out as her ideal house when she and Keith took walks together.

IT was built of white clapboard, broad and low, in farmhouse style, with a wing at each end. Juliet thought that the furniture was antique, though she didn't know much about furniture, and knew this wasn't the old, rickety kind you're afraid to sit on.

Juliet's room had a lovely four-poster bed, a tall chest of maple, and a little low rocker. The bed was covered with an old patchwork quilt, almost like the one mama had—but mama kept hers under the blue spread she was so proud of.

Downstairs the furniture was even nicer. There were low, comfortable chairs that you sank into. A big sofa was in front of the fireplace, and the cushions were big and gay and without any trimming at all—not like the little frilly changeable-silk ones Juliet and Thelma had made a couple of years ago and that were still on the sofa at home. The curtains were long, of printed linen in orange and brown. Juliet knew it was the loveliest house she had ever seen. A fire blazed in the fireplace—the fall air was cool—and the orange flowers made nice shadows on the tan walls.

Half an hour later some neighbors came in. They were well dressed, gay, careless women, Mrs. Rutherford's age or younger. Full of little neighborhood gossip, of sentences beginning "What do you think—" and "Billy told me this morning—" and "If you ask me I think it's really getting serious between Blythe and Jack—"

Still, they didn't make Juliet feel ill at ease or out of place. They included her, even while they didn't say things especially for her benefit. They talked of the theaters and styles. And the latest news stories. And their talk was light and pleasant—and nicer than any Juliet had ever heard.

A maid, in cap and apron, brought in the tea things. It was more like a play than reality, Juliet thought. She had never been where a maid brought in tea things before. That's what it was, of course: ACT I—A Long Island Country Home.

Oh, well, she could talk like these other women did. Say little things that meant nothing at all. She couldn't know that the other women were envying her slim youthfulness, her smooth skin, her burnished red-gold hair, nor that their curious looks were because they had heard from Mrs. Rutherford that she was "the girl J. D. is so much interested in." Well, she looked like a lady. That much they had to grant her. She talked like one, too. A pleasant voice. She didn't make gauche remarks—drank her tea nicely, too.

Juliet loved the sandwiches. Nice little rounds of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-five

bread with awfully good things on them—caviar and sardines and anchovies and funny little melted-cheese mixtures. And nice little round cakes, hot from the oven. Some day she'd have a quiet maid in a black uniform with a frilly white apron bring in tea things like this. She and—and Keith. But how could she and Keith have these things—when everything moved to give them nothing at all?

She wanted to do something to hurl these smug, comfortable women, who had everything, out of the way and take this pleasant household for her own. But the women, not knowing her thoughts, drank tea and ate innumerable sandwiches, even while they complained of what the sandwiches would do to their figures and talked rather vaguely of beginning to diet.

J. D. came in, accompanied by a fat, round, red-faced man whose name was Forest and a neat little fellow named Kounze, who was the husband of the dark, pretty woman in black. The maid brought in a big silver shaker of cocktails, and soon all but the Kounzes and Forest left and said, "We'll see you later at Jack's." And Juliet was suddenly aware that J. D. was "Jack" at home and that they were all going to his home after dinner.

It was all most informal and pleasant. The Kounzes were visiting the Rutherfords, too, it seemed. That is, they were dividing their time between the Rutherfords and the Elys. Mrs. Ely was the fat little woman in blue who had eaten more sandwiches than anyone else.

Everyone went up to dress.

Mrs. Rutherford came into Juliet's room.

"What kind of a dress are you going to wear?" she asked. "Then I can put on the same kind. We're awfully informal, so it doesn't matter. The women dress or not, just as they like. But you can't get a man to put on his dinner coat for a Saturday night neighborhood party, you know."

Juliet showed Mrs. Rutherford the flowered georgette.

"That's simply perfect!" said Mrs. Rutherford. "I'll put on one that will go nicely with it. And I wish I'd look half as well in mine!"

THEY were all in the living room again. Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. Kounze did look nice, but Juliet wasn't at all ashamed of her dress. No one seemed to bother much about clothes—not as much as the girls in the office when they gave parties.

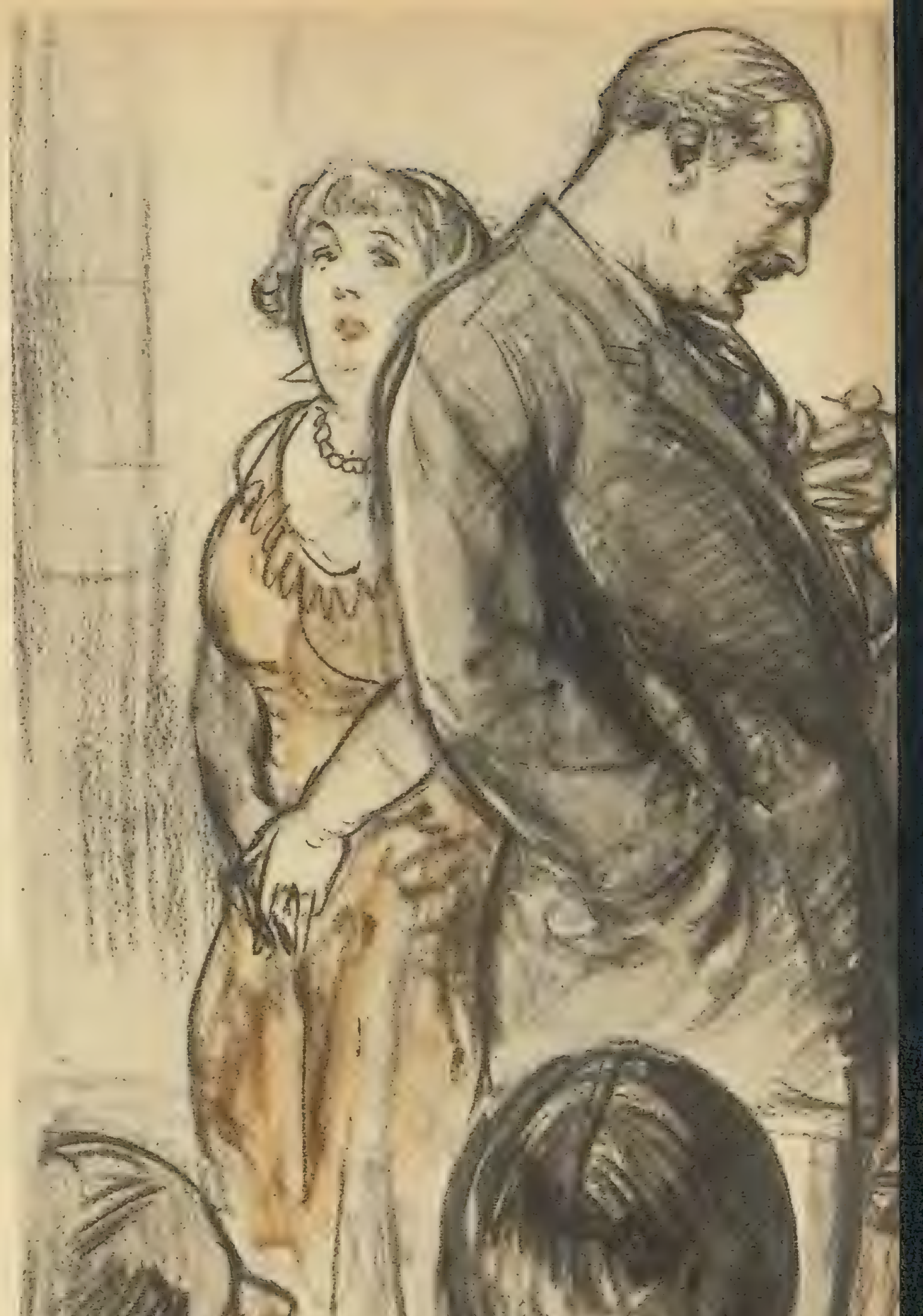
Mr. Rutherford proved to be a young-looking, slim man with very black hair and heavy eyebrows. He got home just before dinner was announced, and Juliet knew that they had been waiting for him, because there were more cocktails and then rather a pause just before he came in.

The dining room was attractive. There was a long table with a lovely embroidered cover, shining silver, and candles. Juliet wished mama could see the candles. Mama thought candles were silly. In the center of the table was a low, smooth, shining silver bowl of small yellow rosebuds, and the candles were just the color of the buds.

The dinner was awfully good and, sitting next to J. D., Juliet felt the peace and harmony of the household. They spoke of Janet and Junior, who were away at school. Of the country club and of golf. Of the things that go to make up a usual and pleasant suburban life. It was a life that Juliet had never had.

After dinner there was coffee in the sun room. Juliet liked the sun room, with its comfortable wicker and gay linen upholstery. And she admired Mrs. Rutherford as she poured from the slim silver pot. J. D. was pleasanter than he had been at the office or the other times she had seen him. And the little group accepted Juliet as one of themselves—a favorite and attractive younger sister.

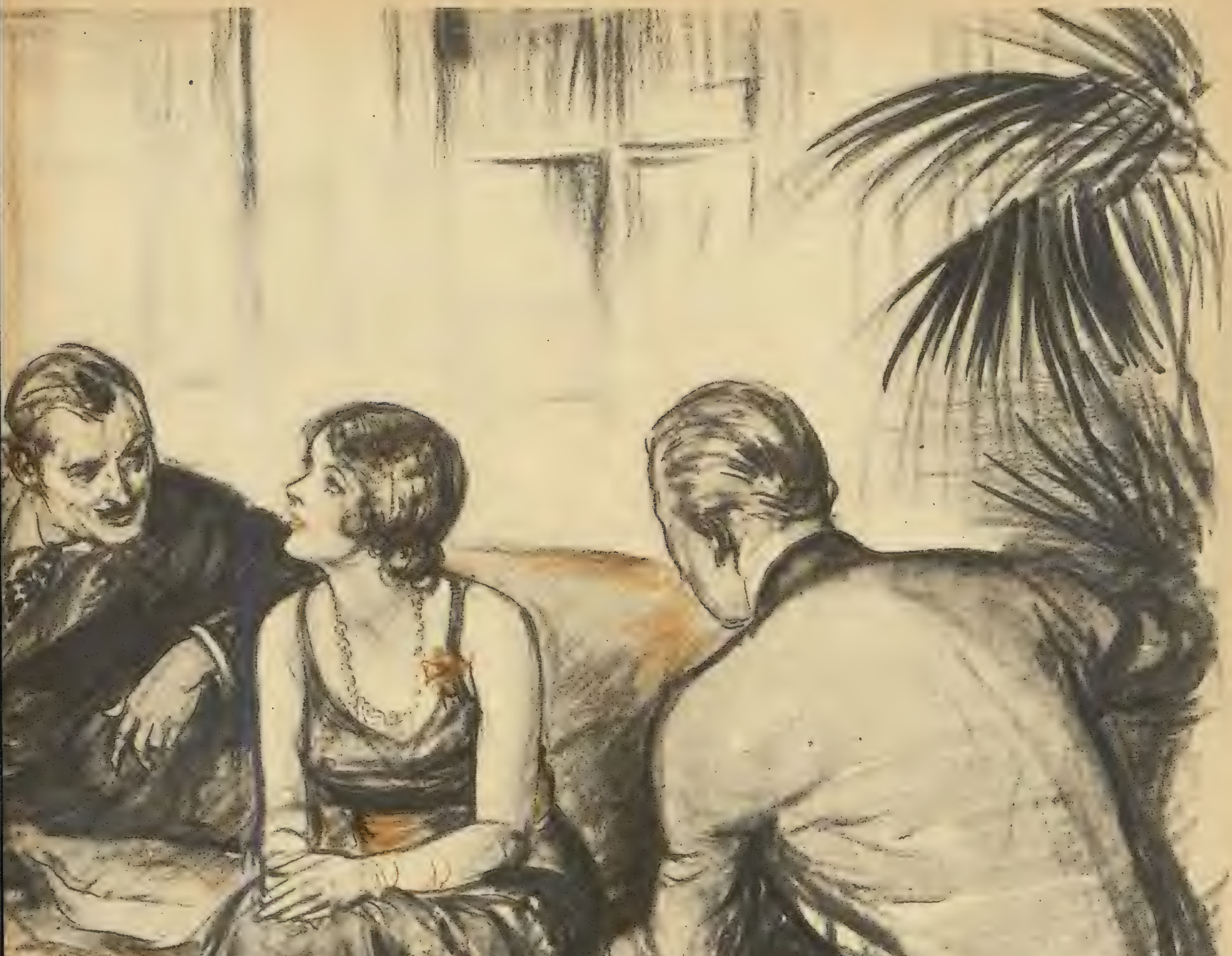
Juliet was surprised because she felt so much at home here. She had come because she didn't know how to escape, didn't know what else to do. She had thought that she would feel entirely out of place, that the whole thing would be a dreadful nightmare. She saw, now, that Mrs. Rutherford's dress was as much last year's model as hers was. That Mrs. Kounze, in black chiffon, was not the rather formal person she had appeared just at first, but an awfully jolly person who could tell the funniest kind of anecdotes. They talked of things she knew about, plays she had seen and new ones she wanted to see, the new Music Box Revue and The Swan, books she and Keith had read together. Keith! Keith!



Suddenly Juliet found that she w

Mrs. Rutherford stood up suddenly.

"It's time to go over to Jack's," she said. "The others will be along any minute!" She explained to Juliet:



pular, especially with the men. It wasn't just because she was J. D.'s guest, either.

"You see, Jack lives next door. On Saturday nights the crowd sort of visits around, and this is Jack's turn."

The Fredrickson home was quite as charming as the Rutherfords'. It, too, was Colonial, and though the red brick exterior was a trifle more formal, inside it was just as homelike. The walls were of cool green, the hangings of dull yellow satin, and most of the furniture was covered in a glazed chintz that made the room look like a stage setting to Juliet: ACT II—Another Long Island Home.

There were many etchings on the walls, and Juliet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-seven

gathered that J. D. was proud of his collection.

Guests arrived, hurried upstairs with their wraps, and down again in a nice flurry of excitement.

A Chinese boy in a white coat brought a tray of drinks, dark bottles, a bowl of ice, and a big platter of open sandwiches. Everyone drank and laughed and said they had just finished dinner—and ate sandwiches.

They listened to Fredrickson's radio. It was one of the new models with a separate loud-speaker, a giant horn, instead of ear phones, and there was a great deal of discussion about it. J. D. felt that the radio had reached its limit, couldn't develop much further. They all agreed that it was interesting, though—a wonderful experiment.

They abandoned the radio for the victrola. The best new records were I Love You and What Do You Do On Sunday? That was better! You could depend on a victrola.

Other guests came in before long. Half a dozen couples. Two very young couples, the girls as young as Juliet. One pretty little blonde was just a bride, Juliet gathered. The other couple lived only a block away. The girl's father manufactured Mercury cars. Evidently J. D. didn't mind mixing business and the Saturday evening entertainments.

They rolled up one of the big rugs and danced. Some of the guests preferred talking on the sun porch. There were all sorts of little intrigues, Juliet gathered. Mrs. Taylor, a pretty little thing with very black hair, was flirting outrageously, it seemed, with Mr. Ely.

The little blonde bride sang, and Forest played an accompaniment. Then, in a very deep and pleasant voice, he sang sailor chanteys.

The Chinese boy appeared at intervals with additional ice and bottles and more sandwiches, and cheeses too.

Groups gathered around the piano and sang That Old Gang of Mine and My Sweetie Went Away and Someone Else Walked Right In.

They danced again. Juliet was surprised to find how well J. D. danced. Curious, they had never danced before, when he had taken her to the theater. The others danced well, too.

SUDDENLY Juliet found that she was popular, especially with the men, though the women were nice to her, too. It wasn't just because she was J. D.'s guest, either. On the contrary, he seemed amused and just a bit jealous over the attention she was getting.

The most interesting men in the crowd asked to dance with her—and then suggested a drink and a talk in the sun room. They really were interesting, too. Not silly, like the boy friends of the girls in the office—or like Steve. Of course they weren't like Keith—but then, no one could be like Keith but Keith himself.

It was pleasant, though, having everyone nice to you, crowding around for dancing, flattering you, asking your opinion about things.

Funny, dancing with J. D.! When she danced with Keith she was conscious of him as a person. When he held her close, it seemed the most wonderful thing in the world. They moved as if they were alone in the world. Dancing with Fredrickson, she knew only that he was a better dancer than she had expected, but she was conscious of everyone else too, and for some reason dancing with him was almost without flavor.

After a dance with Fredrickson was finished, they stood talking, drinks in hand.

"Would you like to see the house?" he asked her.

She couldn't very well say she didn't want to see it.

They went up the broad stairs together. It was a lovely house. On the second floor there was an upstairs living room with open bookshelves and a fireplace and a porch over the sun room downstairs. Fredrickson's room was severe, mannish. Near it was another suite with a bedroom, a dressing room, and a bath.

"This was my wife's room," said Fredrickson. "I think I told you—she died three years ago."

He showed Juliet the guest rooms then, fresh with painted furniture and simple hangings. In a mauve guest room he paused.

"Miss Rogers—Juliet—there's something I'd like to ask you. Maybe you've guessed."

Juliet felt herself trembling just a little.

FREDRICKSON put his hand on her shoulder, drew it back again almost timidly.

"It's this. I'm an old man, I know, but I'm not too old, I hope, to make you very happy. Would you honor me by marrying me—and—letting me try?"

"I—I don't know what to say," said Juliet. "I mean, I really don't know what to tell you."

"Of course," said Fredrickson, "I don't want to hurry you. You're young—I don't want you to do anything without thinking it over. I would try to make you happy, dear."

He paused, again put his hand on Juliet's shoulder. She was aware and yet she did not shudder away. It was almost as if it were not there at all.

"I want you to take your time," he said. Then, "I want to try to make your mother happy, too. This is the room I had in mind for her. It's a nice corner room. I think she'd like it. She'd have her own bath. We could refurnish the suite my wife had. I know how women feel about things like that. Do over the whole house, if you liked. You could have your own car, of course."

"Another Mercury," thought Juliet to herself, and smiled.

"Anything you wanted. I'd—I'd try to make you very happy—"

Again she had the feeling of coming to herself. Why, here was Fredrickson asking her to marry him! And it was Keith she loved. Yes, she loved Keith and knew well enough that their love was hopeless.

What would mama say if she refused? Why, this home, these surroundings, were more than mama ever actually hoped for—the kind of thing she meant when she urged Juliet to "try to marry well." After all, mama had gone through a lot. Dad's death, and Thelma getting married the way she did—and even finding that Juliet loved Minnie Streeter's son. Poor mama, she hadn't got much out of life! They did have hard times of it.

With Fredrickson she could have everything—this home, peace, lovely things for mama. Could she refuse to give mama this pleasant, happy life?

"I want you to think it over," said Fredrickson kindly. "Take your time. You know the conclusion I hope you'll come to."

Was it to be ease and security, without love, or the uncertainty that was all Keith could promise—except love? You'll learn Juliet's decision next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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The Stork's Distributor

The village doctor had two pretty little girls. A small boy, on being asked who they were, replied:

"They're the doctor's children. He keeps the best for himself."—Mrs. Harry Hulbert, 324 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

Pity the Poor Girls

Robert returned from his first birthday party. He was asked if he had enjoyed himself and if he had danced much.

"No," he replied, "I didn't dance once, and there were lots of empty girls there, too."—Anna Davis, Ravenswood, W. Va.

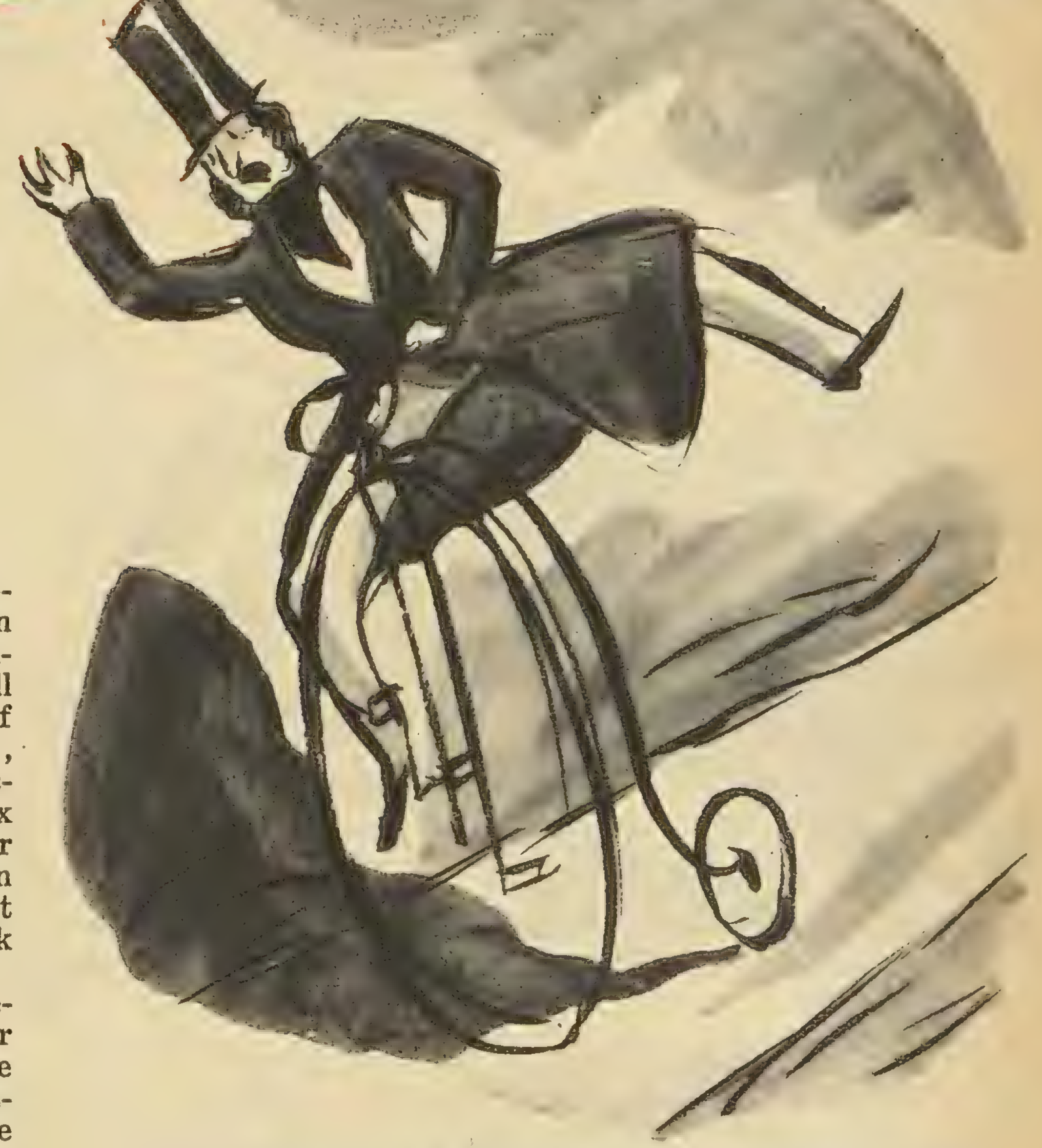
The Return of the BICYCLE

A Conservative Huzza

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO



"And if you fall, you have farther to fall and just that much more fun and excitement."

WITH the complete collapse of the automobile as a means of transportation (I believe that I am correct in assuming that it has been a miserable fiasco and will soon be seen on our roads only in the form of heavy trucking vehicles or agricultural tanks), and with the failure to leave the ground of practically every airplane constructed in the last six months, thereby eliminating aviation as a factor in future travel, there remains but one solution to the problem of those of us who want to get from one place to another. We must go back to the bicycle.

We were fools ever to leave the bicycle. I remember being quoted at the time in Handlebar and Sprocket, the great bicycle journal of the day, as saying: "Mark my words, you horseless-carriage fiends and flying-machine bugs! The day will come when you will forsake your senseless toys, which have not even the sanction of natural laws, and will come crawling back to the safety bicycle, begging to be given a ride, even on the handlebars."

Well, the day has come, and it is going to cost those people anywhere from fifty to seventy-five cents apiece if they want to ride on *my* handlebars. A dollar if they want to ring the bell themselves.

It was obvious from the start that the automobile and airplane were impractical. Any agencies of propulsion which depend upon such tricky outside helps as gasoline, heavy motors, slip covers, and radiator caps are, on the face of it, no good for general use. And as for being dependent on wind and weather, the old-fashioned sailing ship was discarded because of that very drawback. The bicycle calls for nothing in the way of accessories except a pair of sturdy calves and a wire basket to carry lunch in. Gas? No, sir, thank you! Fog? Ha-ha! Spark plugs? Head winds? Indeed! It was hop on and away and the devil take the hindmost! It will seem good to have those days back again.

Of course, there will be some die-hards who will insist for a while on pushing their old automobiles out on the roadway and blocking traffic with them. Such reactionaries must be dealt with summarily. The new code of traffic regulations should make it obligatory for those who wish to chug along in motor vehicles to keep close to the right-hand side of the road and to draw over into the gutter whenever a bicycle club riding five or more abreast wishes to pass. (Bicycle clubs have already begun springing up all over the country, reviving their old charters and buying new blazers.)

All motors giving off a carbon-monoxide exhaust or in any other way interfering with the vision or comfort of cyclists who happen to be behind them should be confiscated and the owner obliged to wheel his chassis home across the fields.

ANY parking of motor vehicles which makes it impossible for cyclists to draw up to the curb should be done away with. If motorists want to leave their "cars" anywhere, let them leave them at home where they will be out of decent people's way. A set of rules along these lines would soon do away with what few automobiles may survive the debacle which is already drawing near.

I feel a more or less personal interest in this revolt against motor and air transportation because I have reason to believe that it is an ancestor of mine who is depicted in the oldest existing record of the cult of self-propulsion. In a stained-glass window in a church at Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, England, is shown the figure of a man astride a wheeled instrument, which students of bicycle pictures claim to be the earliest attempt by any artist to show self-cycling.

This man is apparently propelling himself by pressing

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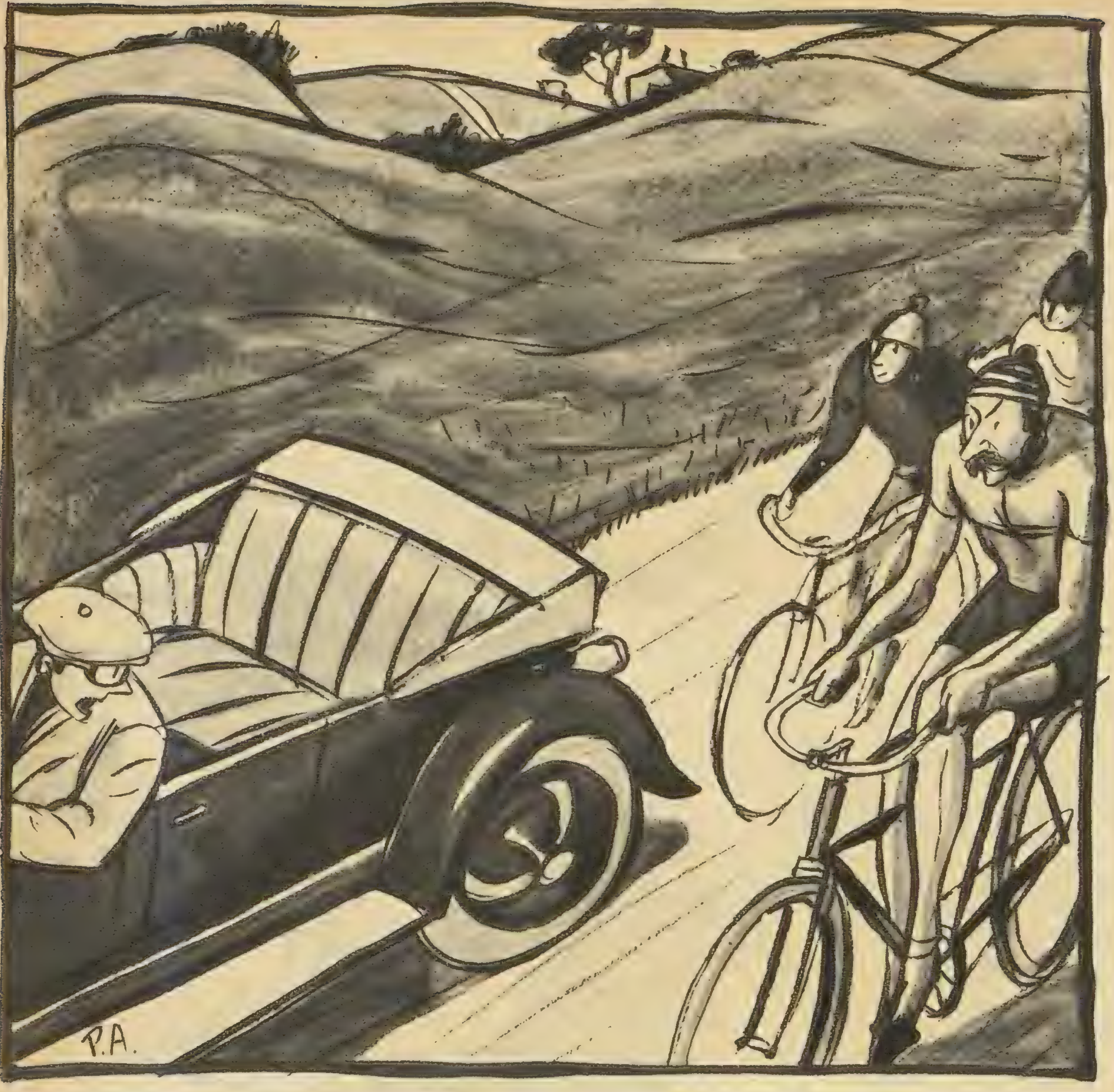

At the word "Go!" we will sweep down the road, and it needs must be a nervy automobilist who will stand in our way.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

his feet against the ground with a forward pushing movement, using the wheel more or less to lean against, with probably a little high-spirited coasting now and then. I have seen the window, and the man looks quite a lot like me, except for a full beard and a more nervous expression around the eyes. The name underneath the figure is in Gothic letters and very difficult to make out, but it certainly begins with a "Ben" and the rest seems to be something of a compromise between "wgaalle" and "chhaalle."

Now, my people originally came from Wales (which, in itself, would account for the spelling), and, for a man with a contraption like the one in the picture, a spin from Wales to Buckinghamshire would have been mere child's play. As I figure it out, this man Benwgaalle or Benchhaalle built his bicycle, took along some lunch, and pushed himself along to Stoke Poges, at which place he became a sort of local hero, like Lindbergh at Le Bourget, and a stained-glass window was made in his honor. I rather imagine that he stayed in Stoke Poges all the rest of his life, as he probably was pretty lame.

HAVING seen this evidence of the pioneering activities of my ancestor in self-propulsion, I took the trouble to look up the records and see who followed his lead. There is a record in 1818 of a man named Denis Johnson of Long Acre making an improvement on the original Benchley model, but the market price of the machine was so high that very few could afford it, and it became scornfully known as the "dandy horse." Pushing the feet against the ground was still the method of obtaining power, so the dandies of that day must have been a great deal more agile than dandy. In fact, at the end of a ride in the country it must have been hard to tell them from anyone else.

IT was not until 1840 that the first real bicycle was constructed by Kirkpatrick McMillan of Dumfries, Scotland, who was immediately arrested for "furious driving on the roads." This put an end to any further improvements from Kirkpatrick. He probably got sulky after that and never left his house. But his soul went scorching on and the bicycle became a reality, with what was considered the last word in bicycle building in 1873.

It is not difficult to imagine the selling talk of the first agent for this model: "I'll tell you, Mr. Waterous. The trouble with the bicycle up to now has been that both wheels have been of the same size. Now, our 1873 model has a very radical departure in body building. The front wheel is *twice* the size of the back wheel, thereby eliminating all the jarring and bouncing of the other makes. You are also up a great deal higher and can see more of the surrounding country as you ride. And if you fall, you have farther to fall and just that much more fun and excitement.

"I need hardly tell you, Mr. Waterous, that the cyclist who buys one of our models right now, before the price goes up, will never regret it and will be the most envied man in his neighborhood."

If he is alive today there probably is no more bitter person in the world than the inventor of the high-wheeled bicycle. He is probably still claiming that he was "crowded out" by the combine in 1885 when the high wheel was abolished and the "safety" introduced.

But it is the "safety" bicycle which has come to stay, and which is now about to sweep the flash-in-the-pan automobile from the roads and the unreliable airplane from the skies. The bicycle has been lying low all these years while the Wright brothers and Ford have been experimenting. We old cyclists have been keeping quiet and letting the fly-by-night innovations run their course. And now that our predictions are coming true, we are donning our trouser clips and pulling our caps over our eyes, crouched over our handlebars in silent expectation. At the word "Go!" we will sweep down the road, and it needs must be a nervy automobilist who will stand in our way.

The only trouble is that I can't find my bicycle.

Another sigh for the dear dead days or something will be emitted by Mr. Benchley in an early issue.

Puffs and Shawls

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

WE are again threatened with the peril of quaint clothes. Quite a good many women seen around Paris have fallen victims to them. While there is nothing menacing about quaintness in itself, when you place a puffed and bemitted maiden against a modern background the result is ridiculous. We live in an epoch of airplanes, subways, and steam engines; and whereas a hundred yards of Valenciennes ruffles around an organdie dress meant something in the Victorian era, today they are just so much labor lost.

Paray sponsors this fringed jacket.

This Lanvin evening frock is made of damask satin.

Molyneux uses the three-cornered shawl with a printed chiffon.

This afternoon ensemble from Suzanne Talbot has a large shawl.

The array of puffed and otherwise large-topped sleeves in the midseason Paris fashion shows are all right for modes of the moment because they are only faintly quaint, but every woman concerned with chic should take a strong stand against any further increase in their size, and against any foisting upon us of the leg-o'-mutton sleeve. The small three-cornered shawls are charming just as they are.

FOR very formal evening wear, especially for the woman who is at her best in picture clothes, the puffed or paniered frock is a good choice; though the maiden who must count her pennies will, wisely, avoid it as an expensive luxury. The Lanvin evening gown of yellow damask satin shown in our first photograph, with its puffed and trailing skirt, may be worn effectively by the slender girl with long hair.

Easy to wear, smart and modern, is the Molyneux ensemble of our second photograph. This printed chiffon ensemble has the new three-cornered evening shawl with a frilly chiffon border, which may be draped as a scarf. The skirt is a full circle below the hipline and almost touches the floor.

THE shawl for summer afternoons is shown in our third photograph. This ensemble comes from Suzanne Talbot, and is made of bright red and white-dotted silk voile with striped borders. The large hat is made of alternating bands of red and white straw.

Something with a modern personality, like the Lucile Paray ensemble shown in our topmost picture, is fashion's choice for street wear. The navy blue and white striped crêpe de chine jacket has narrow fringe borders around the collar, sleeves, and bottom. It is worn over a navy crêpe de chine frock trimmed with the buttons that fasten the jacket. The hat is one of the smartest brimmed models seen in Paris, being very much drooped on the right side and tilted high on the left.

* * *

Velvet ribbon bows and bands to trim the autumn dress and form a scarf for the coat are a Lucile Paray feature.

Some of the smartest Paris coats for fall have shoulder yokes and set-in belts of fabric fur.

Brown organdie is used by Louiseboulanger to make her prettiest summer evening dress.

Midsummer Fruit Recipes

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE wide variety of midsummer fruits affords you a golden opportunity of running through the length and breadth of your culinary repertory. Berry cakes and berry pies, fruity ices and fresh fruit concoctions are only a few of the varieties made possible by generous nature. Herein you will find some new and seasonable recipes to augment those you already have tried—muffins, pies, and ices.

Caramelized peaches, either hot or cold, make a delicious and different fruit service.

Blueberry Muffins

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ to ½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons butter or substitute
1 egg well beaten
1 cup milk
¾ cup blueberries

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, reserving some of the flour to be sprinkled over the washed blueberries. (If you prefer a sweet blueberry muffin use the large quantity of sugar.) Melt the fat and combine with beaten egg and milk. (If unsalted fat is used, double the salt.) Stir the liquids into the sifted dry ingredients. Put half of the dough into the oiled muffin pans. Then fold in the floured berries with the second half and spread on top. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) until browned and shrunk from the edge of the pan—about twenty-five minutes.

BLUEBERRY CAKE is made as for blueberry muffins, increasing the sugar to one cup and the butter or substitute to one-third cup. If desired, an additional egg and a full cup of blueberries may be added. Sprinkle with powdered sugar while hot and serve warm with butter or sauce.

Huckleberry Pie

3 to 4 cups washed huckleberries
¾ to 1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
Dough for 2 pie crusts
1 unbeaten egg white, or
2 additional tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter

PICK over and wash the berries. Blend the sugar and flour, and then mix with the berries. Pour the mixture into the lower pie crust, which has been rubbed with the unbeaten egg white or flour. Dot with the butter. Dampen the outer rim of dough. Cover with the top crust and pinch the edges well together. Bind the edges with a one-inch band of wet gauze or muslin. (One-inch gauze bandage is ideal.) Place in a hot oven (425° F.) for about twenty-five minutes. When done the crust should be well browned and the berries should appear cooked and juicy. Beware of overcooking as this destroys the fresh fruit flavor.

Be sure to save a part of the measured flour for flouring the blueberries for muffins.

Caramelized Fruit

2 tablespoons butter
1 cup light-brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ dozens peaches or apricots
1 teaspoon flour

DROP the butter in a warm fry pan and allow it to brown slightly. Add the sugar and salt and mix thoroughly until melted. Add the washed prepared fruit, which may be sliced, halved, or left whole. Pan-fry gently three to four minutes. Add enough hot water to half cover the fruit. Simmer gently until tender. Mix the flour with an equal quantity of cold water to form a smooth paste. It should then be stirred into the hot sirup and cooked at least five minutes or until thickened. Serve just warm or cold.

JULY fruits—delicious and healthful—will offer the maximum in menu variety if you consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Berry cakes, berry pies, and fruity ices are just a few of the additional summer treats awaiting you if you use Miss Somers' booklet recipes. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now. And please use the coupon.

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Raspberry-Currant Ice

2½ cups sugar
¾ cup currant juice
1 quart water
¼ cup raspberry juice

COOK the sugar and water together to 218° F., or about ten minutes. Add the fruit juices. Cool and strain through a piece of cheesecloth. Freeze.

Candied tomatoes make a dinner something to remember. They may be baked or simmered.

Candied Tomatoes

6 uniform firm tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter

SCALD and peel the washed tomatoes. Sprinkle the salt and pepper into the cavity at the blossom end. Place in an open flat-bottomed pan or baking dish. Coat each tomato with the sugar and dot with the butter. Cook uncovered and very slowly over a simmer burner about twenty-five minutes until candied, or bake in a slow oven (300° F.) about forty minutes.

Berry Pudding

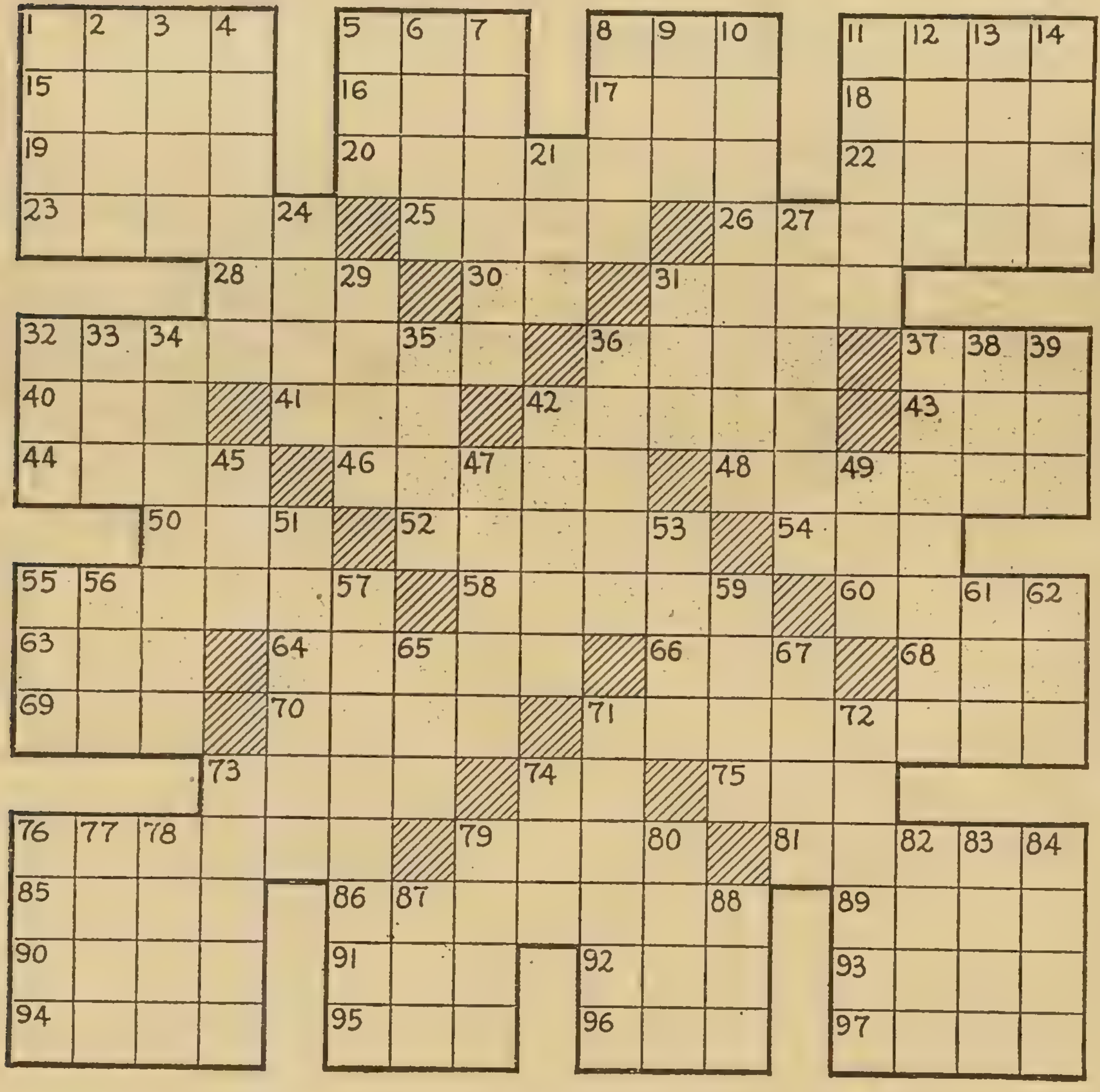
1 pint berries (blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, or currants)
⅜ cup sugar
½ cup water
2 cups 1-inch cubes of cake (plain layer cake, loaf cake, or sponge cake)
½ pint whipped cream

USING one-half of the washed berries, cook them with the sugar and water until soft. Add one-half cup of the uncooked washed berries and press through a sieve.

Put the cake cubes in a bread pan or mold. Pour the sieved berries over the cake. Pack tightly into the mold, stirring and pressing with the spoon until the mixture is quite solid. Place in the refrigerator until ready to serve. Loosen from the mold with a spatula.

Garnish with whipped cream and the other half cup of the washed berries. Serve sliced.

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

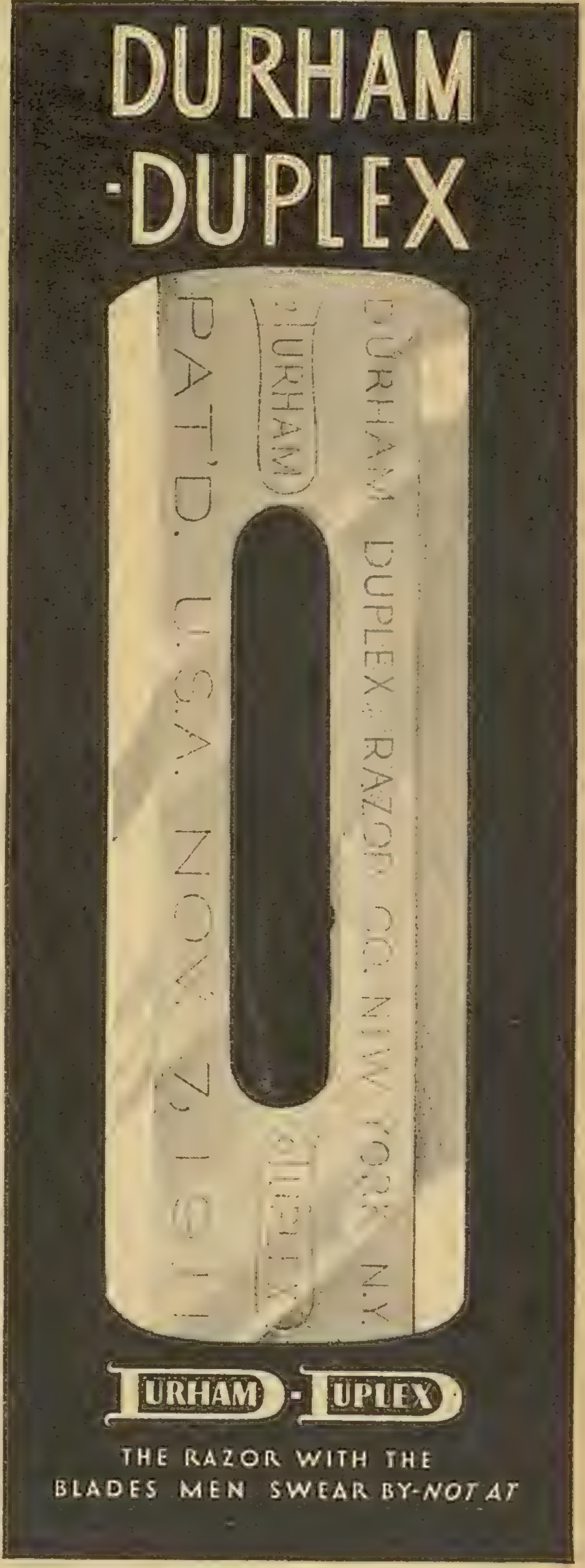
1 Pass over lightly or with little notice
5 Kind of muffin
8 A tree
11 Slight quarrel
15 Part with unintentionally
16 A constellation
17 Playing card
18 Town in Siberia
19 Instigate
20 Revolves
22 River in Russia
23 Commemorative disk
25 Region of the body
26 To drink
28 Gaelic form of John
30 Not
31 A shield (variant)
32 Setting in the ground for growth
36 Writes
37 A toy
40 Suffer illness
41 Note of Guido's scale
42 Painful places
43 Sheep
44 Assail with missiles
46 Heroic poems
48 More compact
50 Attention
52 Charger
54 Inebriate
55 Embraced
58 Terminated
60 Domesticated
63 Devoured
64 First in rank
66 Fresh; unused
68 Japanese measure of area
69 Man's nickname
70 Electrified particles
71 Horses that begin a race
73 Man's name
74 River in Italy
75 Confederate general
76 Foolish talk
79 Struck prostrate
81 Of birth
85 Wander
86 Like an idyll
89 Variable star
90 Ardor; dash
91 And not
92 Period
93 Esau
94 Departed
95 Teamster's command
96 Lair
97 Condensed moisture (plural)

VERTICAL

1 Bridge whist term
2 Part of the ear
3 Employed
4 Keep in possession
5 A fish
6 God of love
7 Pairing for breeding
8 Destiny
9 To frost
10 Surrendered
11 Stumps
12 Combining form meaning equal
13 Native of an Oriental country
14 Narrative
21 Commotion
24 Recent
27 Mourns the loss of
29 River in Africa
31 Ever
32 Infant's food
33 Recline
34 Declared
35 Sleeps briefly
36 Attitudinized
37 Having made and left a will
38 To be indebted
39 By
42 Division of a play
45 Label
47 Separate particulars in an enumeration
49 No
51 Feel depression
53 Small hollow
55 Head covering
56 American Indian
57 Talking foolishly
59 Distribute
61 To scar
62 Printer's measures
65 Those in political power
67 A bird
71 Stained
72 Worked as a teamster
73 An occurrence
74 Comrade
76 Depicted
77 Assumed part
78 A sixteenth-century czar of Russia
79 Stringed instrument
80 Dreadful
82 Rising and falling of the ocean's waters
83 In a line or rank
84 Beats
87 A deer
88 A container

Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle, you will find it on page seventy

NOW
. . . THAT YOU'VE TRIED THEM ALL
SETTLE DOWN TO
DURHAM-DUPLEX


DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO. NEW YORK N.Y.
DURHAM
PAT'D. U.S.A. NOV. 7, 1911
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THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY-NOT AT

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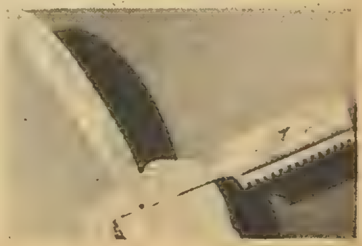


Jeanne Eagels

“Mama Froggy” Fits Jeanne Out with a French Accent—Holding the Fort Against House-Wreckers—Europe and Back, and the Stevedore Millionaire

By EDWARD DOHERTY

THE last few installments of Mr. Doherty's story have been devoted to the years in which Jeanne Eagels won Broadway recognition. Her first achievement of it came in 1916, when she had a good rôle in The Great Pursuit, in support of Marie Tempest. Later in that year she made the most of a chance with George Arliss, and in 1917 she was again a member of his company in a play called Hamilton. Her performance interested Belasco, with the result that he put her in a comedy, Daddies, on the opening night of which she “brought down the house,” as Mr. Doherty told last week. But she left this success abruptly, to escape from the amorous attentions of an aide of the producer.

Such was now her reputation for being hard to handle that through the next two seasons her fortunes were precarious. In 1920 George Broadhurst cast her for a rôle in The Wonderful Thing; she was to play an English girl reared in a convent in France.

PART EIGHT

IN order to play the part of Jacqueline in The Wonderful Thing, Jeanne Eagels had to acquire a slight Gallic accent. But she felt she ought not to adopt the “zis, zat, and ze ozzer zing” of the average stage Frenchman. She determined to find a teacher who knew the niceties of accent, and Mme. Novello Davis, her vocal instructor, recommended Maria Savage.

Mme. Davis accompanied her pupil to the apartment occupied by Mme. Savage and her two daughters. It was the day after Christmas, 1919, and the little flat was chill. There was a tiny Christmas tree in the parlor, and a few ornaments dangled from its branches—a blue and red glass ball, a crystal bell, and a string of red and white pop corn. There were a couple of bisque dolls lying at its base. But the children were happy, pretending that the tree towered up through the ceiling, that it was heavily loaded with candles and toys and glittery ropes of silver and gold, and covered with snow that shone like diamonds.

“Isn't it beautiful?” Nelly Savage asked.

“And isn't my doll house wonderful? And my dishes, and my doll clothes, and the little bed?”

Jeanne went down on her knees and gathered the girls in her arms and played the game with them.

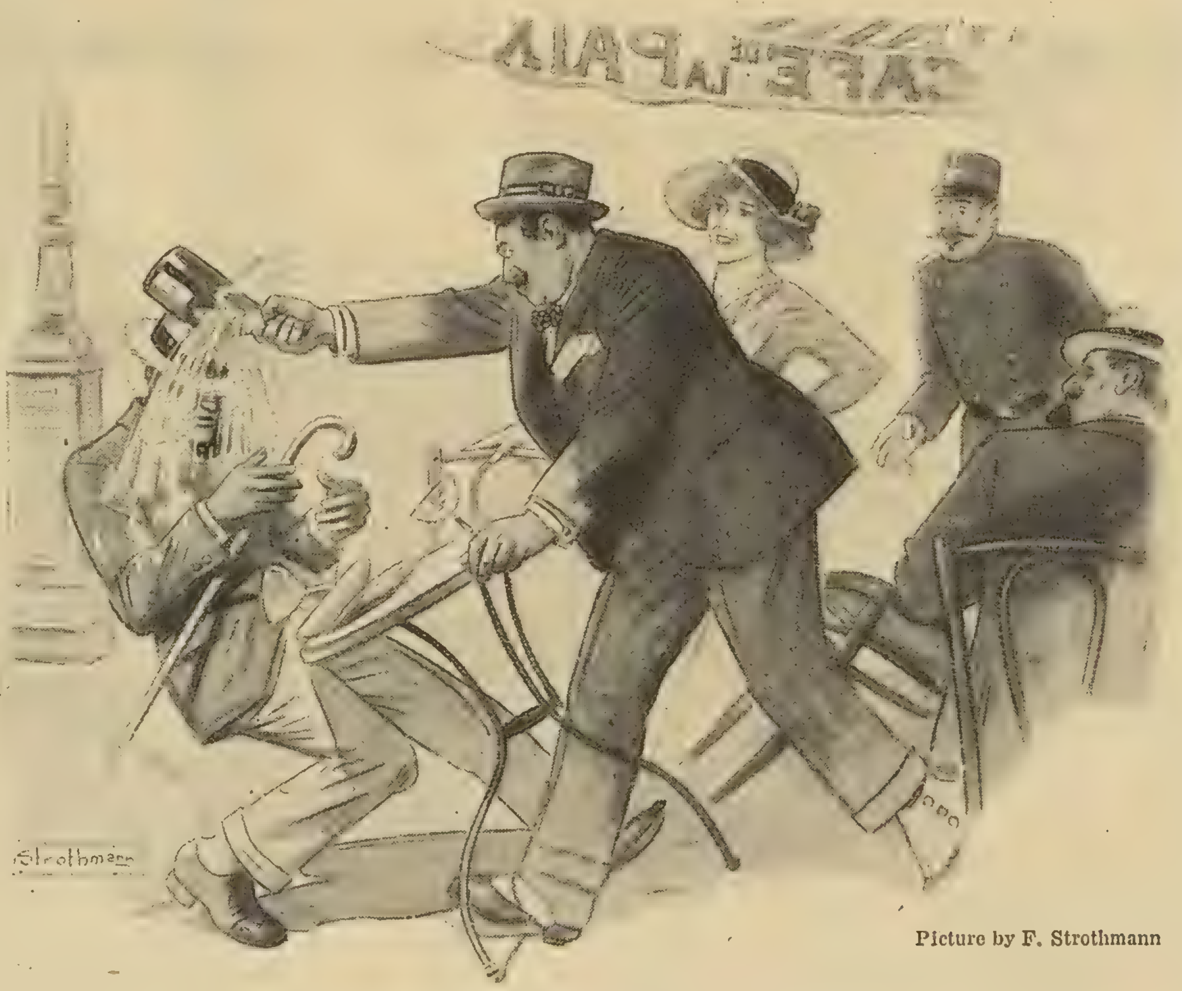
“Gorgeous,” she said, between tears and laughter. “And the baby carriage for your littlest doll is exactly what I would want. What fortunate girls you are to have such presents, and so many of them!”

Nelly snuggled closer to the beautiful lady.

“You're sweet,” she said, “sweeter than you smell.” Her little nose sniffed Jeanne's perfume. “And you understand.”

“Of course I understand,” Jeanne said. “And you must both come to my home tomorrow. I have lots of things you might like.”

When the girls did visit Jeanne, a week or so later, she opened her closet for them. Hats rained from the shelves, hats of all kinds, and the children were told to take as many as they wanted. Gowns were taken from their hangers and heaped up for them. They were too big, of course, but “mama can make them over for you.” And there was cake, and ice cream, and little boxes of candy, and some toys that Santa Claus had intended for the two and left by mistake with Jeanne.



Picture by F. Strothmann

When she returned she introduced him, and the stevedore broke a bottle of wine over his head.

THE friendship thus begun ended only with Jeanne's death. Jeanne and Mme. Savage—whom she soon began to call ‘‘Mama Froggy—quarreled many times. Jeanne quarreled with everybody. But the quarrels were always mended.

They quarreled shortly after Jeanne began her lessons, and Jeanne left the flat vowing she would never return. Half an hour later she knocked on the door. Mme. Savage, expecting the iceman, looked out to see a huge cake in the arms of a girl. The cake was wider than the door itself. It was longer in circumference than a round table. It was so high it hid the face of the holder, so heavy that she could scarcely bear its weight.

“What's this?” Mama Froggy asked. “I didn't order any cake. And we couldn't eat this one in a year.”

The cake was lowered slowly. The top of a blue hat

Photo by Strauss Peyton

Jeanne Eagels at the time when the Broadway first-nighters were beginning to sit up and take notice of her.

appeared above it, a strand of golden hair, a pair of impish eyes, a saucy nose, a bow mouth, a beautiful stubborn chin.

"Jeanne!"

"Am I forgiven, Mama Froggy? If I am, let's wheel this in and have a little banquet."

Mama Froggy not only perfected Jeanne's accent; she also taught her French. Jeanne was enthusiastic in her study—but lazy at times, and the irregular verbs were mysteries she never quite solved. She learned to converse in French, not so fluently as a native, perhaps, but "rather well."

The accent Mama Froggy taught her, however, she used with good effect. It helped to make the play.

"You are not to say 'zis' and 'zat,'" Mme. Savage said. "A French peasant, or a Parisian taxi driver or hotel clerk, learning English, might pronounce his English words in that manner. But a cultured Frenchman? Never, *chèrie!* You are a cultured young English lady, and the French nuns would have taught you to pronounce every English syllable distinctly. So you will speak haltingly. You will say, not 'Zank you, sair,' nor 'Sank you.' It will be, 'Tha-ank you.'"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-five]

When Jeanne went to live with Mama Froggy, the lessons went on. But the two women ceased to be teacher and pupil. They were foster mother and daughter.

Mama Froggy's flat in Sixty-fifth Street was the first real home Jeanne Eagels had known in the fourteen years since she left her father's house in Kansas City. Mama Froggy was the first woman in all that time to take a motherly interest in Jeanne.

"If I had been your daughter," Jeanne said to her, "I would be happy and content today—but I would not be Jeanne Eagels."

Jeanne wasn't a guest in the French teacher's household. She was one of the family. She washed the dishes. She scrubbed the floors. She did the marketing. She cooked the meals, or arranged chop-suey parties.

WHEN there was nothing else to do, no floors to sweep nor beds to make, no rehearsals, no theatrical managers to visit, Jeanne and Maria Savage would go for a walk in Broadway or through the park. Usually they would end it in some auctioneer's.

Jeanne loved auctions, whether she had money to spend or not, and attended them whenever she could.

Unexpectedly she received $100, a debt someone had owed her for years, and she started out "to scatter sunshine in the drab lives of my creditors."

She paused on her way to glance into the window of an auction shop, and saw a beautiful sandalwood box. She forgot her creditors, as she had a way of doing, and walked into the shop. It was her first experience with an auctioneer.

"I want that gorgeous box in the window," she said. "How much is it?"

The auctioneer smiled and stroked his whiskers.

"I don't do business that way. I'll put it up and let you bid on it."

He took the box from the window and held it out to the men and women who had preceded her into the shop.

Photo by Sarony

Jeanne Eagels as she appeared in The Great Pursuit.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I have here for sale the most beautiful sandalwood box I have ever seen in my long career. It is a perfect example of the boxmaker's art. It is a box fit for milady's jewels, for love letters, for scented dainty silken handkerchiefs, for snowy white gloves, for treasured documents—a box that may be used for many things and still remain an ornament, an *objet d'art*. What am I bid for it?"

NOBODY answered. Jeanne didn't know what to say. And she didn't think it fair that all these people should be allowed to get that box away from her. She solaced herself with the thought that she had $100 in her hand. But if it cost more than that—

"Come, come! Here's the chance of a lifetime, friends. This box is a wonderful bargain at twenty dollars. Do I hear anybody say twenty dollars?"

"Twenty dollars!" said Jeanne quickly.

"Twenty dollars. Must I sell this treasure for twenty dollars? Who'll say twenty-five?"

"Twenty-five," said Jeanne.

Eventually, with no one bidding against her, Jeanne paid thirty dollars for the box, and didn't realize, until she had brought it home to Mama Froggy, that she might have bought it for much less.

In the Savage home today there is an ugly, heavy marble-topped table. Mme. Savage would not sell it for any amount of money, for it was a present from Jeanne. Jeanne bought it at an auction, not because she wanted it exactly, but because it was a bargain—and because it was great fun getting it away from another bidder.

When Jeanne and Mama Froggy didn't go "auctioning" they went window-shopping or pricing, Jeanne ever on the watch to play a joke on the unsuspecting little Frenchwoman. Thus in a furrier's store she tried on a coat valued at $800, and talked seriously of buying it.

Mme. Savage knew Jeanne didn't have a penny and couldn't possibly buy the coat without going $800 in debt.

"Isn't it lovely?" Jeanne cried, looking at herself in the huge glass, turning, posing, preening, smoothing the fur with her slim hands.

"It's ugly," Mme. Savage said. "It doesn't fit. It was designed by a cobbler, made by a shoemaker, and priced by a robber."

"It is exactel what madame should have," the salesman interjected, waving his arms and shooting looks of venom at Mme. Savage. "Never you see a coat like that for so poor a price. For $800 I am giving it away yet. I am ruined by so cheap a price. And you call me a robber. Oi!"

"It was a lot of fun," Jeanne explained when she and Mama Froggy left the shop. "I had no intention of buying the coat. But I knew how you'd act. And the salesman! Oh, if you could only have seen your face! And his!"

She leaned against a shop window and laughed until the tears came to her eyes. And when they arrived home she reënacted the scene in the furrier's, and Mama Froggy laughed as heartily as Jeanne.

II

JEANNE EAGELS, recovering from the shipwreck of her romance, was listless, unambitious, content, for the time, to live a domestic life with Mama Froggy. But once she had fully recovered, ambition grew strong again, and "the greatest actress in the world" once more began to look for a part that suited her.

She found it, eventually, in the rôle of Eugénie de Corlaix, wife of a French naval officer, in In the Night Watch, a melodrama by Michael Morton. Cyril Scott, Margaret Dale, Paget Hunter, Knox Orde, Edmund Lowe, Maclyn Arbuckle, Robert Warwick, Robert Thorne, and Kenneth Lawton were in the cast.

The action concerned the destruction of a French battleship by a German submarine, and the subsequent court-martial of the ship's commander. The critics didn't rave over the piece, though they did say Jeanne Eagels was "especially good."

Jeanne left Mama Froggy's home shortly before the play opened, and rented an apartment at 17 West Fifty-seventh Street. She signed a long-term lease, and insisted that Mama Froggy live with her part of the time.

She had hardly moved in when the owners of the building decided to remodel it and ordered the tenants to vacate. Some leaseholders did move. Others left only after obtaining "concessions." Jeanne refused to vacate unless the owners made it worth her while. She asked for $25,000. This was refused and, though the owners began to wreck the building, Jeanne stayed.

In time Jeanne and Mama Froggy had to walk up ladders to the apartment, the owners having dismantled the stairway, and take the risk of having their clothes soiled by falling plaster or mortar. The noise of the carpenters and riveters wakened them at eight in the morning. Bit by bit the rooms all around were demolished; but Jeanne laughed and said she would stay until the walls fell. The owners knew she meant it, and began to offer money. Jeanne still demanded $25,000, but accepted $7,000.

She owed scores of people, and dozens of subpœna servers were looking for her. They came to the Century Theater every night. They were not allowed back stage, but nobody could keep them from waiting at the stage door. Yet Jeanne always avoided them.

Every night, when she was ready to go home and climb ladders—sometimes holding a lighted match in one hand—she would go into the dressing room of Robert Warwick and jump from his window into the runway that led to the street. No one ever thought of waiting for her there.

Once in a cab, she would order the driver to drive into the alley and wait, and there she would enjoy herself watching the subpœna servers who were waiting for her.

One newspaper has intimated that Jeanne, while playing in this melodrama, was in love with Cyril Scott, the villain. If Jeanne was in love with anyone at this time, it was Warwick. But love was still a sour memory to her. She liked Warwick. Yet when In the Night Watch closed and Jeanne received her $7,000, she treated Warwick as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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JEANNE EAGELS
Cont'd from page sixty-seven

she treated the subpœna servers and her creditors. She went to Europe, where she stayed until she had only enough money to pay her passage back.

Jeanne went abroad ostensibly as the guest of Mabel and Clifton Webb. But it was in reality an Italian stevedore who was her escort.

This man had grown up with Jimmy Auditore and Jimmy Walker and many others who are now big shots in New York and powers in Tammany Hall, and at one time he had hustled freight around the docks. It was Auditore who had made him a millionaire—Auditore, the most astute, the most powerful, the most generous of all the New York Italians who came up from nothing.

Auditore is known to New York as "the stevedore millionaire," but his friend and protégé also deserves that title, and in this story shall be so called.

This stevedore millionaire, then, fell violently in love with the frail blonde actress when he went to see In the Night Watch, and began at once to pursue her, though he had a wife and two children.

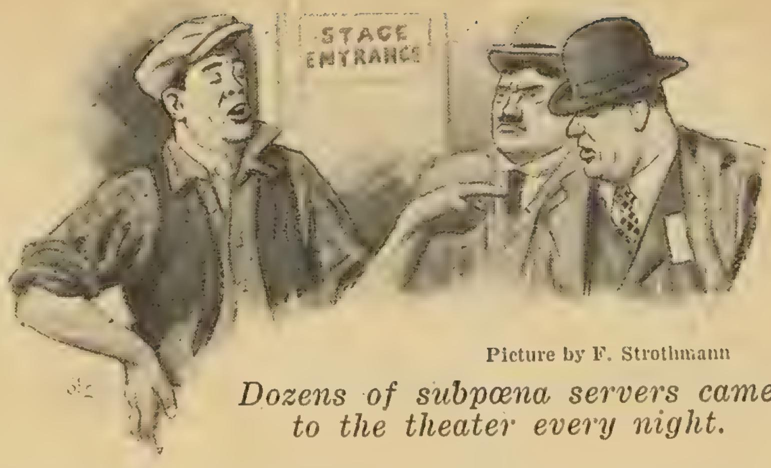
He sent her tubs of orchids and she gave them to her maid. He sent her brooches and bracelets and rings, and she returned them without thanks. He phoned her and she told him, "I don't want anything to do with you."

It was months before she consented to meet him, and that was because she felt that perhaps he really loved her. The abrupt ending of her own idyl had embittered her. She wanted no man. Men were all alike. They didn't know love. They didn't love. They walked into a woman's life, asked everything, took what they could, paid with money or jewels, and left when they were surfeited or piqued. Men! She hated them.

BUT the stevedore millionaire was actually in love and desperate. And when all else failed, he resorted to a proof of love that was also a plea and a threat.

He sent to Jeanne's dressing room a package that needed four men to carry it. When Jeanne unwrapped it she found a coffin made of brocaded silks and satins, beautifully cushioned and lined, fitted with handles of ivory and solid gold. It contained thousands of dollars' worth of orchids, and a note written from the heart: "Love me or lie among the flowers."

Jeanne laughed, and then tears came to her eyes.



Picture by F. Strothmann

Dozens of subpœna servers came to the theater every night.

"It's hideously beautiful," she said to her maid; "but there's something pathetic about it. Don't you think so?"

PERHAPS this man did love her as she had loved. And she had treated him shamefully.

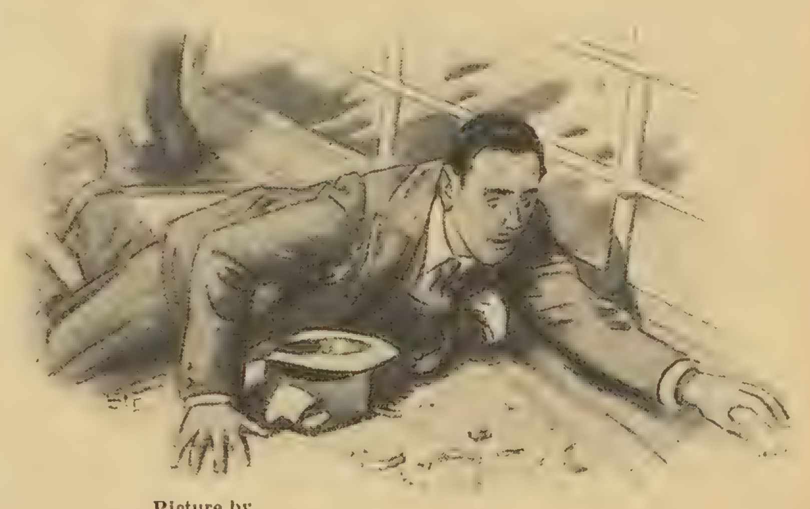
"Love me or lie among the flowers," What sort of man was this? He must have imagination. He must love deeply to be so desperate. He must be reckless to be so direct.

She was not afraid, for there was no fear in her, and at first she decided to send the coffin back to him and answer his threatening note with a defiant one; but the barbaric earnestness of the man had made him suddenly the most interesting person in the world.

It is possible, too, that Jeanne contrasted him with the polished men who had made love to her.

The stevedore was primitive, big, awkward. He could say little. He could not make the polite speeches Jeanne had become accustomed to hear, but polite speeches now brought ironic memories. He did not look the gentleman, even in a gentleman's attire. But Jeanne had met too many gentlemen. This man was someone whom Jeanne the tent-show girl might have met casually and forgotten. But for Jeanne Eagels the great actress he was an adventure.

She phoned him and bade him come to see her. He came with a fury of love burning in his eyes, but a shyness, almost a reverence, in his manner. Jeanne laughed as he apologized for his atrocious gift, and studied him as he stooped to take her hand



Picture by F. Strothmann

Clifton Webb got down on hands and knees and explored the deck for loose diamonds.

and kiss it—the massiveness of him, the great head, the black eyes, the sleek black hair, the long arms, the hands that could hurl a hogshead a hundred feet or smack a man into slumber.

Ever after, she both admired and despised him—admired him for his gentleness, his generosity, his patience, his love of her, his strength; despised him for his wife and children, his gaucheries, his clumsy English, his slavishness, his groveling adoration.

Even when she was living in the luxurious rooms he rented for her, she treated him with contempt and cruelty.

"I'm having some friends in for dinner," she would say, "and I don't want you coming here until they have gone. I will not be shamed before my guests. I don't want them to suspect I even know such a person as you."

The stevedore would call, piteously, at three or four o'clock in the morning, to ask if the guests had gone, and if he might not see her for just a moment or two, "to say gooda night and God blessa you!" Frequently Jeanne said, "Go home, for God's sake, and let me alone!"

MANY times, dining with him, she left abruptly and without explanation to keep a rendezvous with another man. This happened once in the Café de la Paix in Paris. Jeanne saw a friend, and ran from the stevedore to greet him. She walked away with him, and was gone for hours. When they returned she introduced him, and the stevedore broke a bottle of wine over his head.

Gendarmes led victim and victor to the cells. The stevedore paid a fine, and told Jeanne it was nothing, but he was sorry he had lost his temper and "damaged" her friend. He begged Jeanne to humiliate him no more, and promised to be "very, very good." But it took more than an apology to placate Jeanne. It needed something for her lovely neck, just a little string of diamonds.

Jeanne went abroad as the guest of the Webbs, but she paid her own way—despite the fact that the stevedore went along on the trip.

She returned with the Webbs, Louise Groody, Jimmy Auditore, and the stevedore. The ship was but a day out of New York when Jeanne lost the necklace given to her as a peace offering and a pledge of undying love.

She was telling Mabel and Clifton Webb exactly what she thought of the stevedore when he chanced to stroll by and overhear. The three were standing on the promenade deck, aft, leaning against the rail.

"I hate him," Jeanne was saying. "I detest him. I loathe him. But I can't get rid of him. He follows me like a dog. And the more I insult him the fonder he becomes."

The stevedore ran to her and tore the necklace from her throat. He

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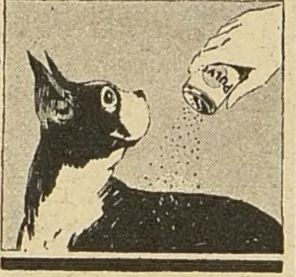
Actually kills FLEAS —instead of merely stupefying them



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JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-nine

ripped it apart with his mighty hands. Diamonds popped out of their settings and fell on the deck. The stevedore kicked them, and tossed the bits of necklace over the rail. Then he seized Jeanne's hands and tore the rings from her fingers and the bracelets from her wrists, and jumped on them, screaming oaths in English and Italian. When he had twisted and stamped his trinkets into shapeless, worthless things he fled, weeping.

Clifton Webb got down on hands and knees and explored the deck and the scuppers for loose diamonds, bits of platinum, masses of begemmed metal. He gathered them all in his hands and presented them to Jeanne.

Jeanne took them and laughed, a throaty, teasing laugh.

"You looked so funny," she said, "the whole length of you down on the deck, writhing around like an angleworm."

She moved over to the rail and flung the sparkling handful into the sulphurous sea.

"Why did you do that?" Webb asked.

"Oh," said Jeanne airily, "he'll buy me more jewelry when we get to New York."

For years after Jeanne left him, the stevedore was haunted with the vision of her face. Every wall in his home was covered with pictures of her. He went to all the musical comedies and all the burlesque shows and all the supper clubs and all the moving-picture studios, in and near New York, looking for a face like Jeanne's, listening for a voice like Jeanne's, hungering even for a gesture that would remind him of her. He grew thin and pale. He drank too much. He confided in everyone.

"SHE was cruel and cold, and she never loved me," was the tenor of his tale, told in an idiom that stuttered and a voice that broke. "She shuddered if I touched her. She hated me like the devil, but how I loved her! And there is no one else in all the world like her. I see her all day, and speak to her, and she is gone. When I sleep I dream about her, and she laughs and disappears. I think maybe I will die of wanting her. And if she knew, she would laugh! She could see me dead, and her little silver voice would laugh and her lovely hands would clap."

It was but a month before Jeanne died that the stevedore was cured of his malady. It was in a quiet little speakeasy in Sixty-eight Street, a beautiful place with rich tapestries on the walls and plush carpets on the floor, soft lights, and comfortable chairs. The stevedore owned it, and had furnished it, astonishingly enough, in exquisite taste.

Jeanne sat at a table with one of her last lovers, and drank and smoked and laughed, and talked. When she saw the stevedore she smiled graciously and crooked her finger to him.

As he came toward the table Jeanne turned to her escort and asked his permission to introduce the stevedore.

"Do you mind? He's an old friend. You'll find him interesting at least."

The stevedore came, not with diffidence now but with dignity. He smiled, but not with love and not with reverence. He accepted an invitation to drink with them. But he insisted on serving the drink.

"I own the place," he explained, "and you shall have the best champagne in the house."

If he remembered that he had furnished the champagne for the party that followed Jeanne's marriage to Ted Coy, he did not talk of it. If he felt jealous of Jeanne's new love, he gave no sign of it. He talked easily, naturally; and when Jeanne decided to go he walked with her to the door and told her and her escort they were always welcome. He did not kiss her hand when he said good-by. He did not see her again until she lay in her splendid coffin in Broadway.

Jeanne at the entrance of the building that was being torn down all around her apartment.

HE found there the man he had last seen with Jeanne, and took him aside.

"She looks as lovely as she always did," he said in his bad English. "Perhaps it is best that she is dead. Poor Jeanne! For years I went about New York, speaking her name to myself, seeing her in every woman who passed. For years I hungered to have her back again, and cried myself to sleep because I knew it could not be. Me, a big strong man, I wept like a child.

"For years I mourned her like one that is dead. And now that she is dead—I am sorry, yes. But I do not mourn as I did when she was alive. You remember, one night you brought her to my place near the park, and that night something went out of my heart—forever.

"I don't know how it was. I sat there and watched her, and you, for a long, long time before you saw me. At first I could not move. I sat like one who has dreamed beautiful things, and wakes to find them true. She was there before me, the girl who had been dead to me so many years. She was alive. She was just as beautiful, just as gay, just as dainty as she always was. But something had changed. Something had gone from her—the something I loved.

"Before my eyes she changed, slowly, slowly. Before my eyes the girl I loved so much became a woman I did not love.

"I can't tell how it happened. I only know that when you two went out of my place that night all the loneliness and all the bitterness and all the longing and all the love that I'd ever craved—and been denied—went out of my heart forever. In a moment I was laughing like a fool, because I was happy, because I was free, because I was cured.

"It is good I saw her that one last time. I think if I had not seen her then, if I had seen her only now—so young, so sweet, so beautiful in her coffin—I would have killed myself to be with her at last."

Next week's installment of Mr. Doherty's story will recount the early stages of the climax of Jeanne Eagels' career. It will tell how she got the chance of her lifetime—to play Sadie Thompson in Rain; and how she set about making herself into Sadie.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 38 AND THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 63

Philadelphia is misspelled.
Lapels of one man's coat don't match.
Strap off center on his box.
Cuff on but one leg of his trousers.
Man reading paper held upside down.
He wears one black and one white shoe.
He has but half of a mustache.
He wears a necktie but no collar.
Breast pocket of third man's coat is on the wrong side.

S	L	U	R		G	E	M		F	I	R		S	P	A	T
L	O	S	E		A	R	A		A	C	E		T	A	R	A
A	B	E	T		R	O	T	A	T	E	S		U	R	A	L
M	E	D	A	L	■	S	I	D	E	■	I	M	B	I	B	E
			I	A	N	■	N	O	■	E	G	I	S			
P	L	A	N	T	I	N	G	■	P	E	N	S	■	T	O	P
A	I	L	■	E	L	A	■	S	O	R	E	S	■	E	W	E
P	E	L	T	■	E	P	I	C	S	■	D	E	N	S	E	R
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H	U	G	G	E	D	■	E	N	D	E	D	■	T	A	M	E
A	T	E	■	P	R	I	M	E	■	N	E	W	■	T	A	N
T	E	D	■	I	O	N	S	■	S	T	A	R	T	E	R	S
			E	N	O	S	■	P	O	■	L	E	E			
D	R	I	V	E	L	■	L	A	I	D	■	N	A	T	A	L
R	O	V	E		I	D	Y	L	L	I	C		M	I	R	A
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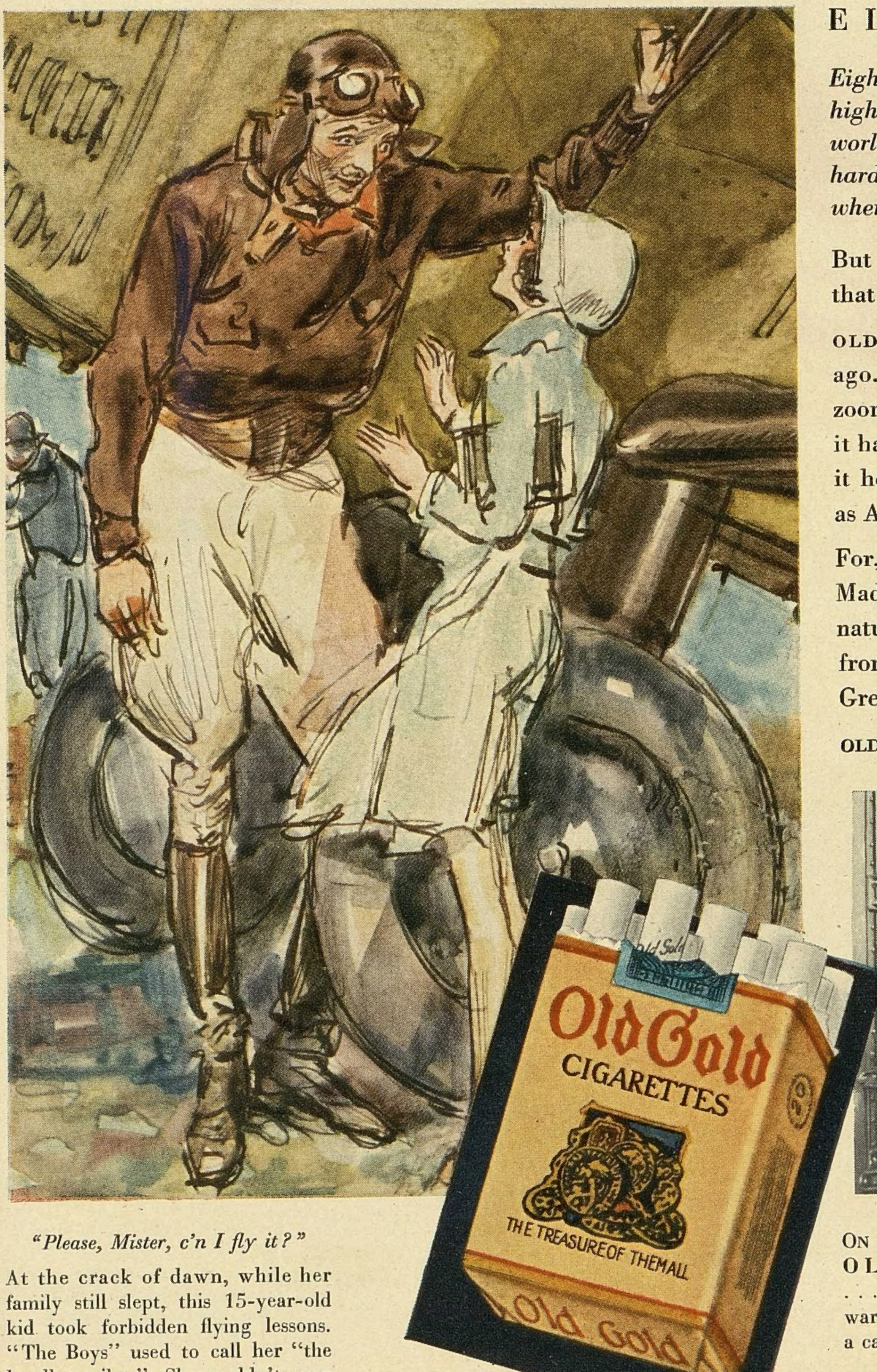
W	E	N	T		G	E	E		D	E	N		D	E	W	S

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, **OLD GOLD**, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
OLD GOLD
CIGARETTES
OLD GOLD

"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of **OLD GOLDS** reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since — with nary a cough in a carload.

© P. Lorillard Co.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

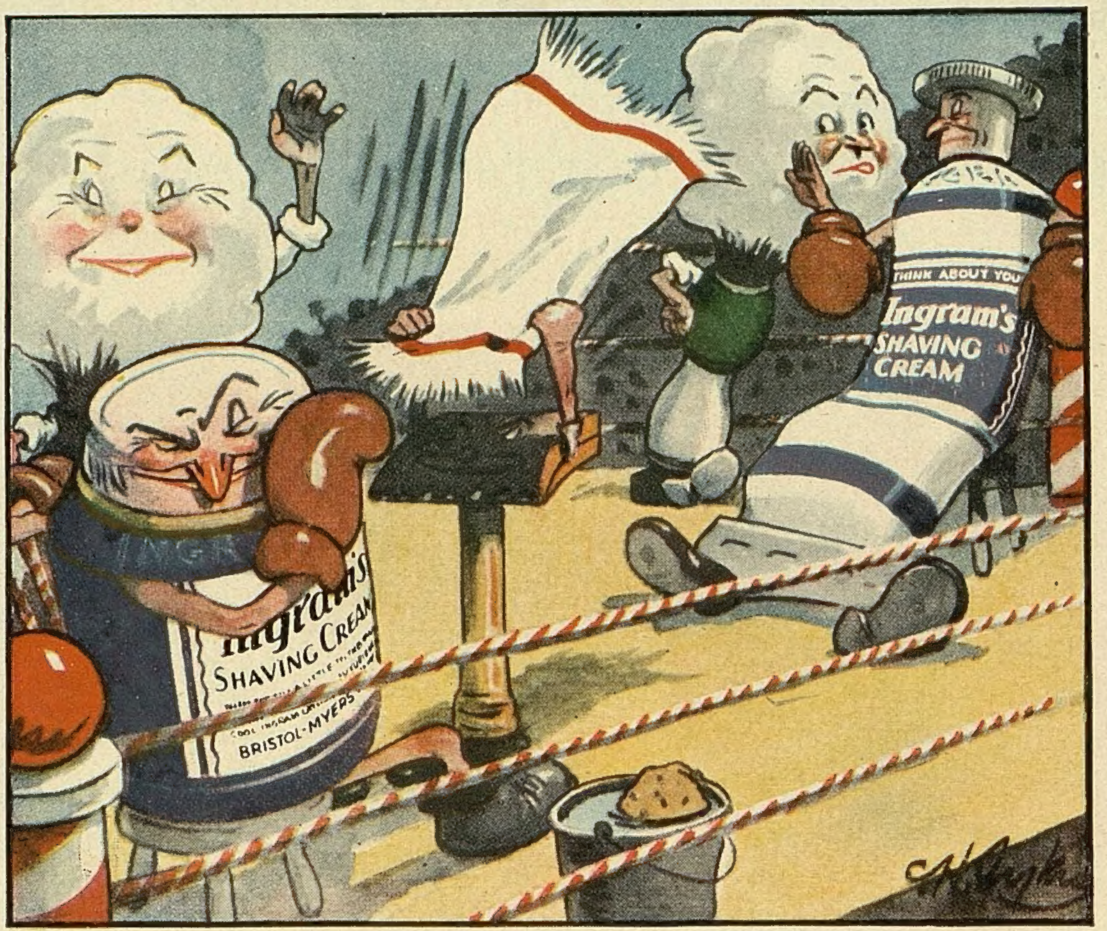
$5,000.00 CONTEST

open to everybody ... 328 Cash Prizes

"The jar is going to win," says W. B. Faraday, Manager of London Branch Office

"Ingram's has done so astonishingly well with its distinctive blue jar, that more than a million men like the cool, stingless shaves it brings them! You Americans are all for the new and up-and-coming. But, however good the tube, habits aren't broken overnight! I put my shilling on the cool shaves in the good old blue jar."

W. B. Faraday



"Place your money on the tube!" says J. W. Brooks, Manager of Chicago Branch Office

"In England it may be different, but this is Chicago! The great majority of men prefer a tube! A big percentage of those men who used the old jar, because of the fine cool shaves Ingram's gives, will be glad to know the new Ingram tube is here! The tube will win—put your money on it."

J. William Brooks

"Long live the jar" *cries England* "Then give us the tube" *says Chicago*

CHICAGO and England are at it again. For Mr. Faraday, our London manager, with true British conservatism, sticks out for the cool shaves held by the historic blue Ingram jar. And our Chicago sales manager, with breezy insistence, can't see anything but a violent victory for the new blue and white tube. It's a hot fight about the coolest shaving cream ever put together.

We've stirred up the most violent partisans since we decided to give away $5,000.00 for the best opinions as to which would win.

The Great $5,000.00 Contest

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was brought out in the new tube. Of course, it's still sold in the jar as well. And remember, in five years, that jar built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

The blue jar introduced the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams. But many men, we know, prefer a tube. Now, they can have their choice of either package at the same price.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 men who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	*each* $10.00

Have you tried Ingram's? It was the first of all COOL shaving creams. Its three cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.* Your druggist carries both tube and jar. Or send the coupon for a free 10-day supply of COOL Ingram shaves. But whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 31, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 31, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)